

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



Edited by Katherine Tingley

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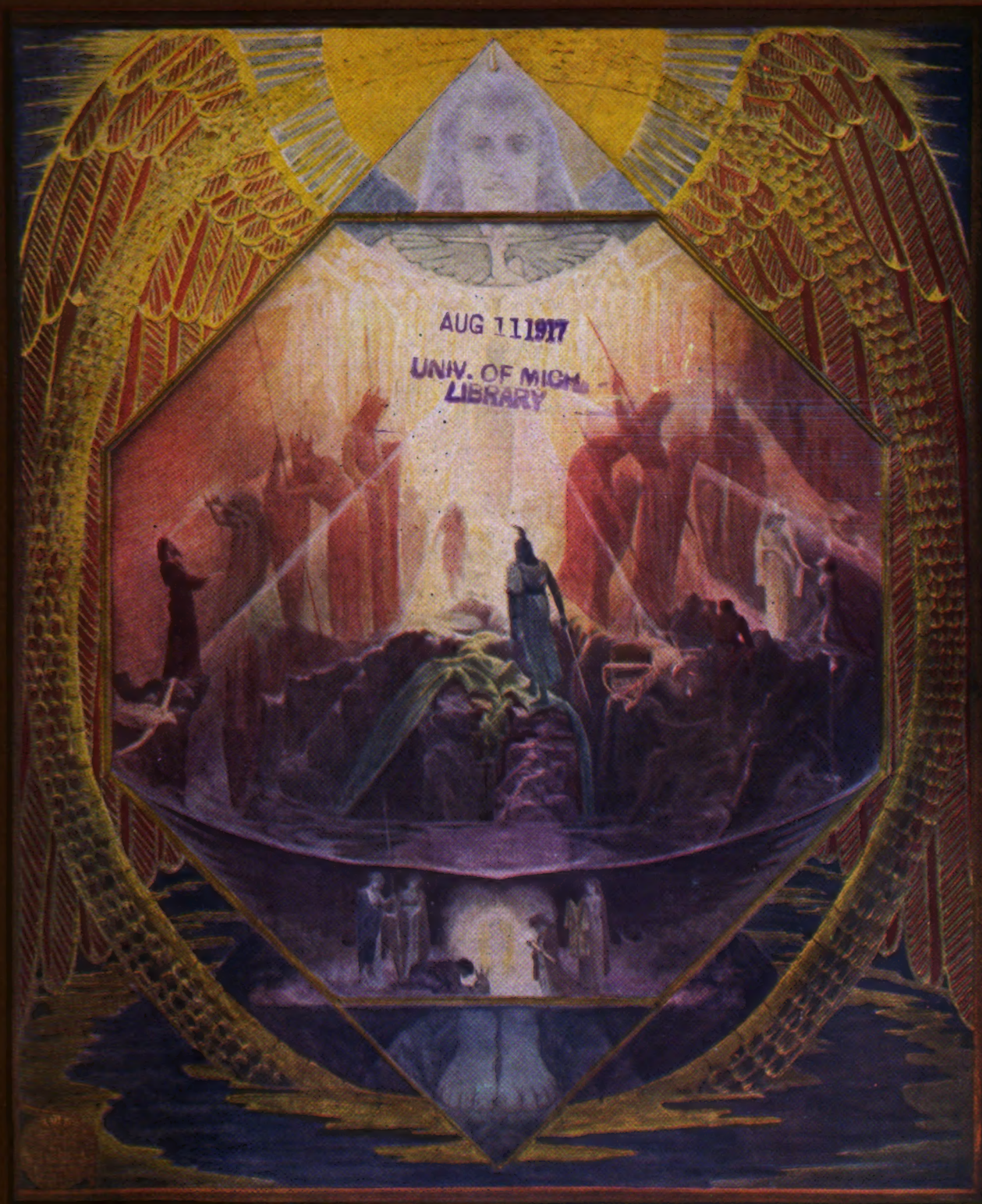


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The Theosophical Path



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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."

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Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

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FOR if we do not assign a certain place to the several parts of the soul, but admit that each of them is nowhere, and thus make them to be no more within, than without the body, we shall render the body inanimate, and shall not be able to show how those works are affected which are performed through the corporeal organs. Or if we admit that some of the parts of the soul are in place, but others not, we shall not appear to grant those parts to be in us which we exclude from place, so that neither shall we admit that the whole of our soul is in us. In short, therefore, we must neither assert that any one of the parts of the soul nor that the whole of it is in body. For place is that which comprehends, and is comprehensive of body; and where each thing is that is divided, there it is situated in such a way that the whole is not in any thing indiscriminately. Soul, however, is not body, and is not rather that which is comprehended than that which comprehends. Nor yet is it in body as in a vessel; for if it were, the body would become inanimate, whether it comprehended the soul as a vessel, or as place; unless it should be said that the soul is collected in itself, and by a certain distribution transmits something of itself into its vessel the body, and thus as much as the vessel participates, so much will be taken away from the soul, etc., etc.

—PLOTINUS, 'On the Essence of the Soul', trans. by Thomas Taylor

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Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.
RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS RETURNING FROM THE RECREATION GROUNDS AFTER THE GAMES, ON JULY 4TH

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII

JULY, 1917

NO. 1

IN every world a triad shines forth, of which a monad is the ruling principle. (Παντὶ γὰρ ἐν κόσμῳ λάμπει τριάς, ἥς μονὰς ἀρχεῖ.)

—An ancient Oracular Saying, ascribed to the Chaldaeans by the Neoplatonic writers

THE NEW GOD — 'PSYCHOLOGY': by H. T. Edge, M. A.



WE do not worship gods, like the ancients—so it is said; but the fact is that people cannot do without gods of one sort or another. One of our modern gods is called 'psychology.' We find him mentioned in the following quotation, which is given as an illustration:

Dr. —, who has studied every phase of the problem of illegitimacy, declares that only a changing psychology can account for its proportions and steady increase, and that the tendency towards illegal sex relations is less grounded in economic than in socio-psychological causes.

Having read the article in which this occurs, we come to the conclusion that the new science of psychology studies the conditions prevalent in the civilized nations of today, discovers certain influences at work there, and then says that these influences are laws of Nature and must be obeyed. This particular article is about the prevalence of promiscuity and illegal unions; and the argument is that, since such conditions are common, and getting commoner, therefore they must be founded on sacred laws of human nature, and we must adapt ourselves to them and model our legislation and institutions on their demands. Conditions existing among lowly and unadvanced communities of the past are cited and regarded as warrants for recognising and sanctioning the outcrop of the same unregulated impulses and irregular practices in our midst today. The cult of the 'savage' or 'primitive man' sways our learned big-wigs; which will seem to many as equivalent to the worship of God Pan in his more degenerate form, or of some tribal fetish that must be feared and propitiated by his votaries.

One question that is pending for settlement is whether we shall order our lives by the laws of man's spiritual nature, or by those of his animal nature; by the wisdom that comes from self-discipline and the love of temperance, chastity, purity, justice, and truth, or by the weird and multifarious *theories* that come from an attempt to study human nature in the spirit of an experimenter cutting up an animal; whether we are to allow propensities full sway just because they are strong, or whether we are to regulate them by firm and wise control based on a fuller knowledge of human possibilities.

Theosophy stands as the needed guardian of temperance and purity in a world threatened with the chaos of unscientific or quasi-scientific fads. Instead of bowing the knee weakly before the might of the passional nature of man, and saying that that nature cannot be controlled and must be catered to, Theosophy has the courage and the dutifulness to declare that man's passions *can* be controlled and must be controlled. The only reason why they are not controlled, and why this promiscuity and disorder is prevalent and increasing, is that the existing counteractive influences, whether religious or scientific, are not adequate to the purpose. In fact, we even find that religion sometimes bends the knee, and instead of speaking with the voice of authority in defense of the true and the strong eternal verities, it seeks to palliate and sanction existing abuses. As to science, do we not find that that sacred name is used by some people to give color to theories and proposals that would erect errors into fixed laws and govern mankind by a sociology of licensed instinct?

It is to Theosophy therefore that we must look for faith in the power of human nature to reform itself, and for courage to preach the truth about man's higher nature and to insist on the application of wise and firm laws based on morality. For morality is not a mere convention, as those quasi-scientists try to think, but a law of human nature, based on unassailable facts in human nature. Man disobeys the laws of morality at his peril, because they are laws of his constitution.

Because man, if not cared for, will behave himself in a way that the very animals would be ashamed of, it is proposed that, to make things *just* (!), woman shall also be given *liberty* (!) to do likewise. Thus woman, instead of elevating man, is to help pull him down. A fine theory, which we hereby turn over for castigation to the women's movements.

Writing in the name of Theosophy, we can but state our conviction (as it is both our duty and our earnest wish to do) that weakness of every sort should be met with a firm hand; and that this will be found to yield to firm and wise treatment based on faith in human nature. Vices will raise their crests and threaten furiously, as 'tis their nature to; but we have the power to put them down, if we will but decline to be bluffed.

Truly the world is losing faith in divine things and in man, when it is seriously believed by many people that man and woman cannot live chaste and temperate lives. Perhaps that is difficult for some people under the conditions of careless living that prevail, and the want of noble ideals and incentives to counteract the sordid materiality of so many existences. But Theosophy will demonstrate that it can be done, if only our lives can be temperately and carefully ordained, and our time and energy filled with inspiring ideals. In place of the bastard psychology of the lower nature, Theosophy proclaims the true psychology of man's higher and divine nature.



It seems a curious coincidence that according to the Korân the mother of Jesus, like the mother of Buddha, was delivered while standing under a tree, and that water should have streamed forth for the benefit of mother and child. See the Qur'ân, translated by Palmer, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. lx, p. 28: "And the labour pains came upon her at the trunk of a palm-tree, and she said, 'O that I had died before this, and been forgotten out of mind!' and he called to her from beneath her, 'Grieve not, for the Lord has placed a stream beneath thy feet; and shake towards thee the trunk of the palm-tree, it will drop upon thee fresh dates fit to gather; so eat, and drink, and cheer thine eye; and if thou shouldst see any mortal, say, "Verily, I have vowed to the Merciful One a fast, and I will not speak today with a human being."'" See also G. Rösch, *Die Jesusmythen des Islam*, in *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, 1876, pp. 437 *seq.* He points out that in the *Evang. infantiae*, the child Jesus, on the third day of the Flight into Egypt, caused a palm-tree to bend down its fruit-laden branches into the hands of Mary, and a spring of water to issue from its roots.

— Max Müller, 'Physical Religion,' Lecture xiv, p. 352

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART III

N my second article 'Thoughts on Music' I said:

... and although we admit that there are true artists among them (the virtuosi), yet we deny that in the future virtuosi can be the promoters of the divine ideas that are concealed behind the sounds of the masterpieces of musical art. Without doubt there will always be people who possess a greater facility in the use of the musical language than others; this, however, is the same in every other kind of language; why should we therefore make any difference between them?

At the present time such a statement seems somewhat far-fetched. People are inclined to believe that musical art consists mostly in the reproduction of musical composition; and in brilliant technical abilities which the virtuosi must possess to make an impression on the hearer's mind, or simply to impose on the minds of ignorant people. It will be useful to separate these three kinds of performers; for, although they have much in common, they differ widely in the ends they have in view and in the results they reach.

What they have in common is the great facility with which they have been able to train their muscles so that they are under perfect control and may be used for performances with the throat or with the hands. We see, then, that every virtuoso is closely related to acrobats of every kind.

And surely the virtuosi of a lower kind — by which we mean those who sing or play with no other purpose than to transmute the great deftness of their muscles into money—are no better than acrobats. The difference is merely that instead of using all the muscles of their body, as acrobats do, they use only the muscles of their throats, or of their hands and arms.

The second kind are much more interesting. While those of a lower kind look upon 'the art divine' as business men do on steel, copper, iron, etc., the virtuosi of a higher kind consider art as a privilege which they have received from an unknown source for personal benefit; and which they can turn to account in the way that seems best to them. They are proud of this beautiful natural gift and coddle it in every way. There are singers who devote their whole life to the coddling of their voices. Personally I have known a pianist who was so afraid of spoiling the muscles of his hands, that he never wrote a letter. One day the carriage in which we were sitting turned turtle: my dear friend crossed his arms and hands

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on his breast, he fell on his head, but had the pleasure of seeing that his hands were uninjured.

Vanity and egotism are the principal traits of character of such virtuosi; and most of them possess but a limited intelligence, notwithstanding they know exactly how to use their natural talent for personal benefit; and how to impose on their fellowmen, and to make them believe that the most important personalities in the world are themselves. Like the rulers of ancient times they fancy that they are virtuosi 'by the Grace of God.' I knew one of these virtuosi; he was conductor of one of the great orchestras. When in Rome he requested and obtained a private audience of the Pope. In that audience he begged the Pope to bless the bâtons with which he conducted concerts. And since that time he believes himself to be a conductor — 'by the Grace of God'!

But let us leave these *dei minores* to their fate and draw attention to the performers who consider their special gifts as a precious possession which they have by birthright; and who use them in a way that corresponds with this lofty conception of their artistic duty. These virtuosi are not only endowed with wonderful muscles; no, they also possess a rare and special musical intelligence. They endeavor to place their mental and physical faculties at the disposition of the spiritual side of their nature, which enables them to recognise the grandeur of the works and masterpieces which have been given to humanity by the great composers. It is self-evident that these virtuosi cannot be merely performers; to a certain degree they must possess creative qualities. In recreating the masterpieces of the great composers — the creators — they can to a certain degree use these pieces as a sort of canvas on which they embroider their own thoughts and feelings. And here we reach a point that affords an opportunity of speaking of a great danger to which these artists — for they are artists, not virtuosi — are exposed. In their minds the sounds, rhythms and harmonies of the composers have taken shape; now, the question arises if the image, aroused by the sounds, rhythms and harmonies in the mind of the reproducer is analogous to that which was in the mind of the composer? It is almost impossible to believe that this is so. And thus we find that the great virtuoso, the artist-performer, is more or less an obstacle that places itself between the composer's mind and ours; we consider this personality as an intruder. He tells us what his soul has experienced when reading the glyphs and symbols the composer has confided to paper, not what our souls would have felt when reading these art-works. Of course the revelations of that man's soul may be of interest to us; we may even admit that the advent of each artist-performer — for example, Liszt, Rubinstein, Joachim, Servais, Jenny Lind, etc. — marked a certain epoch in the life of humanity, but nevertheless their advent

shows at the same time that the spiritual development of humanity at that epoch had not yet reached a point enabling each individual himself to decipher the glyphs and symbols of the composition in question.

The glyphs and symbols . . . ?

The development of humanity . . . ?

Can there be a moment in the life of humanity at which its development is not sufficient to enable it to catch the meaning of glyphs and symbols in which only the feelings that connect divinity with human beings are concealed? Can such a thing be possible? Our answer must be: *never!*

Such a conception can be considered only as the result of the wrongdoing of those who knew the truth and yet withheld it from others who are entitled to its possession. Why did the former withhold the truth?

Because they knew it to be so simple that everyone can understand it. But at the same time they knew that they would not be capable of maintaining their undue influence; that they could not subjugate humanity unless truth were withheld. And these ideas, which for centuries and centuries have permeated our atmosphere, have obscured it to such an extent that poor humanity has forgotten that it possesses the faculty to pierce the veil and see the truth in all its simplicity, grandeur, and beauty.

Lift the veil; let there be light, and everyone will recognise the truth!

All composers, poets, artists, being parts of humanity, are in the same conditions as humanity itself. They feel intensely what humanity has but vaguely experienced, but in their minds, though tainted by the dangerous influence of materialism, the divine spark has always been and still is alive. And although only the greatest composers have been able to express something of their nature in a tangible form, and even then in too complicated a manner to be understood by the average intelligence, yet the divine spark is to be found there. And it is at this point that the virtuoso of high rank, the artist-performer, comes in and gives the average man an insight into what his soul has recognised as truth in that complicated work of art.

The artist-performer is like the priest, who reveals to the people *something* of the beauty that is behind the veil. Only *something* is revealed, but that *something* would be sufficient for the needs of the heart if it were reproduced in all its pristine purity.

But is this possible?

There is no one, except perhaps the great Teachers of humanity, whose hearts are so pure and clean as to be able to reflect the divine spark without dimming it.

Yet we find among the artist-performers a few who can give such an insight. From time to time they appear before the public and re-create the masterpieces of musical art. Yet, however great they may be, they add

something of their own to the compositions they interpret. And here is another difficulty. The best way to elucidate this idea may be to take as an example the re-creation of an operatic personage; let us take Carmen.

Everyone knows that Carmen is much more a symbolic than an actual personality; this figure symbolizes the pernicious influence of evil by means of a beautiful seductive woman. The artist-performer can lay stress on the woman's beauty or intelligence, her evil nature, her selfishness, her vanity, etc. All depends on the character of the performer. Here another question arises: Is her character in harmony with the hearer's? If so, the latter will highly enjoy the re-creation, for the artist-performer awakes and strengthens in his mind the sentiments which the figure of Carmen suggested to him. But if the artist-performer lays stress on some other side of the Carmen-symbol than that which appeals to the hearer, it is self-evident that the impression will be confusing, because the image of the Carmen-symbol in the hearer's soul does not harmonize with that which the physical eye and ear perceive.

But again: we must acknowledge that the re-creation of a masterpiece by an artist-performer can give the hearer an entirely new insight into the meaning of a work of art. It is important therefore that there should be such performers, that they may make the average man see and feel the beauties which are concealed behind the many, many combinations of the musical masterpieces of the materialistic epoch. Their appearance is only justified by the greatness of their talent, which enables them to penetrate more deeply than can the ordinary mind into the secrets of the composer's heart; and to lay them bare to the hearer's soul.

And yet these performers will be considered as makeshifts! As soon as mankind has made sufficient progress to understand the composers as it now understands the authors and the painters, the necessity of having reproducers will disappear, except perhaps for the reproduction of vocal and orchestral pieces. But the time may come when even the latter will be read by layman as nowadays dramatic poems are read by everyone. Who knows: possibly the whole of musical art will undergo a great transformation; a tendency is already noticeable, indicating a return to a kind of music that was known in former ages, in Greece, for example. In the Grecian epoch all arts were the utterances of the inner, spiritual life of the nation. This is true particularly of the tragedies, in which all the forms of art entered. It is interesting to read what Richard Wagner has to say on the subject in his writings on Musical Drama. He is the first composer of the present epoch who recognised that musical art has gradually deviated from the place it ought to occupy among the arts and sciences in universal life. After the periodic culmination in Greek art, in which all

arts were united, a separation took place. Since then the separation of the arts has steadily been growing. The dance and the action of the players were abandoned, the words were left out, so that solely the sounds of instruments expressed the ideas and feelings of the thought divine. Surely, during the last few centuries, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, etc., have written masterpieces in their genre, but Wagner is right when he asserts that music, separated as it has been from the other arts, cannot express the thought divine for which humanity is longing. With his Music-Drama he opened a new era. But he spoke only the first word. If we compare his works with those of later composers — Debussy for example — we find that musical art approaches more and more to a state of development which brings it nearer and nearer to the other languages which humanity possesses.

We cannot concede that man derives more profit from an idea, a thought, a feeling, when conveyed to his mind or heart by means of another personality, than if he had experienced them himself. On the contrary, we believe that without personal experiences no true knowledge can be acquired. If this is true for life in general why should an exception be made for musical art? Surely, if music is but an entertainment, a mere play of sounds without deeper meaning, there is no reason to trouble much about the question, but if it is the 'highest expression of a pure and harmonious life,' we have to prepare our minds for the time when everyone will realize that a failure in musical understanding is equivalent to the ignoring of the duality in man's nature. For music, and music only, is able to give to man a glimpse of a form which suggests more or less an image of what we feel in the moments of our deepest concentration and meditation. In these moments every material form vanishes, and yet we know there is a higher, a more beautiful and more spiritual form which the physical eye cannot perceive, but which the spiritual eye discerns, and which we wish to express if only a material form can be found for it.

It seems superfluous to insist upon the impossibility of our experiencing emotions, as has been pointed out, by means of impressions received through the intermediary of others. How could anyone, even the most intimate friend, know in what form the divine message is communicated to our inner, our higher self? This most intimate relation between our individuality and the divinity cannot be revealed; it remains for ever the mystery of our life. And this is the reason why the vocation of the virtuoso, even the most gifted artist-performer, will always be limited, because it can be of importance only for those persons who have not yet realized that growth is from within. For those who have found their own way, those 'who know,' the virtuoso is and will be more and more an intruder, a stranger who places himself between man's soul and its divinity.



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FOURTH OF JULY FESTIVITIES AT LOMALAND
Returning home after the Games



Lemeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ABOVE: MAKING A DIFFICULT STROKE — A MOST UNUSUAL POSITION

BELOW: A GOOD PUNT



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ABOVE: GENERAL VIEW OF THE RECREATION GROUNDS — BASKET-BALL
AND TENNIS

BELOW: NEARER VIEW OF THE SAME

THE SUMMERLAND OF CANADA: by Lilian Whiting

LAND of the Maple-leaf! Land of cloud-minarets, of silver bays and shining rivers; of tall, solemn firs looming darkly against the skies, and of miracles of bloom and beauty mirrored in still waters; of rainbow crescents spanning the sky, of sunlit spray, of electrical air. A Summerland, with potent spells and subtle witchery.

Canada is Nature's pleasure-ground. The ineffable spell of beauty enchants the entire Dominion. It is not difficult to recognise the sources of the inspiration of her poets. The wanderer in all this bewildering loveliness can but feel with the singer:

I bathe my spirit in blue skies
And taste the springs of life.

The very air is energy and exhilaration. It transmutes itself into new vitality.

The colossal scale of the Canadian summer resorts suggests the haunts of the Titans. The maritime provinces have long been a recognised locality for vacation days, from the time that Mr. Howells' 'Basil' and 'Isabel' discovered their scenic glories in their 'wedding journey'; but the later years have opened parks of two and a half to three million acres; and the waterways, lakes, and rivers combined offer thousands of miles of sailing and canoeing.

One enchanting place is the Hotel Wawa, poetic, bewitching, star-crowned Wawa! The region in Northern Ontario is a fascinating fairy-land. Is it the swan-boat of Lohengrin from which the traveler steps, in the brilliant sunshine of the late afternoon, upon the beach (one of the finest in Canada), finding himself within two hundred yards of the hotel? Porters appear for the luggage while the wanderer lingers to gaze on the sunset over the blue lake, over a thousand lakes, indeed, studded with wooded islands, the color-scheme changing in the flitting, opalescent lights, the cloud-shadows drifting over the green of island trees and vegetation, with a fringe of pine and balsam along the shores offering refreshing shade for the saunterer. The dancing pavilion is not far away, at one end of the long piazza, and the music of the orchestra floats out on the wonderful air. On a plot of verdant grass a group of white-robed children are dancing like a very fairy ring. The western sky, which 'The Wawa' fronts, is all aglow with sunset splendors. Or, perchance, one arrives in the morning and finds that the pure transparent light plays all sorts of optical tricks with distances. Illusions beset one similar to those that delight the visitors to the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Not the least of the charm of 'The Wawa' is the trip itself from Toronto, which is as picturesque as it is easy. Four or five hours of rail to Huntsville, then a steamer on the chain of lakes to Norway Point. The romantic journey would almost be worth

taking if one remained but a single night. For the beautiful hours of life are not gone when they have passed; they linger in memory; they per-



HOTEL 'WAWA', NORWAY POINT, LAKE-OF-BAYS DISTRICT, ONTARIO

vade the quality of life. One fascinating picture that thus lingers in memory is that of the early evening at 'The Wawa,' when the powerful searchlight of the hotel is turned over lakes and woods and clustering islands; and the evening steamer is coming in, gay with flags and pennons, with snatches of music and light laughter borne on the evening air. For a moment the guest feels himself again on the Swiss lakes where the lights of boats and inns respond to each other in signals of illumination.

Algonquin Park, with nearly two and one-half millions of acres, with its comfortable Highland Inn, its camps, and the facilities for tents and for canoeing and sports of all orders, is another of the favorite resorts of Canada. The true camper, like the poet, is born and not made. It is a gift and a grace to adapt oneself to the primitive life of the woodlands. The naiads and dryads may invite one, with traces of housewifely pride, to glance at the interiors of their spotless tents, interiors little used save for sleep and shelter in storms. The dryad of old found sufficient scope for her domestic life in a tree; but the twentieth-century hamadryad takes pride in her bed of springy balsams well covered by blankets, and the little table with a book or two, and a chair. A bed of balsam-boughs, a breakfast of trout freshly caught in the lake, with coffee made over the campfire, combined with youth and health and keen interest in the world

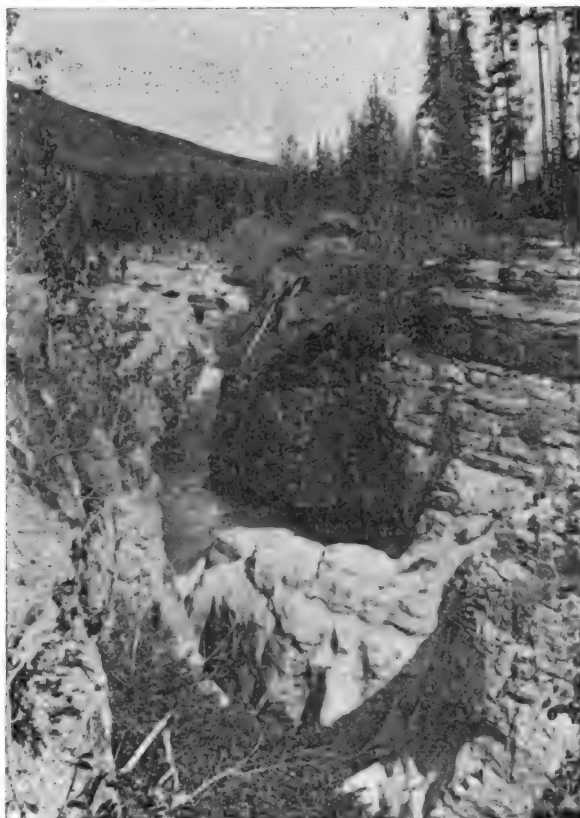
in general, and what more could one ask? In the vast woodlands of Algonquin one may see many couples strolling, not invariably side by side,



ALGONQUIN PARK: THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HEADQUARTERS

for usually the trail provides no surplus space beyond that required for the single file. As they fare forth He calls to Her, "Come on"; or, occasionally, by way of special conversational brilliancy, he exclaims in a friendly tone: "Are you there?" They are perhaps making their way over a portage. The guide has the canoe, reversed, on his head. As they wind along intricate paths on the hillside, encountering impedimenta of fallen logs and underbrush, he goes in advance and she faithfully follows. There is all the charm of conversational entertainment when he looks sideways over his shoulder and exclaims, "Getting on all right?" She would be ashamed to confess that she was not. When their canoe-trip was projected that morning she, who did not know a canoe from a constellation, was quite in raptures. As a tenderfoot, still unprofited by the proximity of the wilderness, she had descended from her bower equipped with a parasol for the sun, an umbrella for possible rain, a handbag duly supplied with pencil, notebook, violet water, and various feminine conveniences; a volume of her favorite poet in her hand that he might read aloud to her, and a novel for her own private delectation, in case he should be oblivious of poetic ecstasies and like a man prefer to smoke and — dream. But he, who has seen the wilderness before, in the course of his august

career, and to whom canoeing is no mystery, regards her with unaccustomed austerities. "You can't take those things," he laconically ob-



POT HOLES, MALIGNE CANYON, JASPER PARK

serves. "Upset the canoe." Poet and novelist, to say nothing of parasols and other impedimenta, are relentlessly banished; and for the first time some intimation filters through her mind that equilibrium is closely connected with successful canoeing.

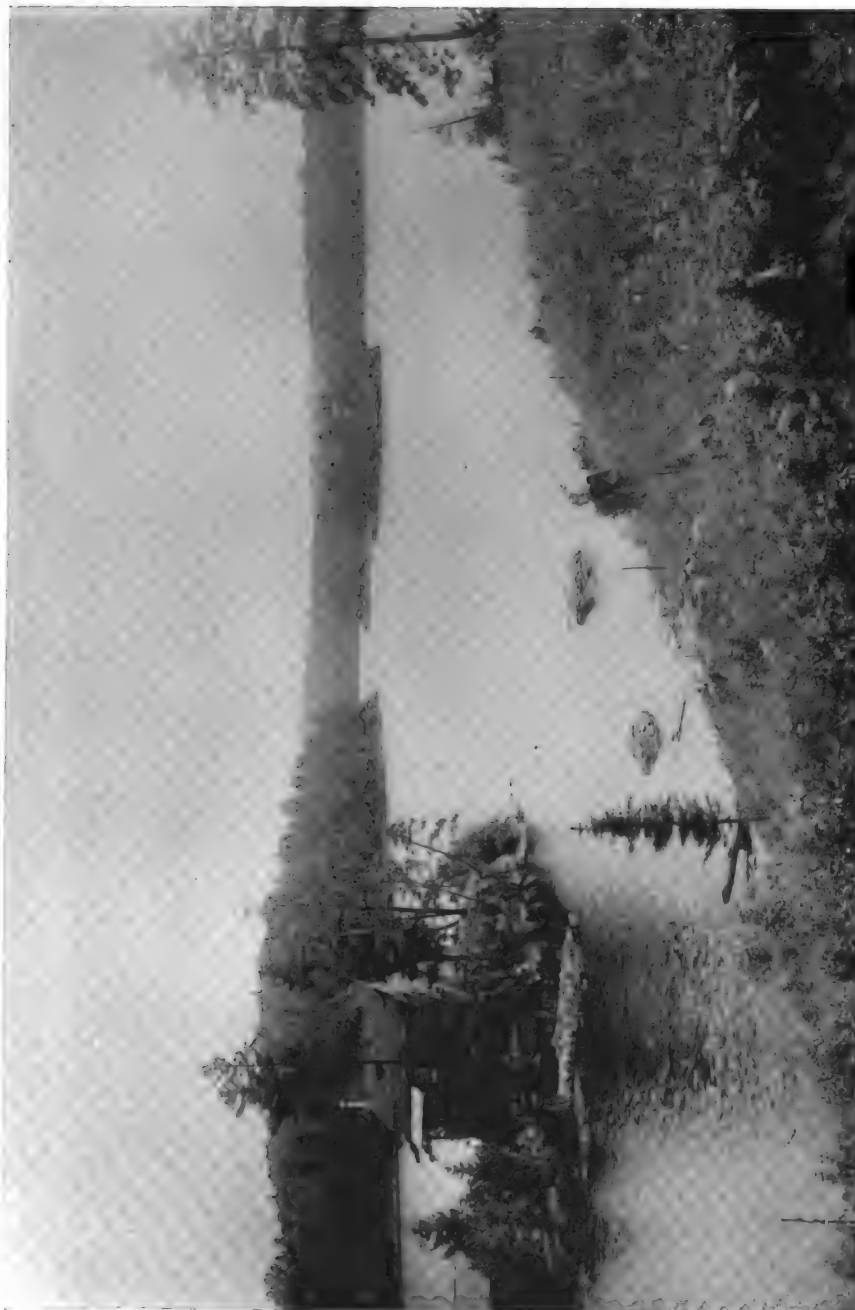
From June until September the days are long in Algonquin Park Land; they dawn in rose and wane in gold. The air is all vitality, and moonlit nights cast their spell of romance. The Muskoka region, Lake Nipissing, the Timagami realm and Minaki (only three hours east of Winnipeg), that picturesque inn wood-embowered on the lake — all these have their enthusiastic *clientèle*; but the real traveler goes on and on to

Jasper Park, lying west of Edmonton, in the foothills of the Rockies, a National reservation of some five thousand square miles. The steel highway has brought these happy hunting-grounds into swift connexion with the traveling world. Jasper Park has its 'tent city,' so comfortably fitted up that it allures every lover of the open air and of scenic glories. The site commands a magnificent view of Athabasca Valley, through which winds the Athabasca river, widening at intervals into the proportions of a lake. At the juncture of the Athabasca and the Maligne rivers the Northwestern Fur Company formerly had their headquarters; the place now defined only by a pile of stones, and by several graves, with mouldering crosses, that suggest the ending of the drama of life for those who lived and toiled and encountered such hardships here. Maligne Canyon, eight miles distant, and with a good road, offers two comfortable shelter-houses for the free use of all tourists; each house divided into



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A PICTURESQUE BUNGALOW SITE ON PENINSULAR LAKE, LAKE-OF-BAYS DISTRICT, NORTHERN ONTARIO



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A SUMMER COTTAGE ON AN ISLET IN CACHE LAKE, ALGONQUIN PARK

From June until September the days are long in Algonquin Park Land; they dawn in rose and wane in gold.



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TWO VIEWS OF PYRAMID LAKE, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA
Jasper Park, lying west of Edmonton, in the foothills of the Rockies, is a
National Reservation of some five thousand square miles.



MT. ROBSON, MT. ROBSON PARK, B. C.



Lensland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
LAKE KATHRYN, NEAR SMITHERS, B. C.

three parts, with one large room, for ladies and gentlemen, each; and a central hall fitted with a range and utensils where impromptu cooking can be conducted with successful results. These shelter-houses provide



HEADQUARTERS, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA

still another illustration of the way in which tourists are safeguarded all over the Dominion. So swiftly are modern conditions of comfort on their winged way that the refinements of life fairly spring up in the wilderness and almost every conceivable need of the traveler is anticipated.

The Canadian summer resorts are playing an important part in sociology. They attract sojourners from widely separated localities; they promote wide interchange of views, of valuable knowledge, of ideas, of sympathies, and are thus not without a marked effect on international life. These new regions opened to the traveling public only since the spring of 1915, (the extensions of the Grand Trunk System being only completed in 1914) offer the most spellbinding marvels of beauty. The grandeur of the majestic mountain peaks; the fertile valleys and plateaus that gleam with lakes and rivers; the brilliant foliage; the rich color-scheme of purple and rose and indigo blue on the precipitous cliffs; the shimmer of blue waters through overhanging trees; ah, Land of the Maple-leaf! How fair is thy heritage!

Canada's Summerland is not, however, limited to even these vast regions of the Lake-of-Bays, Algonquin Park, the Muskoka, the Nipissing,

the Timigami, and lovely Minaki. Between Edmonton and Prince Rupert lie not only a journey which is a dream of all that is majestic and marvelous in scenery, but two especial summer resorts, Jasper Park and Mt. Robson Park; and then, speeding on to Prince Rupert, lies beyond the wonder-voyage of the world in the trip to Alaska.

Mt. Robson is the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies, and is just under the fourteen thousand feet of our Pike's Peak in Colorado. Mt. Robson, with its lakes and glaciers and numerous falls is more like the Alpine scenery than is any other peak of the Rockies in either the United States or Canada. To the north of Mt. Robson there is a trail up the Grand Fork River, skirting the shores of Lake Helena, and passing on to the Valley of a Thousand Falls, with the Empire Falls within view, and thus on to Berg Lake. It is one of the sublime excursions. The stupendous beauty cannot be translated into words, but Robert Service interprets it in the line —

Have you seen God in His splendors? heard the text that Nature renders?

Such fantasies of combination, too, as meet the eye; castles, towers, fortresses, that glow like opal and ruby and topaz; walls of sheer glaciers rising in dazzling whiteness like a spectral caravan; formless solitudes fit only for the abode of the gods! The spirit of the mountains is abroad on her revels; ice-peaks ten thousand feet in the upper air are her toys; the winds are her Aeolian harp; the Valley of a Thousand Falls is her theater for pastime. Neither the Swiss Alps nor yet that mysterious chain of the Tyrol, haunted by fantastic drifting cloud-shapes, vocal with waterfalls, and invested with a mystic atmosphere, can yet compare with the colossal scale of splendor in the Mt. Robson region. Again it is the poet who alone can paint the scenes:

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on?

Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore?

Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,

Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?

Have you seen the visioned valley with the green stream streaking through it?

Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?

Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake go and do it;

Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed twig a-quiver?

(Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies)

Have you broken trail on snow-shoes? mushed your huskies up the river?

Dared the Unknown, led the way, and clutched the prize?

Strangest of all, in these stern mountain solitudes, with their glittering crevasses of ice, there are sheltered valleys all aglow with myriads of flowers in brilliant and gorgeous hues; and where, at sunset, peaks touched

to gold and crimson loom up in the transparent air against a background of intensely blue sky, a spectacle to inspire painter and poet with unearthly beauty.

On, on to Prince Rupert the changing panorama is one succession of views more and more beautiful. The air of this vast Northwest is a very



PRINCE RUPERT: MT. HAYES AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOR

regenerator of life. One breathes vitality. One feels made-over — a new creature. And as the traveler draws near Prince Rupert, "a city hewn out of solid stone," he is conscious of an intense curiosity as to this latest port of the Pacific.

Mrs. Carlyle declared that when Robert Browning's poem *Sordello* appeared, she read it twice attentively, and at the end she could not decide whether Sordello was a tree, an island, or a man. Something of the same bewilderment has beset many people of late years in regard to the young seaport of Prince Rupert; whether Prince Rupert was a royal personage, a town, or an island? Only in 1917 does this unique and picturesque port celebrate its ninth anniversary, and for a town that has thus not yet completed its first decade the advance is incredible. Prince Rupert was really created in Boston (U. S. A.). While Kaien Island, on which it stands, was still a dense and impenetrable wilderness, Messrs. Brett and Hall, a distinguished firm of landscape architects, drafted on

paper this wonderful young city. The scenic setting of Prince Rupert is of fairly incomparable splendor. Its ineffable glory of sea and sky, its central mountain and ranges of hills, terrace above terrace, its fairly infinite ocean-view — all these suggest Algiers, or Genoa, or the view from the Acropolis.

Kaien Island comprises some twenty-eight square miles lying five hundred and fifty miles north of Vancouver. From the magnificent harbor the island rises impressively, dominated by the central peak, Mount Hayes, which towers to a height of twenty-three hundred feet in the air. From this mountain is a view that must be included among the most notable in the world. No more romantic panorama discloses itself from Amalfi, Hong Kong, or from the heights of Capodimonte or Sant' Elmo in Naples. Like Naples, Prince Rupert will become the paradise of excursions. Prince Rupert is but thirty miles from the Alaskan boundary, and it is thus the natural starting-point from Dawson, Nome, and other of the Alaskan and Yukon centers.

Seattle and Skagway are one thousand miles apart, and the round trip of the two thousand miles is one of entrancing loveliness, and requires in time about eleven days. From Prince Rupert to Skagway is about four days' sail, and it is one unsurpassed in majestic splendor.

In the distance the towering peaks clothed in snow of dazzling whiteness rise beyond the mountain ranges in their royal purple with evanescent flitting gleams of gold and rose from the brilliant sun; the green water of the bays is alive with thousands of leaping salmon, and the shores are defined by the dark pine forests, standing in an impenetrable tangle of ferns and trailing undergrowth. Through this 'Inside Passage', as it is termed, a fleet of steamers ply between Seattle and Skagway. An enthusiastic voyager writing to a friend early in September, 1915, said:

I am in the writing room on the upper deck of the *Prince George*, sailing amid such ineffable glory that I only write about one word to every ten minutes, only one word in ten minutes will be allotted to you, for I must LOOK! It is the time of my life, and I can write letters (at all events to you, to whom they write themselves) anywhere. But this voyage — it is the dream of a lifetime! I have sailed the enchanted Mediterranean with our rapturous callings at Algiers, rising on terraced hills in her unspeakable beauty; at Naples, with all the Neapolitan coast a very vision of the ethereal realms; I have sailed on to Genoa, with Ischia, dream-haunted by Vittoria Colonna, Italy's immortal woman-poet, and made my pilgrimage to the island and over the ancient Castel d'Ischia, by local boats from Naples; I once sailed through the Ionian Isles in the late afternoon of a May day that was all azure and gold; I have sailed the Italian lakes and cruised about on the Alpine lakes of Switzerland; but it still remained for this one enchanted voyaging to give me that thrill of untranslatable ecstasy. This combination of the sea and mountains in what they call the 'Inside Passage' is simply superb.

If only it would never end! I count off the flying hours as a miser counts his gold. I can hardly bear to sleep to miss one hour of its glory and loveliness, yet sleep, too, is a joy in this magical air, and, at all events, this voyage will not be ended when it is over. I shall have it all the rest of my life . . . to live over again and again 'in the ethereal,' where all outer experiences find their record. I am quite sure the Recording Angel sets this down in illuminated pages.

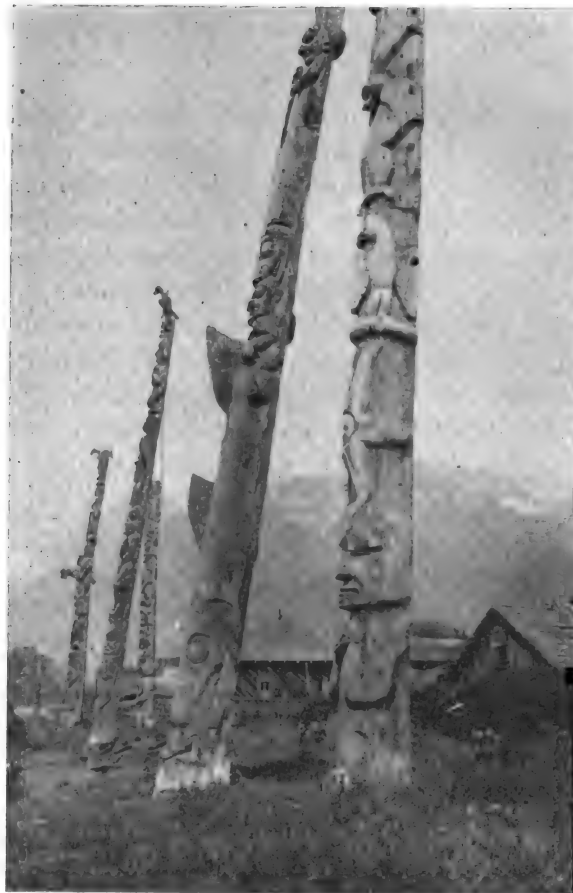
From Puget Sound five hundred miles of the voyage is through Canadian waters, so vast is the Dominion. For one hundred and twenty miles the steamer is sailing through the Straits of Georgia, which separate the mainland of British Columbia from Vancouver Island, with the range of the Olympic Mountains astern, from whence the gods look down on mortals. Do they not, indeed, dwell on Olympian heights? Passing into the Seymour Narrows from the Georgian Strait, the Channel is hardly more than one third of a mile wide, and the rocky walls with the lofty mountains just behind are so overgrown with trees as to present an almost solid wall of emerald green, tempting the passenger to reach out his hand and grasp the cedar needles that seem so near. On sunny days the reflexions in the water are startlingly clear, and here and there pour down rushing cataracts of foam-crested water from the melting snow of the mountains.

Forty miles north of Prince Rupert is Dixon's Entrance, that marks the international boundary between the Canadian and Alaskan waters. Some haunting impress left upon the air by the great navigators who made their pioneer voyages in these intricate waterways, — Pérez and Valdez, Duncan, Vancouver, Meares, Caudra, — their dauntless courage and their perils fling spectra on the passing winds and waves. The scenic effects grow more and more sublime as the steamer advances. At a distance of about seventy-five miles north of Prince Rupert the traveler comes in sight of a remarkable series of mountain terraces, rising more than six thousand feet into the air, with sheer walls and castellated summits.

The first call at port after Prince Rupert is at Ketchikan, seven hundred miles from Seattle, with a population of some two thousand people, the distributing point for the mines and fisheries of Southern Alaska. On its crescent-shaped harbor and with its eternal guard of mountains, with its lake and its falls, and its wonderful gorge, three miles distant into the woodlands, it is a picturesque town, and with its electric lighting and steam heating, it leaves little to be desired for comfortable residence. Between Ketchikan and Wrangel are the Wrangel Narrows, a channel where ethereal vapors, many-hued like tropical flowers, are breeze-blown in the air; and the long green moss, on the trees on either

side, sways like drapery. Miss Scidmore, writing of Wrangel Narrows, thus pictured it with her fascinating pen:

It was an enchanting trip up that narrow channel of deep water, rippling between bold island shores and parallel mountain walls. Beside clear emerald tide, reflecting tree and rock, there was the beauty of foaming cataracts leaping down the sides of snow-capped mountains and the grandeur of great glaciers pushing down through sharp ravines and dropping miniature icebergs into the sea. Touched by the last light of the sun, Patterson Glacier was a frozen lake of a wonderland, shining with silvery lights, and showing a pale ethereal green and deep pure blue in all the rifts and crevices of its icy front.



TOTEM POLES, KETCHIKAN, B. C.

From Wrangel on to Juneau the entrance to Taku Inlet is passed. The far-famed Taku Glacier is differentiated by the extreme brilliancy of its coloring from all other glaciers of the Alaskan regions. Taku Inlet, with its forty-five great ice streams, is a fitting approach to this marvel of Nature. Every blast of the steamer's whistle is as the call of a giant monster which is answered by masses of ice that, detached by the vibration, plunge headlong into the sea with a noise like thunder. "That day on the Taku Glacier will live forever as one of the rarest and most perfect enjoyment," again writes Alaska's vivid interpreter, Miss Scidmore:

The grandest objects in Nature were before us, the primeval forces that mold the face of the earth were at work, and it was all so out of the everyday world that we might have been walking a new planet, fresh-fallen from the Creator's hand.

The Taku Glacier has a sheer precipitous front three hundred feet

high, the color making it seem one gigantic sapphire, so intense is the blue. Yet again there are glints of green and rose and gold that flash out as if a casket of jewels had been flung over it, or an avalanche of



A MEDICINE-MAN OF WRANGEL

star-dust, windswept, from the far spaces of the universe. John Muir, the great naturalist whose vision was that of the artist, and whose spirit was always open to the message of the eternal world, was deeply impressed by Taku and by Sundum fiords, and in one allusion he says of Taku:

A hundred or more glaciers of the second and third class may be seen along these walls, and as many snowy cataracts, which, with the plunging bergs, keep all the fiord in a roar. The scenery is of the wildest description, especially in their upper reaches, where the granite walls, streaked with waterfalls, rise in sheer massive precipices, like those of Yosemite Valley, to a height of three and four thousand feet.

The poetic eye of John Burroughs keenly recognised the grandeur of all this voy-

age and the especial splendor that lies between Prince Rupert and Skagway; and of the gleaming brilliancy of the glacier regions he said that it was as if "the solid earth became spiritual and translucent."

This new route to Alaska has greatly increased the tourist travel, as the safety of the 'Inside Route', combined with the ineffable panorama of beauty, render the journey as easy and feasible as it is delightful. There is a saving of three days by journeying to Prince Rupert and there embarking for Alaska. In January of 1916, the well-known traveler and writer, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, made this trip of which he wrote:

. . . I despair of giving you any idea of the beauties of this voyage, they

are so many and so varied. Now you have the wonders of the Swiss Lakes, now those of the Inland Sea of Japan, and now beauties like those on the coasts of New Zealand. There are all sorts of combinations of sea and sky, of ever-green slopes and snow-capped mountains. The color-effects are beyond description, and the sunsets indescribable in their changes and beauties. The islands are of all shapes and sizes and they float upon sapphire seas. Many of the islands have snow-capped mountains that rise in green walls almost straight up from the water, and their heads are often crested with silver.

As a study of the possibilities of color, this Alaskan voyage between Prince Rupert and Skagway is unsurpassed. Mountain peaks transfigured with sunset fires that flame and glow and die away and flash up again before the gazer; pinnacles that lose themselves in the clouds, bathed in silver, and pale rose, and blue, through an atmosphere that is flushed with gold and amber. In the distance looms up a solid wall of amethyst, that is again transmuted into a deep rose, with gleams of orange and purple and gold. Violet peaks rear their heads in the background. Under a blue sky sparkles and shimmers a still bluer sea.

Juneau, the capital and principal metropolis of Alaska, is on Gastineau Channel, which is eight miles in length and more than a mile wide at the entrance, gradually growing less as it nears the mainland, till it becomes like a narrow avenue of blue water through which the sunset pours in the late afternoon, with an almost unearthly beauty. Mount Juneau, in the center of the town, rises to a height of three thousand feet, with sloping sides of a pale green down which rush numberless cascades of silvery sparkling water. Juneau is already an important business centre, with incalculably rich mining properties tributary to the city, and with almost every branch of business and the industries represented.

Somewhere about 1889 Kate Field, author, lecturer, and charming figure in society, visited Alaska and delivered the first lecture ever given in that country. Her audience included miners, prospectors, and camp followers, and her theme was 'Good Citizenship.' Visiting the Muir Glacier at this early period when its unequaled grandeur was at its perfection (for of late years earthquakes have changed its contour) Miss Field thus described it:

Imagine a glacier three miles wide and three hundred feet high, and you have a slight idea of Muir Glacier. Picture a background of mountains fifteen thousand feet high, all snow-clad, and then imagine a gorgeous sun lighting up crystals with rainbow coloring. The face of the crystal takes on the hue of aquamarine — the hue of every bit of floating ice that surrounds the steamer. This dazzling serpent moves sixty-four feet a day, tumbling headlong into the sea, startling the air with submarine thunder.

From Juneau the Grand Trunk Pacific Line of steamers proceeds to Skagway through the Lynn Canal, considered, all in all, the most beautiful



SKEENA RIVER AT DOREEN, B. C.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

YELLOWHEAD LAKE, MT. ROBSON PARK, B. C.



MT. ROBSON AT BERG LAKE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROBSON GLACIER, MT. ROBSON PARK, B. C.



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WRANGEL, ALASKA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ON THE GREAT GLACIER, NEAR WRANGEL

of the fiords of Alaska. Skagway rejoices in the poetic designation of 'the Flower-City of Alaska,' from the amazing luxuriance and loveliness of the riotous floral growth in the gardens of the town and also in the outlying country. Skagway is the gateway to the Yukon, and the tourist who wishes to visit Canada's portion of this great Northland embarks on the White Pass and Yukon Railway, which affords easy access to Lake Atcin and down the Yukon to Dawson, the capital of Yukon Territory.

Skagway has a present population of more than two thousand; and it is splendidly equipped with cable, telephone, and telegraph service; with electric lighting, and with good schools, churches, shops and stores furnishing an adequate assortment for all needs of utility and of taste and beauty; it has a very attractive residence region, and its gardens are already famous. During the Klondike excitement of 1897-8, Skagway was the base of operations for many thousands of prospectors who thronged this region. It is especially attractive to the devotees of ethnological science, as it is near some of the more interesting Indian villages, and it has supreme attractions for the artist. The glaciers of Davidson and Mendenhall are near, and nowhere are the enchantments of a summer in the far northlands more alluring and spellbinding to the lover of flowers and fragrances, of stars and sunsets, of the beauty that flashes from solid mountain walls of opal pinnacles, and glittering palisades, in an atmosphere prismatic in color, — nowhere are there more lovely "lands of summer beyond the sea," than in and around Skagway.

It has been more or less generally supposed that the climate of Alaska was inevitably severe and fairly arctic in its character. On the contrary, the mean temperature of Juneau for July is 57 degrees and the thermometer often ranges from seventy to even ninety. Thus the mean temperature of Juneau for July is only one degree less than that of San Francisco for August. The equability of the temperature in Southern Alaska is a feature of importance. The entire land, in summer, is covered with a dense vegetation.

One of the great marvels of nature in the Alaskan and Yukon regions is that of the matchless spectacles of the Northern Lights. Not even the Glacier can rival Aurora Borealis. It is Robert Service who is the bard of the mystic illuminations that are fairly before the eye of the reader of that scintillating poem, the 'Ballad of the Northern Lights.'

And soft they danced from the Polar sky and swept in the primrose haze;
And swift they pranced with their silver feet, and pierced with a blinding
blaze.

They danced a cotillion in the sky; they were rose and silver shod;

It was not good for the eyes of man, 'twas a sight for the eyes of God.

.

And the skies of night were alive with light, with a throbbing, thrilling flame,
Amber, and rose, and violet, opal and gold it came.
Pennants of silver waved and streamed, lazy banners unfurled;
Sudden splendors of sabers gleamed, lightning javelins were hurled;
There in our awe we crouched and saw with our wild, uplifted eyes,
Charge and retire the hosts of fire in the battleground of the skies.

The Canadian Summerlands and Alaska! They offer the traveler the very glory of the world and of all the heavenly spaces.

THE DOUBTFUL PLACES: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



N interesting but rather disconcerting problem sooner or later faces a man who is trying to grow spiritually, to regulate his life according to the highest standard and make it lead on to the Light.

This problem faces him in connexion with an intermediate kind of conduct or of acts, seeming neither right nor wrong.

There is positively right action, namely, the fulfilment of duty. There is positively wrong action, immoral action. In relation to these two he has no perplexities. His conscience is positively backing him as he does the first, and of course positively against him as he does the second.

The positive backing is pleasant to him. He becomes accustomed to feel it as he works. If it is not there he finds a sense of vacancy, of something lost, almost a shock like that which a man experiences in going upstairs and mistakenly supposing there is one step more.

It is this which leads him to distinguish the third or intermediate kind of action. It is action which seems to have neither backing nor opposition from the soul.

He plans to give himself some unnecessary but, according to ordinary standards, quite unobjectionable diversion. There is no sin in it. But neither is it duty. It is not exactly selfish, since it does not perceivably hurt anyone. It is not unselfish, since his own pleasure is his sole motive.

Here is the peculiarity of this sort of conduct: that the more a man develops in himself, and lives by, the sense of duty, the more chilly and uncomfortable he will feel in doing things which, while he cannot see that they are wrong, while he cannot find that his conscience is actively *against* them, do yet differ entirely from his ordinary conduct in that they have not conscience positively *with* them. He feels almost as out of place with a neutral conscience as with a hostile one. With a downright wrong act

you are at any rate conscious of your conscience; you are not alone. But in the neutral act you are alone. There is a silence which seems very nearly an accusing silence.

There is no need to cross a bridge till you come to it. Those who have not come to this bridge need not concern themselves with it. But it is surely close ahead for the man who is trying to make his life lead to his soul, trying to reach the gate to the spiritual uplands.

The man this side of the bridge does from time to time do neutral things. The man the other side will not do any things that have not the active presence of soul behind them, that are not positive duty. He may of course take diversions, but only when he knows that he needs them for the future profit of his work, his body, his mind. And even so he will rather take them when they come of themselves than himself plan them out. And he begins to suspect that the chances for diversion *do* come of themselves — in his case and that of those who, like him, have put themselves under the Law — when they are needed. Then he feels that he can 'offer them up' just as he 'offers up' everything else he does. His rule presently is, to do nothing that cannot be 'offered up' and so brought under the approval and done with the co-operation of the overwatching soul.


And there is the key to the perplexities, the way through. If a man, through all sorts of mistakes in conduct, will try to 'offer up' whatever he does and get the soul's light upon it, he will come to see with ever greater clearness the right path of conduct, at last not perplexed at all. Personal desires, which are the sole source of perplexities as to the rightness of conduct, will die down and vanish. For the constant attempt to find this light will bring him into closer and closer touch with his soul. He is opening and clearing the way of communication — called *antaskarana* (in Theosophy), the Sanskrit word being used for want of an English. It is the path of communication between the higher and lower minds, the mind of the personality and that higher mind, always fully illuminated, which we call the Soul.

There are many possible definitions of duty. Here we may take this: that it is that conduct by which a man grows. He grows by the doing of it, by the will thus directed, by the motive, more than by the actual thing done. In fact that may have no far-reaching consequences at all. But his doing or his neglect is always of far-reaching consequence. It is of the utmost consequence to the universe that each human inhabitant of it should morally grow. Morally grown individuals are its urgent need, the need of that great Purpose which must have voluntarily offered human hands and minds to work through. Neglect of duty is not standing still, temporary cessation of growth; it is *un-growth*. And there are duties in the worlds of feeling and thought as well as in the world of action.

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART TWO — MUSIC

CHAPTER III — MUSIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: THE INTONATION

FTER Milton, the first music to be written was written by Gray and in the *Elegy*. It is sound and excellent marching; never less than lifted by its dignity high above the levels of its age. Without the fire of the Elizabethan march, it has a processional solemnity of sound that marks it different in kind from all its contemporaries and predecessors. It is unlike Miltonic music in that the beat of its rhythm is perfectly regular; it is unlike the measure of of the Classicists, in that there is music in it.

But it has sought this in a new direction; and necessarily, having forgone the old one of infinite variations of the rhythm. One would not say that it goes far on this new road; nor even that the road, strictly speaking, is new, since we have come on it occasionally in Milton and Shakespeare. It is the road of *Tone*; and here is Gray walking it:

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold:

— and walking it very finely, here at least; since the music is as perfect as may be, with every foot faultless, every letter suggestive, onomatopoeic: a wealth of liquids, and six noble vowels, no less. If only in these lines he treads it splendidly, yet the whole poem guesses at it, and is ennobled by the guess. It was a foretaste of a glory that was to come in with the coming cycle.

And which was to be, in effect, a new mode of word-music. The old cycle of pure March had reached its goal, by rhythm-variations, in Miltonic sublimity, and passed; the new must discover lines of evolution of its own, or be null and void. Null and void it was all unlikely to be, since vigorous spirits were hurrying into incarnation, and a new great age for England was at hand; and since the music of Intonation, the chant proper, was lying in wait to be developed in English verse.

Wordsworth was the first to hear a sound of it. He put himself in train for great captures and discoveries, when he learned march-music thoroughly for his sonnets. The sonnet naturally marches, being in iambic pentameter; you do not sing it, as you would a lilt, but declaim it like epic or drama. Yet at a deep moment it is very proper for it to pass into intonation; either the march or the lilt may do that; though so far, whenever we have heard a fore-note of tone in English verse, it has been at the deep moments of march-music — in Shakespeare, in *Il Penseroso* and *Lyci-*

das, and in Gray. So it was to be with Wordsworth; so in his marching, Phoebus was to touch his trembling ear, and he was to hear the spheres singing. As for example when he wrote this:

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

— Plain marching so far, with all or much of the dignity that belongs to that mode. Then for a couple of lines comes warning of something else, of the coming in of a richer music: the shadow cast before of an important event:

The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,

— but no; the wondrous incarnation must wait for the passing of a few, that is eight, lines, and he must go back to simple marching with this:

And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be —

Hush! he moves towards it now — by heaven, he has stumbled on the right direction, is on the track —

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:

—Now, now! —

Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

— Blow, old Triton! the man has heard you, and there is assurance of the beautiful things. Nineteenth-century Wordsworth has heard you; you did not pass into limbo and oblivion, after all, when the dark age dawned. Blow, old Triton; there is yet music in the world and in the sea!

And what but a Pagan were you, then, poor Wordsworth? — A Pagan: one of that grand and ancient breed to whom freedom was given of the winds and waters; who magically knew the sun in his shining, and the mysticism of the mountains and the stars; — and yet, alas, suckled in a creed outworn, and by that all foiled and hindered from your inward heritage of greatness; so that only by fits and snatches you heard the music of the daughters of Zeus; and such vision as might have been yours — vision arcane, mystical, transcendent — came to you dimmed

over, and only now and again. . . . But now surely an echo of that magical singing, a wisp of that vision, was blown to you, and by you passed on to us in your wonder line. We know very well that your desire was granted to you. You longed to have sight of Proteus; the very longing was an act of faith, and brought its quick reward; for you did not merely long to hear, but I'll swear you actually did

Hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

And we others, if the grace of God is in us at all, cannot read your line, either, without ourselves hearing that marvel. Whether we know it or not, O dear and great Pagan freed so utterly here from outworn things, you have convinced and converted us to those high inwardnesses you brought with you out of the elder world. For these are the realities that endure: these lonely and lofty voices out of the sunlit and fairy and spiritual worlds: these, and not our smokestacks and factories and fooleries. Our railroads will rust away, and be forgotten presently; our Dreadnaughts shall keep company with unremembered Atlantis; but never an age shall come upon earth, when sun and stars and poet-pagans shall not see the magical life, the consciousness, and hear the magical music that wells up out of the Heart of Things.

There are ten syllables in the wonder line; and six of them have long and lovely vowels; and another is retarded, made stately and lifted out of cheapness by the three consonants that follow its vowel; and only one is ended by a sharply cut-off letter, a momentary *t*: — all the other final consonants being continuous. Which things together are the — one was going to say, *producers*, but it is not so — the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual music: a deep, vibrant resonance; a glow, a concentration of echoes: tone, not tune: the intonation or incantation: the *mantram* of Sanskrit philosophy.

However, Wordsworth was but preparing the way for Keats; it was Keats, not he, who established this principle in English verse. One can hear it very clearly in *Endymion*; in some of the lyrics especially, but right through the narrative parts as well. In this, too, the line is iambic (?) pentameter, rhymed; but it is quite unlike in music anything that had been written before. There is no longer the clear beat of rhythm: tone, the presence of long vowels and of liquids, takes its place as the music-maker. Let us contrast and analyse passages again:

Hath' in the skirts' of Nor-' way here' and there'
 Sharked' up a list' of land-' less res-' olutes;'

— the regular iambics characteristic of Shakespeare, with a trochee at the beginning of each line; —

Joust-'ed in As-' pramont' or Mont-' alban,'
 Damas-' co or Maroc-' co or Treb-' isond,'
 Or whom' Bisert-' a sent' from Af-' ric shore;'

— where we have: first, a trochee and four iambs; second, an iambic, two unstressed syllables, an anapaest, and an iambic; third, a perfect iambic line: the whole characteristic of Milton's music of incessant variation: —

Achill-' es' wrath,' to Greece' the dire-' ful spring'
 Of woes' unnum-' bered, heav'n-' ly God'- dess sing';

— unvarying iambs, characteristic of the Classicists' musicless perfection. In all these, one has been able to mark the stressed notes simply with an accent ('); but in this from *Endymion* one needs, beside the accent for the stresses, a special type for the quantities:

(and such are daffodils)

With the	green world	they live'	in; and	clear rills'
That for	themselves'	a cool-'	ing cov-'	ert make'
'Gainst' the	hot' seas-'	on; the	mid' for-'	est brake',
Rich' with	a sprink-'	ling of	fair musk-'	rose blooms.

They are lines that show at least in what direction Keats was tending; they are typical of the music of *Endymion*, which may be immature, but is very significant. The old norm of five iambs or one trochee and four iambs is quite rare; and instead we find a continual tendency to the spondee, that most toneful of all feet. There are six of them here; and to balance them five nondescript feet consisting of two short unstressed syllables apiece. Keats no longer heard only in rhythm, but in tone as well; indeed, he heard mostly in tone; and perhaps the truest method of scanning him would be an entirely irregular one such as this;

With the green world they live in; and clear rills,

—or not in feet at all, but in clausulae. This is but the beginning, the green imperfection, of the new music.

Any such analysis of scansion can only show the workings of it a little; not give us the secret. That lies in regions mystical altogether; in a new urge, one suspects, from the Soul of the Race: a coming in, to speak figuratively, of that third person in the Bardic Trinity, Alawn of the Harmonies. The Lilt, all bright and light motion, is Plenydd's music; the March, with its warriorlike suggestion, is Gwron's; this Intonation, the music of music, is Alawn's. We can hear his presence more clearly when Keats takes to liting — what would have been liting with Shakespeare. With Keats it becomes a lilt suffused and wonderful with tone, a tune played upon the wings of summer bees. He gets it by his echo rhymes in the Bacchanalians' song in *Endymion*:

We follow Bacchus, Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs, whence came ye,
So many and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft? —
For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms.

But it is in this that we get the perfection of it:

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown!
I saw parched Abyssinia rise and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The Kings of Inde their jewel-scepters vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearléd hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans,
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.

— Here echo rhymes, consonance and assonance, tone-rich diphthongs, liquids prolonging the sound indefinitely, make the lines hum and sing like the wind in the rigging of a ship, like the wind in a forest in August, like a wind of ghosts dying away in far and lonely infinities; and against that for a background, there is the perfect *form* of tune. It is perhaps a passage that stands to music as the *Magic Casements* to vision. The Lilt and the Intonation are exquisitely combined, and each is in itself exquisite. Could we imagine Miltonian augustness added to these! — Poetry, as we have it, is the muffled speech of the Soul; the Speaker still stands remote, uncomprehended, aloof from the lives of men. I think that some day all these qualities will appear in one poet, and in one poem; and that then we shall hear the clear voice of the Divine, and understand it; the voice that can say to yonder mountains, *Be ye lifted up, and cast into the sea!* and be obeyed; and that will say to this groveling deceived humanity of ours, *Be you lifted up, even to the stature of Godhood!* — and that, too, shall come to pass. For Poetry is magic; and it is only a matter of difference of degree.

Keats gave us much of this type of music, for the pioneer he was; we may say that he did for it what Marlowe did for the March. Where two or three of his predecessors rose to it upon occasion, it is his characteristic mode of singing; always, when he is at his best, he intones. The second

verse of the *Ode to a Nightingale* is wonderful with it; *La Belle Dame sans Merci* hums with it throughout; it steals through the *Eve of Saint Agnes* and *Lamia* and echoes in the lonely greatness of *Hyperion*. Shelley reached it at times; the lilt of his *Hymn of Pan* is rich and sweet and drowsy with it, like "the bees in the bells of thyme"; —

From the forests and highlands,
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.

— But in general his voice was too high for this. His is a reed-pipe; Keats' a golden gong: from which, however, one can also get the best of tunes, and not single notes only: — let us say, a set of gongs, variously noted.

We need look in Byron's lyrics for no pre-eminent music, except such as the song-writers may set to them; elsewhere he uses the March, occasionally greatly. His words sing excellently, no doubt; when the composers have done their work. His feeling for rhythm was of the keenest; keener than Keats', I should say; but unfortunately he ended there, and left the musicians to do all else for him if they had a mind to. Rhythm in word-music (of poetry) holds only the same place as in the note-music of the musicians: it is the first element, the basis, but that is all. The pounding of galloping hoofs, or the throb of an engine, is rhythmic enough; so are the lines of

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,

and a hundred other of Byron's lyrics. As with Moore's songs, this rhythmic quality gives the composer an excellent basis to work upon. True, it was mainly by rhythm that Milton attained his music; he rarely gives us the beauty of consonance and assonance proper to other modes than the March. The grandeur of them, yes: as in:

Torn from Pelorus or the shattered side
Of thundering Aetna, whose combustible —

but even in these cases, his use of vowels does not tend towards intoning. He achieved his end by impounding noble sounds in his rhythm, and by varying it incessantly; and above all, because the wind of his inspiration blew always from spiritual quarters, and his passion was ever a passion of the Soul. Byron's commonly was not that, but very much of the personality; Moore's, you may say, was mostly of a fashionable conventional brain-mind, with reality in it only in homeopathic doses.

Tennyson, of course, intones wonderfully at times. The lines he is said to have thought his best:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees,

give us intonation at its pole of quietude, *somno mollior*, like Virgil's grass; just as

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang,
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam —

give us intonation somewhere very near its pole of nobility and mystery: the March, and a very grand march, suffused and blown full of it. He made (as usual) a more finished thing of intoned blank verse than Keats had done. I doubt whether his was a much stronger nature than Keats', but it was certainly a more balanced one. He had firmer mastery over it, and could ride it constantly to what triumphs he would. The *Morte D'Arthur* is of as distinct a type of march-music as *Paradise Lost* or *Endymion*; there is a fine, highly wrought nobility about it, mellower of tone than Shakespeare's music, and perhaps even more aristocratic; more human than Milton's, and more courtly; more refined and perfected than Keats'. In each case one speaks of their normal manner. It has perfection of movement, like the first, and richness of tone like the third:

hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music.

But generally speaking, his blank verse comes to sound a little weak after Milton's.

There it is; one feels always a little doubtful of the nineteenth century — of the Victorian Age, rather. I think the after-times will come to see that it was not all it should have been; did not quite fulfil the promise of the Elizabethans; failed to transmute their mental and imaginative virility, as it was called upon to do, into spiritual strength. The cycle opened shining with spiritual hope; but a fat, deadly something crept in. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley — aye, and even Byron too — did set their aim for the Beauty of beauties, an unattainable flame, a hope pointed towards the Highest; they worshiped the One True Light in their way. Byron's unrest was all an uneasy consciousness that the Thing was there somewhere; mocking his vain errant strivings, in a sense; undiscoverable, and therefore to be defied; — but, confound it, *there!* Tennyson, who chiefly carried upon his shoulders the Atlas-burden of poetry during the bulk of the century — it is as if he had lost the reality of faith, somehow; and had built up a brave substitute for it of his own. There is in him so much essential prose done into exquisitely poetic form. True, he does

give us things that, strip them as you will of outward coverings and unessentials, remain clear divinity to their innermost; things that, however baldly they might be told, would still have power to call us in towards the mysterious spaces of the Soul. But on the whole they are rare oases, far and scattered islands. Rob *Maud*, *The Princess*, *Aylmer's Field*, *Enoch Arden*, and nearly all the *Idylls*, of the rich smoothness of their telling, and — they open no door inward. He came in an esurient, unheroic time, and fought — all credit to him! — to bring into it light and music from above; he did bring in much during his long career; so much as to make rather an *embarras de richesse* for the one who would pick out of them gems of music or of vision. But he was not the supreme flower of a grand poetic cycle, as Shakespeare had been; he was not the giant to stand out from his age, like Milton, and sing with the singing spheres in spite of it. Otherwise an epic might have been written, all whose lines and spirit would have been comparable with those about the mighty bones of ancient men, or those about the arm clothed in white samite, or with:

I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag;

or—

the many-knotted water-flags
That whistled, stiff and dry, about the marge.

— The richest fruitage of intonation did not come until the nineties; but that lies outside the scope of this essay.

Perhaps we may find more perfection of intoned March in that most anomalous poem in the language, Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, than anywhere else. Anomalous, because one wonders who really was the author of it. The poem is essentially a unity, and, permit me to say, thrice essentially mystical: a mystic's book of devotion — though embellished with jokes. Omar was a mystic, but wrote nothing corresponding with some of its most mystical verses; indeed, he wrote no long poem at all, but several hundred scattered quatrains. Fitzgerald was not a mystic, and did not believe that Omar was; looked for anything but mysticism in him; yet somehow translated his stray thoughts into a unity more replete with mysticism than ever. — As if old Khayyam in al-Jannat had sensed someone at work on his poems on earth and in England, and had strayed down, taken a peep over Fitzgerald's shoulder, and — jumped at a grand opportunity. Now, says he, I'll guide his pen, once in a while, to better purposes than the fellow who holds it designs; I'll have my quiet laugh at him, and revise my own work in the meanwhile. — Just the sort of quaint mischief and saddish humor the old Tentmaker would have loved to be about: enjoying the solemn fragrance of his fun, and at the same time

getting his deep intuitions spoken. But it is the music of it we are after now: a music as rich and deep as anything that had ever been written; a glow of carmines and royal purples done into sound. It is march-music, by its insistent lofty beat and rhythm and stateliness; but it is innately intonation too, humming with deep tones through all its four hundred and odd lines: —

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great hunter — the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

And once at least breaking into a solemn indignant ripple of lilt:

What — without asking, 'Hither hurried whence?'

— But why quote what is in 'every schoolboy's' memory? And there are a hundred verses and one with equal right to be quoted. Just this word for those who allow themselves to be fooled by sly wise Omar: try to realize what his 'Wine' means; and that it is an inward reaching towards the Divine Soul: a brooding on and striving after union with that inner divinity. Get that idea into your mind, and even — dare one write it? — some inkling of the practice into your habit; and then read him again, and remember that that grave face is at pains now and again to hide the smile that lies beneath it: a smile at yourself, as he tosses out some quaint incompatibility to throw you off the scent, and wonders whether here is another who will be humbugged. You shall find that indeed a book of devotion, which you thought the trifling of an Epicurean: and one none the worse for its solemn thrills and darklings of humor.

And now we must divert to Swinburne; who, although he went untouched by Keats' gift of tone to English verse, was yet among the great masters of music. About nine-tenths of his work, one would suppose, is sheer dulness and inflation of words, and will be forgotten: is forgotten already. One gets the feeling that here was an elf or a sprite playing about with words: an irresponsible creature, sylph of the air or undine of the water, reveling in the gift of human speech, and delighting to weave it into long rhymy lines upon the pattern of the winds and waves, the currents of his native elements. Sometimes again, lured — quite irresponsibly — into hells and maelstroms of the psychic worlds created altogether by vicious man, and reveling in a 'superfluity of naughtiness,' as someone said. — And then, because this wind or water thing had learned *words* as hardly a mere human being could hope to learn them: because it could not speak but the winds and waters would flow sweetly through its speaking: a great Poet-Soul, undiluted with common brain-mind stuff, saw his chance to get supreme words spoken, supreme songs sung, and seized on

the one many called a degenerate, but who was really an innocent elemental. Call that Poet-Soul *Swinburne*, and name him with the greatest; forgive and forget the hollow insignificance of the other! Italy, awakening and striving towards regeneration, calls to him: and he responds, *marching* now divinely: his wayward airy words assume an insistent beat and heroic rhythm that cannot fail to be music; for the Poet is using, be it remembered, all the wisdom of the sylph, whose being itself is wind-music; or of the undine, whose nature is to sing like the streams and the sea-waves:—

Hither, O strangers that cry for her,
Holding your lives in your hands,
Hither, for here is your light,
Where Italy is, and her might;
Strength shall be given you to fight,
Grace shall be given you to die for her,
For the flower, for the lady of lands.

— But this high hymning has called up in the Poet-Soul certain lofty reminiscences, a deeper vision and feeling: it is for no mere flower or lady of lands that he sings now; no, not for Italy, nor for any external or limited thing:

In this day is the sign of her shown to you;
Choose ye to live or to die.
Now is her harvest at hand;
Now is her light in the land;
Choose ye to sink or to stand,
For the might of her strength is made known to you
Now, and her arm is on high.

Serve not for any man's wages,
Pleasure nor glory nor gold;
Not by her side are they won
Who saith unto each of you: 'Son,
Silver and gold have I none;
I give but the light of all ages,
And the life of my people of old.'

Ye that have joy in your living,
Ye that are careful to live,
You her thunders go by:
Live, let men be, let them lie,
Serve your season, and die;
Gifts have your masters for giving,
Gifts hath not Freedom to give.

— He calls it *Freedom* now; which also is an allegory, a manner of speaking. In truth it is a Presence august and mirific that stands behind all humanity, urging us onward towards hidden peaks within. Here now comes in full

flood the revelation of what this Presence is; — the word-juggling air- and water-sprite has become the prophet of the Most High: Poet, and especial poet, sealed and ordained, of the Innermost of Things, the Soul:

I am that which began,
 Out of me the years roll;
 Out of me God and man,
 I am equal and whole;
 God changes, and man, and the forms of them bodily; I am the Soul.

.....
 I that saw where ye trod
 The dim paths of the night,
 Set the shadow called God
 In your skies to give light;
 But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight.

It is the peculiarity of this music that concerns us, the newness of it. It is in the grand manner; no lilt; — it is altogether too grave and weighty to be called that; it is a march as surely as Milton's mighty line is; but of how different an order! It has taken to itself the swiftness and song of the lilt; it is rich, like so much of Swinburne's work, with the consonance of the lilt; it has embodied liltism in the March just as Keats in *Endymion* embodied tone in it. There, you see, is the undine at work: accustomed to sporting amidst on-rushing rank upon rank of the foamflingers, he is lashing up the words now as in pre-existences he lashed up the waves: —

In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the wave sounds
 of the sea;

— but he is doing his wave-driving now for the Soul; it is a mighty poet is making use of the wave-driver.

— Or if, to go back to a simile used in past pages, Shakespeare's was a march of gay, heroic infantry; Milton's of the infantry of heaven and hell; then this of Swinburne's is a gallop of cavalry: the on-sweep of celestial horsemen, magnificently mounted, magnificently riding.

SOME VENETIAN PICTURES: by C. J. Ryan



HE two views of rooms in the Doge's Palace, Venice, are from old engravings. Although they were made almost two centuries ago they fairly represent the look of the apartments today. The quaint costumes of the councillors, however, would only be seen at a fancy dress ball or fête in the twentieth century.

The Sala del Maggior Consiglio, the Hall of the Great Council, the most magnificent chamber in the Ducal Palace, has been closely associated with many stirring events in the history of the Venetian Republic. Momentous decisions of peace and war have been made or announced here. The palace itself as a whole, which is more characteristic of Venetian art than even St. Mark's itself, and is more closely linked in our minds with the splendid glamor of Venice, took many centuries before it assumed its present form. The first structure was Byzantine in style, and has entirely disappeared; a building of Venetian Gothic with its flavor of Oriental design and color, gradually replaced it and is still almost intact, at least externally. Certain parts were added in the Renaissance period.

The Hall of the Great Council was begun in 1340 and first used in 1423. Though a great fire gutted it in 1574 the walls are virtually the same now as when first erected. The windows unfortunately have lost their delicate stone tracery, and the splendid wall paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Bellini and others perished in the fire. At that critical moment Venice and posterity had a narrow escape of losing the entire palace, this unique gem of medieval architecture, for Palladio, the well-known Renaissance architect, did his best to have it razed to the ground and rebuilt according to his cold and pompous designs. Fortunately he failed, only the damaged parts were restored, and a great tragedy was averted. The interior of the Hall of the Great Council was renovated in the Renaissance style by Andrea del Ponte in eight months, and again decorated with magnificent pictures by the greatest living painters such as Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and Palma.

The Hall of the Great Council occupies the main part of the third floor of the palace on the sea front; it is 175½ ft. long by 84 ft. wide and 51 ft. high. Théophile Gautier says:

This hall is a kind of Versailles museum of Venetian history, with the difference that if the exploits are not so great, the painting is far better. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful effect than is produced by this immense hall entirely covered by those stately paintings that excel in the Venetian genius.

At the far end of the chamber, above the throne of the Doge and the seats of his councillors, Tintoretto painted his marvelous Paradise, which is not only the greatest oil painting in the world in size, but is considered

by many to be supreme in other respects. Ruskin waxes eloquent on the merits of Tintoretto; he says:

I have no hesitation in asserting this picture to be by far the most precious work of art of any kind whatsoever, now existing in the world. . . . Tintoret works in the consciousness of supreme strength, which cannot be wounded by neglect, and is only to be thwarted by time and space. He knows precisely all that art can accomplish under given conditions; determines absolutely how much of what can be done he will himself for the moment choose to do; and fulfils his purpose with as much ease as if, through his human body, were working the great forces of nature. Not that he is ever satisfied with what he has done, as vulgar and feeble artists are satisfied. . . . He is also entirely unconcerned respecting the satisfaction of the public.

Some years ago the wall on which the Paradise was painted was found to be cracking dangerously, and in 1902 the picture was skilfully removed and placed in the center of the hall where it can be well seen.

Close under the ceiling along the two sides of the hall are the portraits of more than seventy Doges of Venice, the earliest dating from the year 809. There is one somber spot in the row; the place where the traitor Marino Faliero's likeness should be is covered with black and bears the tragic inscription: "This is the place of Marino Faliero, decapitated for crimes." There is no portrait extant of the haughty old man who brought the Republic within an inch of ruin for what he considered the inadequate punishment of a youth for a slight upon his dignity.

In 1574 the Hall of the Great Council was the scene of one of those gorgeous banquets which we associate with the luxury and splendor of the age and the pride and opulence of the City in the Sea. This was on the famous occasion of the visit of Henri III of France on his way from his Polish kingdom to take possession of the throne of France. Revels and fêtes of all kinds, by day and by night, were held on the most magnificent scale throughout the city; high and low alike were glad to have a good excuse to amuse themselves while doing honor to the royal guest. Hare, in his guide to Venice, remarks:

A different spirit, however, manifested itself in 1606, when altercations with Rome disturbed the even tenor of religious life in the heart of the lagoons, and when Paul V laid the Republic under an interdict. The attitude borne by Venice towards Rome was always one of intense respect mingled with absolute independence of action. Rome might thunder anathemas and excommunications, Venice only heeded them when it suited her convenience to do so. She had never cowered before Rome, and she remained true to her old traditions now. Her course of action was under the guidance of Fra Paolo Sarpi, one of the most enlightened minds of the age, whose great talents were always devoted to his country's weal. For a year the interdict lay over the city, causing no break, however, in the religious services or life in her midst, and demonstrating to the whole world how effete and obsolete



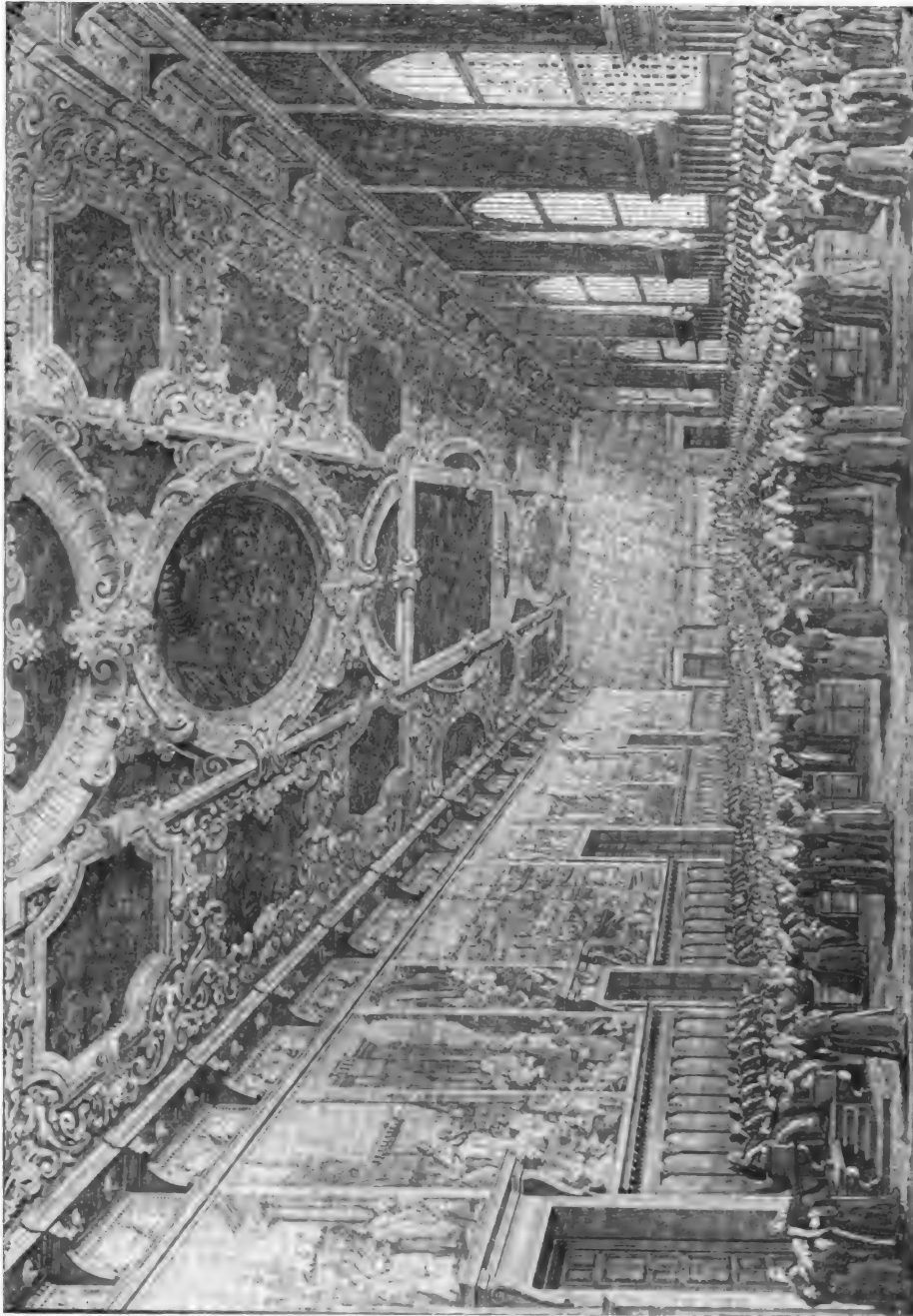
Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

'THE ARRIVAL OF CLEOPATRA,' BY G. B. TIEPOLO
Labia Palace, Venice



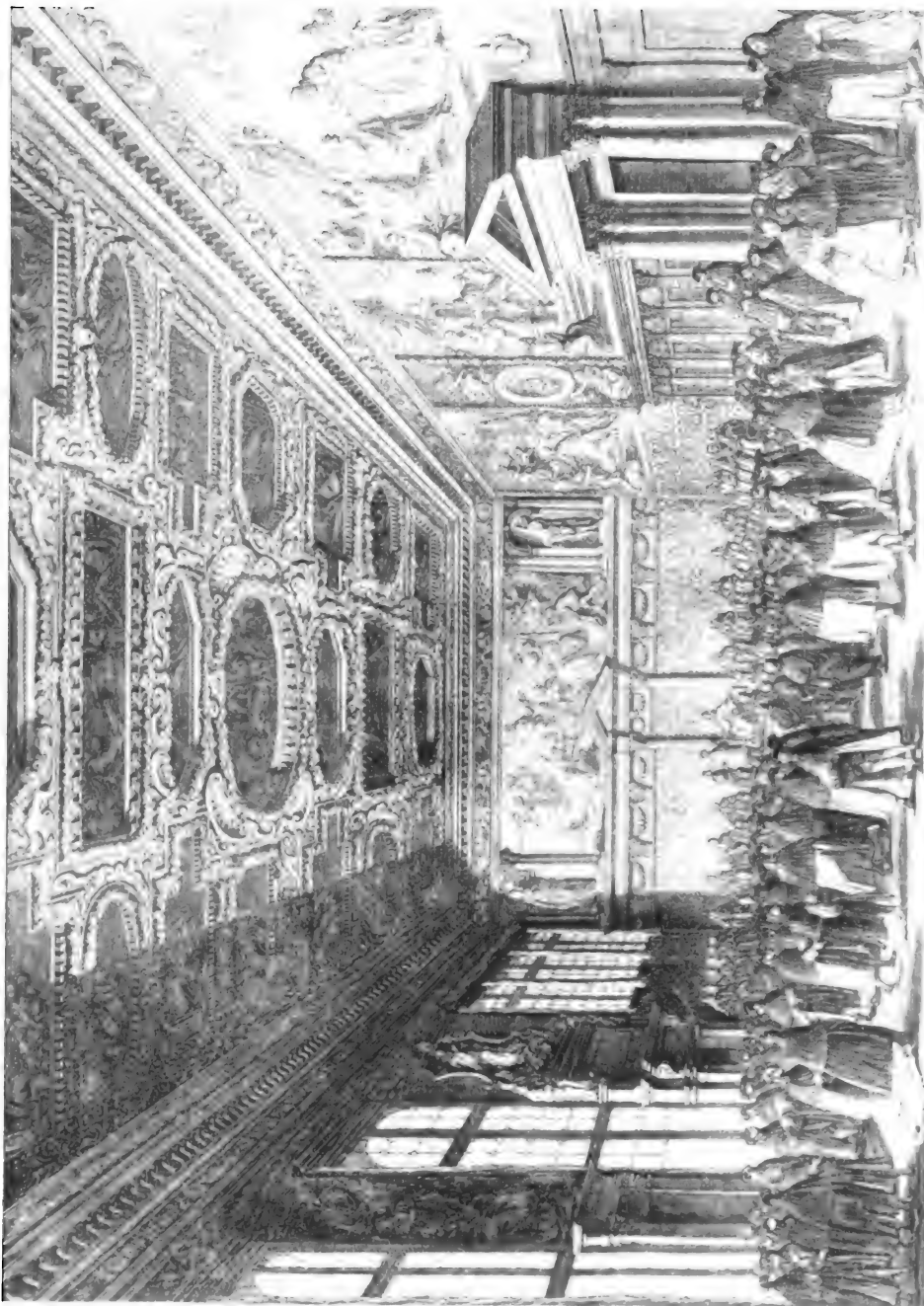
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'THE BANQUET OF ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA,' BY G. P. TIEPOLO
Labia Palace, Venice



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THE HALL OF THE GREAT COUNCIL, DUCAL PALACE, VENICE
From an old engraving.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

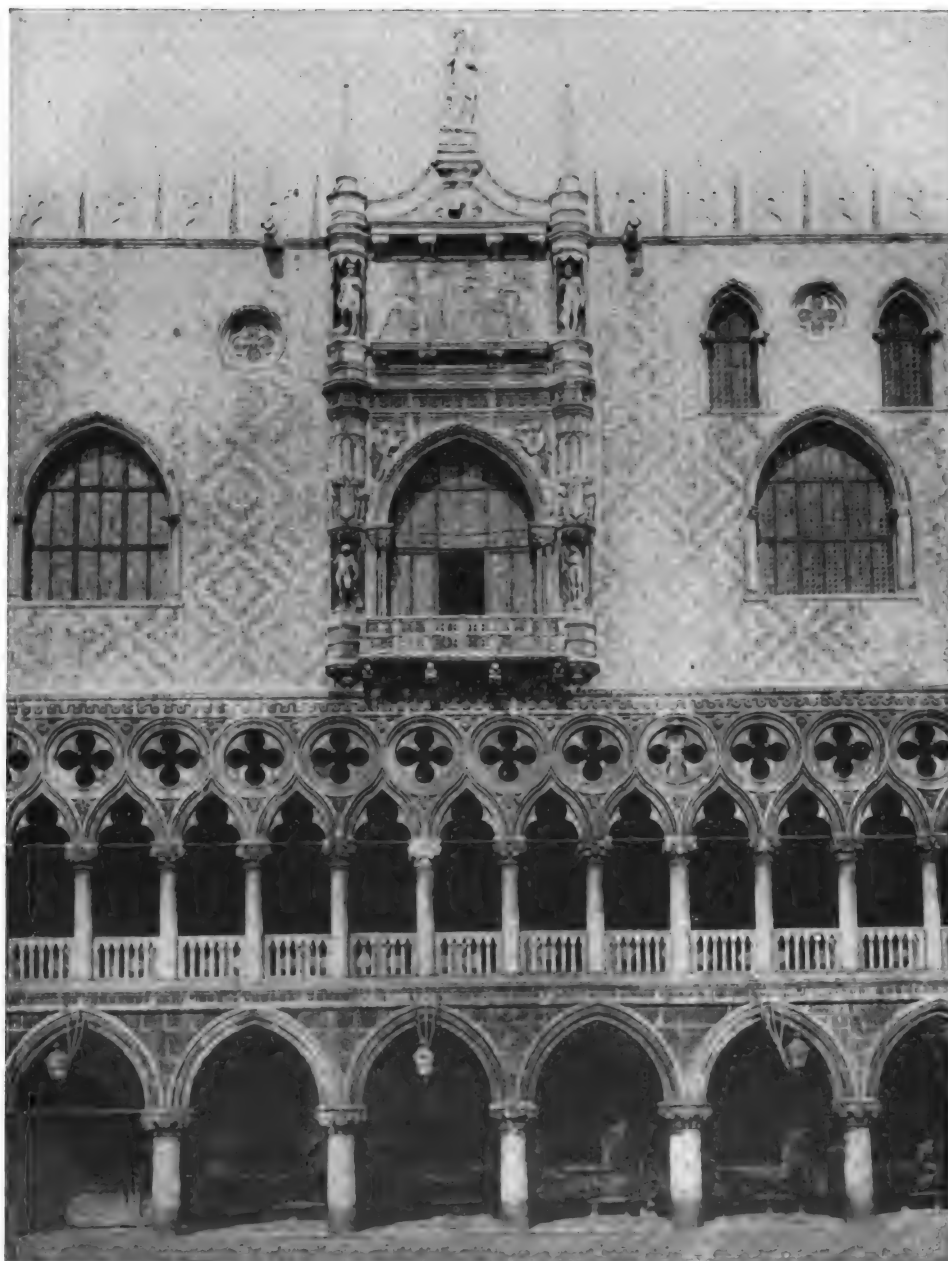
THE HALL OF THE COLLEGE, DUCAL PALACE, VENICE

Rome's once strong weapons had become. Rome then clamored for reconciliation, and Venice graciously acceded to the proposals for peace, drawn up by Henry IV of France when the controversy was ended, and the Republic was left triumphant, the victor in a great moral fight.

The influence of Fra Paolo Sarpi, a Friar not a Monk, called by his latest biographer "the Last and Greatest of the Great Venetians," seems almost a living thing still in the stately council chambers of the Doge's Palace where Sarpi was once the power behind the throne, the savior of Venice and the life-long idol of the people. Few men known to history have possessed a more all-embracing genius. Supreme as statesman, scientist, philosopher, historian and controversialist, and of indomitable courage, he was the simplest, most modest and most lovable of men. The friend and supporter of Galileo in his trials, co-worker with him in his astronomical discoveries; a great anatomist who discovered the valves of the veins and the circulation of the blood independently of Harvey; a mathematician superior to any in Europe; an architect of distinction; it is difficult to find any department of human activity in which he was not equal and sometimes superior to the best intelligences of his age. Paolo Sarpi's portrait is hung over the door which leads to the Hall of the Great Council, a place of honor. His fine, expressive face is deeply scarred by the dagger wounds which he received at the hands of the bravos hired by the revengeful Pope Paul V when they attempted to assassinate him in 1607 after his triumph over Rome in the matter of the interdict.

The plate of the Sala del Collegio, the Hall of the College, is from an old engraving of a picture by Canaletto, the famous Venetian landscape painter of the early eighteenth century. This magnificent chamber is rather smaller than that of the Great Council, being 165 ft. long by 78 ft. wide and 47 ft. high, but is almost equal to it in the splendor of the paintings. Veronese's *Triumph of Venice after the Battle of Lepanto* is here, and other pictures by him and other great painters, including Tintoretto. The Hall of the College was little damaged by the fire of 1574 and remains in practically its original condition. The 'College' consisted of the Doge and six councillors, sixteen of the principal magistrates and three heads of the Council of Forty for trial of criminal cases. Its business was to receive foreign ambassadors and prepare reports to be laid before the Senate. The Hall is divided into two parts, one higher than the other, and with a throne in the center for the Doge, and stalls for the councillors.

Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (1696-1770), whose pictures of 'Cleopatra dropping the Pearl into Vinegar at a Banquet with Anthony' and 'The Arrival of Cleopatra,' are reproduced herewith, was the last really distinguished Venetian painter of what used to be called 'the Grand Style.' Venice has the glory of being the only Italian city of the eighteenth century



THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE; CENTRAL PART OF THE PIAZZA FRONT

with an original school of painting. Contemporary with Tiepolo were Canaletto, Belotto, Guardi, and others of lesser fame. Tiepolo's reputation has increased of late, and it is now generally admitted that he was a very brilliant painter, an original, though not a supreme genius. His work is characterized by great vigor and movement, and his imagination is unflinching. He is far more than a mere decorative painter, though he certainly covered acres of wall-surface with designs more distinguished for opulence, splendor of costume and extraordinary variety of detail than for the highest qualities of art. Paul Veronese, from whom Tiepolo derived much of his inspiration, had that serenity and repose and simple candor even in his most elaborate historical pieces that his follower lacked; yet Tiepolo's tremendous force and vigor, his great technical skill, and his overflowing creative power, place him not so very far below his great predecessors. It has been said that Tiepolo's vision of the world was not so much at fault as the world in which he lived was at fault. His energy was such that he once painted, for a wager, the life-sized figures of the twelve apostles in ten hours, an amazing feat! Though his pictures are more or less extravagant and theatrical, they are undeniably interesting, well composed, rich and harmonious in color and full of the impression of daylight and atmosphere. Many of his works are in Spain, and their influence upon the Spanish school was considerable. This influence is said partly to explain the revival of Spanish painting under Goya, who himself powerfully affected modern French art.

Tiepolo's flaming imagination sometimes carried him into amusing illogicalities. In one picture of the 'Martyrdom of Christians' under Trajan he puts a tobacco pipe into the mouth of a Roman consul! But much can be excused to him in view of his excellencies, especially of his power of representing the dazzling brilliancy of the open air; he did not belong to the school which delights in an artificial gloom. In Tiepolo we recognise the spirit of the Renaissance in its extreme old age, but not senile.

The two frescos of Cleopatra are painted on the walls of a magnificent drawing-room in the Palazzo Labia, Venice, one of the numerous family mansions in that city which still remain to convey to a later generation a living impression of the dignity and splendor of the great patricians of the Venetian Republic. A careful examination of these pictures shows that not only are the central parts with the figures painted, *but also the architectural surroundings* (with the exception of the doors and windows, which are real). This can be detected by following some of the cracks in the plaster, and in the Banquet Scene by observing a small error in perspective in the upper left-hand cornice, but the effect is wonderfully deceptive.



**DUCAL PALACE, VENICE; UPPER PART OF THE SEA-FRONT
SHOWING THREE OF THE FINE WINDOWS OF THE GREAT COUNCIL**

FOUNDATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE: by William A. Dunn

THERE is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount.

—H. P. Blavatsky

IT is a matter of grave importance that a man should examine the foundations (in himself) upon which his knowledge rests. We may 'know' things or persons in so many ways, that often superficial impressions are mistaken for enduring facts. For instance, we may know others by name or report only; or by their characteristic qualities, or simply by their 'appearance.' It is obvious that the foundation of knowledge is only arrived at by conscious *under*-standing of, and identification *with*, the persons and things known, as opposed to the various aspects *from* which they are regarded.

In matters of familiar thought and experience, as those pertaining to Art, Industry, or Commerce, the *intermediate course of action* which passes from an intention to its fulfilment, or from an ideal to its realization, is a course which all men recognise as necessary and obligatory. A young art-student, for instance, is first possessed by an ideal which *becomes* realized later, after years of study and application. As finished artist, he has reached his goal: that of having *disciplined* his brain and hand to *execute* the conscious ideal of his Soul which had governed his efforts from the beginning. This truth applies to all 'courses of action' which transform architectural, commercial, and other designs, or ideal plans, into accomplished facts. As applied to human culture or refinement, the expression 'an accomplished man' conveys the same meaning. Thus in all matters of daily life and thought, the *intermediate* grades of effort (which consolidate the ideal into the real) are essentially the paths along which the Will *executes* the conscious purposes first formulated by imagination and thought. In the ordinary affairs of life, there are few who would dissent from these ideas — the dissentients would probably be those who (because of failure to recognise and execute obligations due to themselves and to others) condemn the world for conditions they have become specially involved in by individual conduct. Or as stated by Madame Blavatsky, "Karma gives back to every man the *actual consequences* of his own actions." "We say that Karma does not act in this or that particular way always; but that it always *does* act so as to restore Harmony and preserve the balance of equilibrium, in virtue of which the Universe exists."

But beyond the horizon of everyday affairs, in regard to the vastly more important matters which relate to the moral and spiritual well-being of man, teachings which define and point out 'ways and means' whereby to realize the life of the Soul, are all too frequently mistaken for the '*end*' they but indicate ideally, despite the fact that failure to execute the intermediate grades of action (*between* ideal and real) causes heart and

mind to manifest the inertia which attends sloth and semi-starvation. Inspiring as ideal knowledge is, as defining the 'possibilities' of the Soul, the development of individual capacity to *attain* the desired state is quite another matter; growing capacity indicating the Will in action, moving towards the pictured ideal until it attains identity with it — as an accomplished fact. But if ideal knowledge is not recognised as being merely a 'plan for action,' (and not 'action' itself) it tends to crystallize into an 'object of attachment' to perception alone, the active Will, meanwhile, remaining engaged with acquired habits and tendencies which the ideal would modify or transmute — if it could, or conditions permitted. To disengage the Will from the 'coils of the ancient serpent,' and apply it to the ideal purpose 'in view,' appears to be as necessary and obligatory in realizing a spiritual state of character, as it is necessary to dismiss sloth from ordinary duties, and apply the Will to the art, profession or business a man is engaged in.

The object of this paper is an attempt to indicate the functional energy of thought, as the sole cause upon which all perceptions and ideas depend for the 'associative powers' which vitalize and unite them into true forms of knowledge; as opposed to 'relative knowledge,' which is formal and distant, untenanted by the conscious Will, yet governing the mind under the form of 'Necessity.' Knowledge, to be true and familiar to heart and mind, necessarily *embodies* the executive Will as its vital principle.

A Supreme Court of Justice, in pronouncing judgment upon questions of Law, does so only after *all* detail evidence relating to the 'action' proceeding has been sifted, systematized, and summed up; the resulting verdict handed down having been abstracted from testimony drawn from both sides to the action, thus effecting a solution of the differences which had arisen between them.

The attitude assumed by a thoughtful mind seeking a solution of the diversified conditions in which it finds itself peculiarly involved, suggests the closest correspondence to judge, jury, opposing attorneys and testifying witnesses, of a 'Court of Justice.' The illustration also suggests, that in seeking the verdict of 'law' upon any problem with which the individual faculties are exercised, *every* diversified factor relating to the 'action' proceeding in thought, should be submitted to the Lawgiver residing *within* the thinking consciousness, in a truthful and systematic way, so that he (the Judge or Ego-Self) may 'hand down' a verdict of approval — such as all men know in their secret voice of conscience. Madame Blavatsky clearly expresses this idea in *The Key to Theosophy*, 236: (Man reaches an elevated status) "By the enlightened application of our precepts to practice; by the use of our higher reason, spiritual intuition and moral sense; and by following the dictates of what we call 'the still small voice'

of our conscience, which is that of our Ego, and speaks louder in us than the earthquakes and the thunders of Jehovah, wherein 'the Lord is not.' "

But it is usually found that opposing energies of thought are unevenly balanced in the *same* mind — some being intensified because ministering to present interest or desire, others being weakened by dismissal into the so-called 'objective' because their influence on feeling causes discomfort and self-reproof. (They are not 'dismissed,' in fact, but only *banished* to a hidden prison within the mind, from which they continue to act as pricks of conscience, and from which they will inevitably be released — either by self-redemption, or by Karma which brings all things to fruition.)

We therefore find that the prosecution of material interests all too frequently engrosses the mind's 'attention,' to the exclusion of the feeble defense set up by the spiritual thinker. This neglect of the spiritual faculty to cross-examine its opponent's testimony, and to marshal positive evidence to rebut it, compels the 'Judge' (conscience) to 'hand down' a verdict which can only be modified or reversed by an 'appeal' for another 'trial' — in which testimony from both prosecution and defense will be more truly handled. This illustration is not suggested as corresponding to objective environment, but as a picture of what occurs in every individual soul in studying facts in *itself*. Or, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 329:

The pure object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional World; as we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego. And, so long as the contrast of Subject and Object endures — to wit, as long as we enjoy our five senses and no more, and do not know how to divorce our all-perceiving *Ego* (the Higher Self) from the thralldom of these senses — so long will it be impossible for the *personal* Ego to break through the barrier which separates it from a knowledge of *things in themselves*.

The 'pairs of opposites' everywhere co-existent and mutually dependent (as *each* individual perceives and *thinks* of them), such as 'life and death,' 'positive and negative,' 'good and evil,' 'inner and outer,' 'self and not-self,' etc., are usually not recognised as being polar contrasts of but one 'Thinking Agent,' that, after self-examination, may come to know itself as naturally resident in their hidden synthesis or equilibrium. In this connexion read *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 103:

It is only by the attractive force of the contrasts that the two opposites — Spirit and Matter — can be cemented on Earth, and, smelted in the fire of self-conscious experience and suffering, find themselves wedded in Eternity. This will reveal the meaning of many hitherto incomprehensible allegories, foolishly called 'fables.'

The sense-reflecting side of the mind — or that which inspects objective images reflected into it — seldom becomes *aware* of the fact that

what *it* imagines as separate from, or outside of, itself, is in strict truth involved, or bound up, with its own peculiar constitution or *mode* of receptivity — the receiving mirror (in which the totality of objects perceived is specially reflected) being in fact — *itself*. But the Judging-Self, who presides over consciousness *as a whole* (associated as it is with its total organic keyboard of graded cells, organs, and sense-orifices) cannot be so deluded, seeing that its 'verdicts' (uttered through voice of conscience) include testimony from all other agencies involved in every minute 'action.' (A single 'traitor' jeopardizes the safety of the army he is a member of.) When the sense-reflecting side of the mind acts from impulses of its own, it forgets that it is *intrinsically bound up* with all other 'principles' of the organized Selfhood, of which it is but one function inter-blended with many others. This is clearly stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 604:

From *Gods* to *men*, from Worlds to atoms, from a star to a rush-light, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being — the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, whose links are all connected. The law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem, and these links have to be studied co-ordinately in their occult relations to each other.

Consequently the 'apparent' separation of the mind from the Soul is a *self-willed delusion* which will cease when the fraud is discovered, and the released will is reclaimed for service to the creative imagination. It is not possible for the vital energies to leak 'into the air' (conducted by irrational thought, meaningless speech, and impulses of personal feeling) and at the same time energize and enact the spiritual functions of the soul through its bodily tabernacle. Electricity, being freed by disintegrating substances, and the same energy vitalizing a perfectly organized body, aptly illustrates the idea suggested. Or take the illustration of latent heat (flame): when under control it animates nature and serves mankind in countless ways — when it passes the bounds of control it devastates everything it touches. The Will of man is conceded to be the highest energy in nature; it is small wonder, therefore, if its association with transient desires and irrational thought should generate such terrible effects as history records. Or, as stated in *The Key to Theosophy*, page 199:

We must not lose sight of the fact that every atom is subject to the general law governing the whole body to which it belongs, and here we come upon the wider track of the karmic law. Do you not perceive that the aggregate of individual Karma becomes that of the nation to which those individuals belong, and further, that the sum total of National Karma is that of the World? The evils [falling on the masses] that you speak of are not peculiar to the individual or even to the Nation; they are more or less universal; and it is upon this broad line of Human interdependence that the law of Karma finds its legitimate and equable issue.

The organism of man is admittedly the apex, or epitome, of all gradated forms in extended nature. The modern tendency to define evolution in terms of sight-perception alone — which *looks out*, on forms of every shape and degree, from simple cells aggregating in bodies of varied and increasing complexity, up to that of man (who epitomizes the whole) — all this has obscured the opposite truth enunciated by Theosophy: that of the *descent* (through cast-off parts) of the perfect man-form into separated species of descending grades. The so-called inorganic processes proceeding from unit organisms into multiple molecular and atomic classes of substances — testified to by the senses of feeling, taste and smell — also suggest this distribution.

If it is true, as evolutionists claim, that man evolved physically from primitive races, it is equally true to assert that the civilized races of early historic and prehistoric times (whose relics and literature we attribute to 'Divine intervention' in order to sustain our assumption of possessing *human* knowledge superior to that possessed by antique races), also resided on earth at a time approximate to that allotted to primitive origins. And it is but logical to assume that, if physical man evolved from primitive natural conditions, spiritual man simultaneously *involved* from an original *objective* state of established knowledge and power; these two poles bearing suggestive correspondence to present developed functions of desire, as opposed to the atrophied functions of intuition and conscience; of which only the 'voice' remains on earth, linked with some dwarfed cerebral organs whose function is a mystery to science (like their archaeological correspondents dotting the earth at many points). These matters would become clearer if 'Supernaturalism' and 'Divine intervention' were eradicated from thought, and the really common-sense view taken that all secular and Divine relics of the past proceeded from men and races who actually lived, thought and wrote their history — remnants of which we possess, and piece together according to arbitrary preconceptions. The only reason why we do not think of our spiritual progenitors as 'men and women' of the past, is because our own standard is regarded exclusively as on an ascending scale, and not, on the spiritual side, on a descending one. It apparently would be too great a blow to modern self-esteem, to regard present spiritual conditions as a degeneration from prehistoric civilization. This tendency of the personal nature to applaud itself is well known in types who assert with pride that they are 'plain practical people,' meaning thereby, that all refining qualities outside *their* perceptions and capacity are superfluous and unpractical. It is much the same in regard to the attitude of the modern mind towards antiquity. The presence amongst us of the *Upanishads* of India, or the Pyramids of Egypt, are as indicative of great prehistoric civilizations higher than our own, as the plays of

Shakespeare indicate that some great man must have lived and composed them, although there are many scholars striving their utmost to invest his personality in mythical drapery, wearisome to the soul. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 285, states that "All the fundamental truths of nature were universal in antiquity."

The custodians of materialistic learning have no need to depart from present time for living examples of their evolutionary scheme. What need to misinterpret antiquity (by denial of its spiritually advanced races) while the forefathers they acclaim are actually resident in the jungles of Africa and in other localities; especially as the data upon which materialists base their deductions are in many respects more unstable than those pertaining to man's *involution* from the ancient 'Gods'? In support of the latter, we not only have undoubted evidence in archaeological and literary remains, but also in the possession of atrophied organs in the body which evidence the fact that they once *had* functional activity.

It would seem that the only logical position to assume is that Gods, men, animals, apes, etc., co-exist at all times and epochs, and that men and nations manifest, *through themselves*, the special hierarchy they affiliate themselves with, by desired modes of thought and feeling which their prevailing desires and vital functions impel into action, and which they feel called upon to proclaim as universal truth. As the elements of a language may be woven into a sensual romance, a materialistic philosophy, or a Homeric epic, so may either the desires, aspirations, or will-force governing the thinking principle, weave the natural sensations which attend human existence into a base character, a devotee, or into the character of a God. The world of art and music is a living reality to those engaged therein; it is utterly void of meaning to those lacking capacity to understand or express it. The same fact also applies to all grades of capacity and intelligence which affiliate men with life. Outside of our *own* capacity, knowledge and experience which others consciously possess do not exist (for us). This fact is brought home when entering on some new occupation for which our enthusiasm has just awakened; we find that thousands of others have already reaped harvests in the field we have just begun to till. We had not perceived this before our own awakened interest endowed perception with sympathetic appreciation. Or, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 326:

The evolution of the GOD-IDEA proceeds apace with man's own intellectual evolution. For every thinker there will be a "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" mapped out by his intellectual capacity.

Spectrum analysis of stellar light has recently revealed the fact that the stars are carried in *two* great orbits revolving in *opposite* directions: and that certain classes of stars are known to be growing hotter while

other classes of stars on the contrary are as certainly becoming cooler.

This universal tendency of interblended 'upgoing' and 'downgoing' life appears to be simultaneously present in *every* atom, cell, and organism in Nature — from highest complex body down to simplest atom, and in every expression of human conduct. This is suggested in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 247:

Though one and the same thing in their origin, Spirit and Matter, when once they are on the plane of differentiation, begin each of them their evolutionary progress in contrary directions — Spirit falling gradually into matter, and the latter ascending to its original condition, that of a pure spiritual substance. Both are inseparable, yet ever separated.

In confirmation of this assumption — that of two opposite life-streams (involution and evolution) commingling in progressive stages through organizing cells, simple organisms, and bodies of increasing complexity — abundant testimony is available. The axioms which define the universality of law governing like and unlike, the correlation of dissimilar forces, action and reaction as equal and opposite, chemical affinities operating *between* unlike atoms, attraction *between* positive and negative currents of magnetism and electricity; all these and many similar facts demonstrate the overshadowing presence of unseen intelligences whose modes of manifestation are through polarized 'pairs of opposites,' which have their synthesis in some vital center, or functional power (such as respiration — which is the vital function or center regulating the opposite streams of inspiration and expiration.)

Every movement or effort proceeding from an evolving entity implies the presence of a *permitting* or reacting agency (generally not seen nor considered) in which the effort takes *effect*, — the 'permitting' agency (or medium receiving the effort) reacting on the movement in a specific manner; receiving, modifying, or retarding the moving force according to well-known dynamic principles. Hence the presence in the mind of twisted notions or unstable thoughts *implies* a mental background (consciousness as a whole) in a passive and non-resisting condition which 'permits' such instability amidst its thoughts — indicating the absence of original constructive 'thinking,' as a reactive agent to natural impulses. This truth is illustrated by the dependence of vegetation and animal life upon favorable meteorological conditions *in* the earth and atmosphere; and also by the spirit uniting an army depending on the *presence* of commanding officers who intelligently *will* that unity amongst the rank and file.

The evolution of man, the microcosm, is analogous to that of the Universe, the macrocosm. His evolution stands between that of the latter and that of the animal, for which man, in his turn, is a macrocosm.

—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 177

It would therefore seem that *consciousness*, (which receives and *permits* phenomenal sensations to vibrate through it without change from their elemental states, or on the contrary classifies and reorganizes them into superior 'regimental groups'), is different in character from its variously graded contents. Hence to strengthen this 'permitting' background of the mind by *thinking in it* (as consciousness interpenetrating *all* its forms of thought) must necessarily change it from a passive to a positive state, *reacting*, because of acquired elasticity, through which intuitive volition may act, upon all objects of perception and desire, so that harmony between them and the established mental status will be continually operative. As the element carbon forms the base of all foods which nourish the body — yet also forms the diamonds; so are the elements of thought either food to the lower mind, or the material (when transmuted by the interpenetrating essence of pure thought) which become the 'diamond vesture' of the conscious Soul. Or, as taught in *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 257:

The purely bodily actions and functions are of far less importance than what a man *thinks* and *feels*; what desires he encourages in his mind, and allows to take root and grow there.

Speculative thinkers and enthusiastic emotionalists, who have attached their minds to the outer 'objects' which so diversify their thoughts and feelings as to cause disregard of the conscious *medium* (within themselves) they passively *permit* the 'objects' to float in — are strangely unconscious of the momentous changes, in quality and density, that mental background may undergo when independent effort to search for truth itself becomes operative. In fact it is this all-permeating field of consciousness which (when *aware* of its own quality and strength) takes *possession* of its 'objects of perception,' and arrives at truth by assimilating their essence and dismissing the refuse — thus embodying the conscious Will in the purified essence upon which all forms of true knowledge are based.

Minds are specialized, not so much because of differences in the subject-matter thought upon, as by the quality and strength of the *Will* consciously operating in their 'states of consciousness,' into which the subject-matter is admitted. As a metallic element may be used for a weapon, a machine, a bridge, or a transmitting medium of finer forces — so may the active Will destroy, construct, bridge over, or transmute the heterogeneous elements carried by consciousness. This suggests that a man's mental constitution, in which he is *aware* of conscious affiliation with a correspondent *aspect* of natural life, is quite distinct from the transient objects and pursuits which engage his objective perceptions, and that he *permits* those 'objects' to assume station in his mind according to the regulating processes inherent in his *mode* of constructive thought. Should this con-

scious thinking process be asleep or merely passive, the mind, of course, 'permits' phenomenal sensations to modify and ruffle it like waves and ripples on the surface of a lake. As the life of a great city 'appears' chaotic to a new arrival, yet is *home* to those residing and working in it — so does external nature 'appear' disjointed to untrained thought, yet progressively becomes *home* to those who consciously exercise *in themselves* energies correlative with those in unseen nature. In this connexion read *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 274:

Everything in the Universe, throughout all its kingdoms is CONSCIOUS: *i. e.*, endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception. . . .

The Universe is worked and *guided* from *within outwards* and man — the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm — is the living witness to this Universal Law and the mode of its action.

Phenomenal conditions of life surround all men in common (as does air and sunlight), hence all 'interpretations' of life by thinking minds are, strictly speaking, more representative of constitutional qualities of the many minds 'exhaling' their formulated thought (as they 'exhale' breath, after inhaling and modifying the atmospheric air common to all) than of the totality of nature as it really is for all men in their deepest life of solidarity and interdependence. We read a citation in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 285:

In the manifold unity of universal life, the innumerable individualities distinguished by their variations are, nevertheless, united in such a manner that the whole is one, and that everything proceeds from Unity.

God is not a mind, but the cause that the mind is; . . .

As it would be impossible to deduce the lives of Jesus Christ and Gautama-Buddha from the utterances of materialists or theological dogmatists, so it is erroneous to limit the interpretation of Nature and Humanity to restricted modes of thought and feeling peculiarly our own. The tone of a bell that vibrates through the air is but an acoustical replica of the organized qualities of the bell itself. Modify or improve the bell in any way, and the radiating tone becomes a correspondent replica. So it is with a man's mind. His 'interpretations' of universal life are 'tonal replicas' of his individual constitution, acting upon, or responding to, his environment. Improve or purify one's own mind, and all Nature 'appears' to improve correspondingly.

False ideas of the spiritual life of man appear to have arisen from regarding detached aspects or parts of his nature, as if competent to reveal knowledge which entirely belongs to their 'ensemble' — or vital force animating the living organism from which the 'parts' have been arbitrarily separated, so as to correspond with prevailing modes of scientific observa-

tion (thereby nullifying the vital ensemble, or state of co-ordinated forces). It is as though the meaning of a poem was sought for by detaching the nouns (denominating things) from their contexts, without regard for the modifying influences of carefully placed verbs (denominating forces), adverbs, adjectives, and conjunctions; or as if one observed the separate movements of surface waves without regard to the *water* beneath them all, and the causal agencies above of wind and weather; or as if, one broke a harp into parts in search of the music only possible when the harp is no longer parts, but a single instrument of perfect construction and in tune. This idea is presented in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 281:

Everything is the product of one universal creative effort: . . . *Everything is organic and living*, and therefore the whole world appears to be a living organism.

The phenomena which attend separated or disintegrating parts of an organism are not compatible with that which attends the same parts in their various modes of correlation or ensemble. Separate objects and forces possessing special qualities of their own, *always* undergo a radical transformation when welded together by the unseen 'associative forces' they are completely subject to. Such an associative energy is indicated by electricity, which unites thousands of unlike atoms into molecules and compounds exhibiting qualities quite distinct from those displayed by the free atoms. And it seems probable that the 'associative power' of the conscious will (guided by 'ideas') causes the *unlike* contents of consciousness to coalesce into the higher forms of self-conscious knowledge which some minds possess as volitional intuition --- the sense-phenomena they are recipient of appearing to pass at once into the superior condition they consciously embody. The wide differences between several men and women reacting to the *same* events or circumstances are suggestive of the enormous distinctions existing as between their established 'states of consciousness' and the objects of sense which are erroneously thought to be explanatory of their inner strongholds of individual selfhood. As raw material is specially gathered from Nature for the construction of dwellings --- in obedience to architectural and constructive intelligence; so the mind is both the repository (on its observing side) of the raw materials of sensation and objects of perception, and the builder (on its executive side) of the various 'mansions of the Soul' under the direction of the architectural powers of the thinking Self.

In every living organism, from lowest cell-form up to complex man, we find a mingling of two opposite processes, *viz.*: *Involution*, or intake from Universal Nature and humanity (by *special* powers of individual selection) of separated elements, such as thought-currents, feeling, food,

air, light, heat, sound, odor, etc.; and *Evolution*, or output back to Nature of what the indwelling Egos or entities have *wrought* out of the elements specially involved or imbibed. In so far as these two processes (involution and evolution) neutralize each other in any cell, organ, or body, they appear to pass into a resultant energy known as Vitality, whose function seems to be that of maintaining and perpetuating the organism or species it animates and controls. One or the other of the processes of involution or evolution weakening (such as failure to assimilate thought, feeling, or food), then the disturbed vital balance opens the door to disintegration, or degeneration, of organic parts. But while the balance is retained as between incoming and outgoing forces, it provides the vital foothold, as it were, of the Conscious Ego who *causes* and regulates their neutral foci in vital centers of the established material form. In this connexion the following verse from the '*Book of the Dead*' is suggestive:

Thou openest up the path of the double Lion-God, thou settest the Gods upon their thrones, and the Khus in their abiding-places.

Praise be unto thee, O Ra. . . . Thou joinest thyself unto the Eye of Horus, and thou hidest thyself within its secret place.

Come, therefore, O Horus, Son of Isis, for thou, O Son of Osiris, sittest upon the throne of thy Father Ra to overthrow thine enemies; for he hath ordained for thee the *two lands* to their utmost limits.

The reincarnating Ego, therefore, (who consciously contacts material existence through the neutral vital centers of the body, which are the regulators of the graded streams of energy flowing in and out of the natural body) cannot be thought of, much less described, in terms which relate to a few of its detached parts; for instance, by attempting to define volition in terms of elemental processes such as those expressive of chemical affinity and cellular secretions. As well seek for the *idea* conveyed in a sentence by theoretical analysis of its constituent parts of speech.

When the meaning embodied in a sentence *dawns* on the mind, the idea (of which the thinking mind becomes *aware*) is known to be independent of the formal words used to invoke it. In a similar way, all mental phenomena, such as sensations, desires, emotions, etc., associated with the lunar or reflecting consciousness, are passed through, or superseded, when the *meaning* (enshrined in their higher ensemble or correlation) *dawns* on the mind — as the morning sun dismisses the reflecting shadows of the moon. In speaking of the world of 'ideas' it is stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 280:

Man ought to be ever striving to help the divine evolution of *Ideas*, by becoming to the best of his ability a *co-worker with Nature*. . . . The ever unknowable and incognizable *Kârana* alone, the *Causeless Cause* of all causes, should have its shrine and altar on the holy and ever untrodden ground of our

heart — invisible, intangible, unmentioned, save through 'the still, small voice' of our spiritual consciousness.

The various classes of Egos which reincarnate into human existence appear, by reason of their inherent 'powers of selection' (Karma, or *capacity* brought over from previous life) to attract and aggregate *special* elements of life and Nature into the physical bodies they ensoul, as if they (the Egos) were the powers which *determine* the neutral points of balance (vital centers) between the incoming and outgoing forces commingling in the inhabited body. All human bodies, from infancy to old age, exhibit this 'in' and 'out' rhythm in infinite variety, to and from neutral vital centers (functional powers) in which the Ego apparently resides — as *Lawgiver*. The intake and output of blood to and from the vital center in the heart (in which it is *alchemically* purified) — the inspiration and expiration to and from the vital center of respiration (in which atmospheric air is transmuted), the intake and output attending the function of digestion (which changes food into bone, sinew, and muscle), and lastly, the crowning rhythm of the vital pendulum of pure thought between its subjective and objective poles, are clear indications of the threefold nature of *every* function proceeding from the Spiritual Will (or Ego). In brief, there is but *one Lawgiver* behind all its correlated activities, despite all opposite testimony from 'appearances.' In *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 277, Madame Blavatsky states:

The very *fact* that adaptations *do* occur, that the fittest *do* survive in the struggle for existence, shows that what is called 'unconscious Nature' is in reality an aggregate of forces manipulated by semi-intelligent beings (Elementals) guided by High Planetary Spirits (Dhyân-Chohans), whose collective aggregate forms the manifested *verbum* of the unmanifested LOGOS, and constitutes at one and the same time the MIND of the Universe and its immutable LAW.

Taking the four functions of thought, respiration, blood-circulation, and digestion (which correspond with the ancient classification of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth) as indicating rhythmic flows of energy to and from the vital centers which govern them, we have a vivid representation of *how* Nature operates in all parts of her living organism (quite independent of *relative* notions which lodge in the mind for a brief space, and then die for lack of correspondence to any living thing). It depicts involution and evolution as co-existing polarities proceeding from unseen conscious Wills (Egos) who inform and regulate all parts of the organisms they inhabit. Hence to gain knowledge of the Souls incarnated in Humanity (as they *are* behind their multiple 'appearances') one must approach them through the *synthesis* of *all* separated aspects of one's own consciousness, just as synthetic adjustment of words and sentences provide 'means'

by which the mind becomes recipient of the *ideas* language merely 'conveys' from other Souls. This attitude of mind is strongly emphasized in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 276:

It is on the acceptance or rejection of the theory of the *Unity of all in Nature, in its ultimate Essence*, that mainly rests the belief or unbelief in the existence around us of other conscious beings besides the Spirits of the Dead. It is on the right comprehension of the primeval Evolution of Spirit-Matter and its real essence that the student has to depend for the further elucidation in his mind of the Occult Cosmogony, and for the only sure clue which can guide his subsequent studies.

Madame Blavatsky beautifully expresses the path of this study in the following words:

Universal Unity and Causation; Human Solidarity; the Law of Karma; Reincarnation. These are the four links of the golden chain which should bind humanity into one family, one Universal Brotherhood.

—*The Key to Theosophy*, 229

No investigation of the 'separate' forces of human life can lead to that knowledge of the Soul which only blazons forth in a fully organized character, with all its principles or aspects in perfect correlation (like the numerous departments of a perfectly organized business). In support of these facts Madame Blavatsky states, in *The Key to Theosophy*, page 186:

The universe and everything in it, moral, mental, physical, psychic or Spiritual, is built on a perfect law of equilibrium and harmony. . . . the centripetal force could not manifest itself without the centrifugal in the harmonious revolutions of the spheres, and all forms and the progress of such forms are products of this dual force in Nature. . . . the Spirit, or *Buddhi*, is the centrifugal, and the soul, or *Manas*, the centripetal spiritual energy; and to produce one result they have to be in perfect union and harmony.

The human soul, whether considered from the physical or metaphysical side, necessarily embodies an established existence, in itself, *before* any mode of investigation of its organic aspects or details *can* be taken up. It is obvious that the ensouling energies which *govern* all forms of vegetation, or of animals and men, are in command of the full resources of knowledge bound up with their existence. The utter lack of and correspondence between the vital life which causes a vegetable form to develop, and the scientific knowledge gained by analysis of its 'parts,' does not appear to be incongruous or absurd to the materialistic investigator. Yet in everyday affairs we recognise the distinction between superficially observing (*outer-standing*) the activities of a large business concern, and the *under-standing* possessed by those who originate and control those activities. Thus observing Nature from the 'outside' is quite distinct from becoming acquainted with the 'intelligences' operating *within* Nature;

which the mind may approach from within itself — seeing that the mind (in its origin) is not separate from the 'causes' it seeks, but is deeply bound up with them. The manner in which a business or professional man *works* his way to higher positions of responsibility and efficiency is approximately the same as that of the human soul working *its* way to posts of capacity and efficiency in the unseen commonwealth of Nature. As within, so without.

This truth, applied to philosophic thinking, is of momentous import. Philosophy, in its essence, is conscious effort of the mind to unload itself of illusion, and become *aware* of its essential identity with the reality of pure thought from which it had departed into objective illusion. When the deceit of sense-perception is discovered, 'relative' notions which attend misdirected faculties, disappear of themselves. Consequently, any system of philosophy which, after proper examination, fails to so release and discipline the mind that it becomes freely responsive to the living truth at the soul of things, is either restricted as a system of thought-discipline, or inappropriate to the needs of the student.

'Thinking' — or consciousness knowing itself as cause and 'permitting' agent in all its perceptions and conceptions — therefore progressively frees the mind from attachment to mere sense-reports of phenomena — by exercising it (the mind) with that from which *all* modes of perception proceed.

The 'appearance' of Nature to man is somewhat like that of a communication, the words of which, being in cipher, first engage the mind with their broken meanings; until, by seeking for the connexion *between* them (should thought discover its own key) the message itself is arrived at — and the mind, having adjusted the detail words, becomes recipient of an *idea* — the symbolic means used to convey it being dismissed.

Pure thought cannot be swamped or disturbed by currents of sensation and impulse, without thinking (as a function of the conscious will) ceasing. It is a mechanical law that motor power cannot operate the machinery of a factory which, because of inferior construction, permits the power to escape through broken crevices or ill-fitting joints. In a similar way, it would appear that the conscious action of the Spiritual Will depends on the subjugation of 'subjective' and 'objective' tendencies of disarranged thought, to the end that they become centralized in the pure Ego-Self. Thus the functional power of thinking is the fundamental cause from which both inner and outer perceptions (which are always correlative as inner 'image' related to outer 'object') receive the *meaning* attributed to them — just as inspiration and expiration of the breath are ingoing and outgoing indications of the central function of respiration.

The functional power of the Spiritual Will, therefore, being the fundamental cause of the subjective and objective perceptions peculiar to each

individual, can only be known by recognising that all 'extremes meet,' and disappear, when their neutral functional cause becomes known and self-active in consciousness. Pure flame (to which consciousness has been compared) is both its own subjective heat and its own objective radiation. In *The Key to Theosophy*, page 180, Madame Blavatsky writes:

This *individualized* 'Thought' is what we Theosophists call the *real* human Ego, the thinking Entity imprisoned in a case of flesh and bones. This is surely a Spiritual Entity, not *Matter*, and such Entities are the incarnating EGOS. . . whose names are *mânasa* or 'Minds.'

When the function of disentangled thought is, by discipline, exalted to a state of health and strength, this comes not by continuing to observe and fondle its familiar objects of perception, but by free exercise of its own etheric principle in which 'objects of attachment' (psychological notions) are grasped and questioned as to their relation to the truth which the thinking principle carries in itself — as *cause* of its *awareness*. This engenders a thought capacity which soon discovers itself to be independent (because causal agent) of the transient images vibrating over its surface, and upon which it (the thinker) depended when in a passive state. And further, it is found that 'subjective' and 'objective' modes of feeling and perception change radically as the Thinking Power acquires capacity to *will* its association with causal energies of life previously concealed by deceptive 'appearances.' In short, consciousness comes to will and know itself (through channels of trained thought and feeling) along the universal 'level' of its own capacity or awareness just as the muscular system *acts* — by acquired co-ordinating movements — *through* the outer occupations and modes of conduct it has been trained for. This thought is forcibly presented in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 110-111:

. . . it is the Higher Ego, or incarnating principle, the *nous* or *Mind*, which reigns over the animal Ego, and rules it whenever it is not carried down by the latter. . . .

. . . the *Zohar* teaches that in the 'Soul' is the *real man*, *i. e.*, the Ego and the conscious I AM: '*Manas*.'

Thinking, as a functional power, appears to be to consciousness what digestion and respiration are to the body — "As above, so below." Should the phenomena which attend physical functions be paraphrased into their psychological equivalents, the results would probably give a correct description of the mental conditions of the person considered — indicating whether the thinking principle is merely reflective to inferior sensations and desires of the lower functions (like the passive surface of a mirror) — or actively *awake* in its own etheric element, infinitely elastic, because coherent, to all vibrations of manifesting Nature, yet possessing a quality

of solid cohesion which *reacts* upon the elements received from extended Nature — embodying them into forms of the creative imagination, or self-expression of the Soul.

We read in *The Key to Theosophy*, page 99, that —

The 'Principles' . . . are simply *aspects* and *states of consciousness*. There is but one *real* man, enduring through the cycle of life and immortal in essence, if not in form, and this is *Manas*, the Mind-man or embodied Consciousness.

In the Egyptian '*Book of the Dead*' we find the same truth:

I have gained the mastery over my heart. I understand with my heart. I have gained the mastery over my two hands. I have gained the mastery over my two legs. I have gained the power to do whatsoever my Ka pleaseth. My Soul shall not be fettered to my body at the gates of the underworld; but I shall enter in peace and I shall come forth in peace.

Madame Blavatsky teaches that the disciple must become 'all thought' and William Q. Judge also affirms "not speech, but thought, really rules the world." Or to paraphrase in scientific parlance: "Not phenomenal sound, light, heat, and electrical vibrations rule Nature, but the all-pervading etheric energy, of which all these are but fragmentary 'appearances.'" The totality of manifesting life, viewed as *from* the etheric energy of space, cannot appear but as co-ordinating expressions of one Supreme Will and Intelligence. In this connexion, the following words of *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 278, are conclusive:

During the great mystery and drama of life . . . real Kosmos is like the object placed behind the white screen upon which are thrown the Chinese shadows, called forth by the magic lantern. The actual figures and things remain invisible, while the wires of evolution are pulled by the unseen hands; . . . This was taught in every philosophy, in every religion, *anle* as well as *post* diluvian, in India and Chaldaea, by the Chinese as by the Grecian Sages.

The present state of scientific knowledge, which presents voluminous records of analytical research, as contrasted with but scant information of synthetical knowledge of *conscious* life (of which the observed phenomena are but broken fragments), presents a picture of immense disproportion as between the two related poles of Conscious Spiritual Will, and the diverse 'objects' of intelligence. It is obvious that in so far as diversity of thought is divorced from unity of consciousness, the living truth becomes hidden, and the Will is divided into opposed opposites of 'Free Will' and 'Necessity' — the latter being the unrecognised side of the will locked up in objective 'appearances' wrongly dismissed from their place of birth in the individual consciousness under the delusion that the 'paper currency' of 'appearances' was backed up by actual gold in the bank. The Will

acting as 'necessity' necessarily becomes free when objective perceptions, (which polarize the will to a supposed not-self) are recognised as dismissed self-creations, and are reclaimed, purified, and reset in their original 'home.' That the Ancient Egyptians recognised sense-delusions is evidenced by the following verse taken from the '*Book of the Dead*':

Turn thou back, O messenger of every God! Is it that thou art come to carry away this my heart which liveth? But my heart which liveth shall not be given unto thee. As I advance, the Gods hearken unto my offerings, and they all fall down upon their faces in their *own* places.

These two, the hidden Will, and the outer diversity reflected into the mental mirror, appear to be but opposite sides of the same shield — the thinking principle *per se* — likewise the key to the mystery attending duality is to be found in the cohesive unity of power and substance in the *shield itself*. The thinking power is at once the home of the Ego and the resisting armor to all vibratory 'attacks' ringing upon its surface. The story of Perseus, who cut off the Gorgon's head by means of its *reflexion* in the shield given him by Athena (Wisdom), being instructed by the goddess not to look *direct* at the Gorgon under penalty of being turned to stone (illusionary perception or attachment), is a suggestive allegory of a mind becoming *aware* of the fact that its so-called 'Outer World,' to which it has been attached, is in reality but a *reflexion in the mind itself*, quite different from the world as *it* truly exists — hidden from sight by the very 'appearances' the mind had regarded as true and final reports. The fallacy of this is disclosed when it is remembered that not only do minds differ in their powers of receptivity, but that a single mind sees a 'new world' with every radical change in its development. For when we approach Nature with *preconceived* states of mind, the multiple details witnessed 'appear' exactly as they do *because* of conditions assumed by and in the observer himself. It seems impossible to escape this conclusion.

That Nature, in herself, is not separated into the 'parts' attributed to her, all sincere thinkers admit. Yet the same observers often hesitate to allow that the intelligent Power governing Nature from within has necessarily a conscious throne in the *hidden* resources of their own minds, on the reverse side of the reflecting surfaces of their mental shields. If this is not admitted, then *whence* proceeds the single searchlight of intelligence which inspects millions of details, yet remains unchanged — as searchlight? Or whence proceeds the Will, which, though outwardly distributed along many lines traced by desire, yet remains but *one* energy at its source, *in* the individual?

These considerations bring to mind the words of an ancient philosopher who stated that people who exercised their brains exclusively with external

objects of thought reminded him of "men who discussed the laws and institutions of a distant city of which they had heard no more than the name. . . . The true philosopher," he said, "should turn his glance within, should study himself and his notions of right and wrong; only thence could he derive real profit." In another form, this idea is also conveyed by the biblical phrase:

Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

The insistent keynote which dominates Theosophical teachings is that of the momentous *distinction* between Man (as an established Ego or Thinker) and the multitudinous experiences in which that thinker becomes involved and obscured. The 'Thinking and Willing Self' is obviously as *distinct* from the diverse events and circumstances it oversees and manipulates as a general manager of a railway is distinct (when in his 'home') from the organized system he has established by his will and capacity.

Theosophy states that the Egos who incarnate as 'Thinking Entities' in the human race are pure Intelligences who are what they are *because* of having passed through long ages of universal experience. In the incarnated state these 'Intelligences' are said to take on a dual manifestation — one as independent *Knower of itself*, as "indestructible throughout the life-cycle—indestructible as a thinking *Entity*, and even as an ethereal form" (*The Key to Theosophy*, 174) — the other as a *reflected* ray associated with the immediate interests of the prevailing personality. This is illustrated by an artist possessing capacity to execute advanced art-work, but unconscious of his essential ability because engaged in drawing cartoons.

When a man finds himself, or *discovers* himself in an 'act of thinking,' as being a Self-acting agent quite distinct from the subject-matter of his thought and perception, a superb thrill vibrates through consciousness to its uttermost limits. It is then felt that *Truth* is somehow *within* the thinking energy itself, and not relative *to* it. Before this awakening in consciousness of what *it* embodies, the mind is active in a twofold way: a special *mode* of intellection (in consciousness) polarized to an *external* creed, philosophy, profession, or to some form of self-indulgence. But as shown, truth itself *cannot* be discovered in this duality of modal thought acting upon its correspondent environment. Truth resides within the 'Thinking Ego' who is infinitely adaptable to *all* modal forms of action, upon all planes of phenomenal Nature — and yet remains separate, as *Thinking Agent* — just as the Sun reflects his light upon all forms of vegetation, yet remains Sun.

When Truth awakens *in* the Thinking Self, consciousness becomes aware of itself *in* all things which it 'thinks' or 'wills.' *Awareness* is that

feeling of trust and certainty which leaps to the spiritual touch of another, and feels a kinship with the Sun deep down with the visible disc that focuses all radiation. *Awareness*, when it proceeds from the 'Knower' in the heart, passes through all forms used in thought-imagery, as a beam of light passes through forms of air and water. It may observe the multitudinous lives residing in such forms, yet never lose its own feeling of *awareness*, or of being the one radiation from divinity upon which all knowledge and experience depend.

The Spiritual Self is eternally aware of itself in time, space, humanity, nature, all of which are but its modal or manifesting *forms*. When it thinks of itself as 'eternal duration' it gathers to itself its distributed thoughts of past and future, and stands on the threshold of a great beyond in which past and future are not, but an ever-recurring Present which embodies all things. The eternal Present, therefore, cannot be regarded as an external object *to* thought, feeling, or will, but as the characteristic ensemble (or synthesis) of all possible aspects of human consciousness.

3

IBN KHALLIKÂN in his celebrated *Biographies* (translation of Baron MacGuckin de Slane, vol. ii, pp. 205-206) thus speaks of him [the veiled Prophet of Khurâsân]:

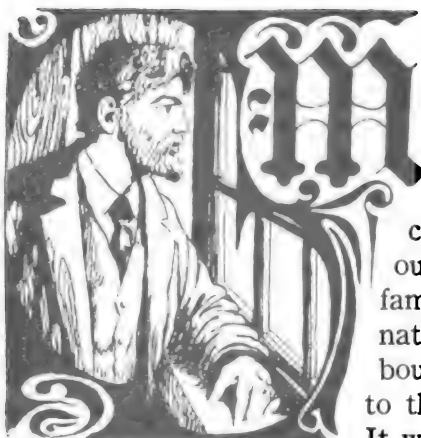
"Al-Muqanna' al-Khurâsânî, whose real name was 'Atâ, but whose father's name is unknown to me (though it is said to have been Hakîm), began his life as a fuller at Merv. Having acquired some knowledge of Magic and Incantations, he pretended to be an Incarnation of the Deity, which had passed into him by Metempsychosis, and he said to his partisans and followers: 'Almighty God entered into the figure of Adam; for which reason He bade the angels adore Adam, *"and they adored Him, except Iblîs, who proudly refused,"** whereby he justly merited the Divine Wrath. Then from Adam He passed into the form of Noah, and from Noah into the forms of each of the prophets and sages successively, until He appeared in the form of Abû Muslim al-Khurâsânî (already mentioned), from whom He passed into me.'"

— Browne's *A Literary History of Persia*, Vol. 1, p. 320

*Qur'ân, ii, 31

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

CHAPTER IV



MARTIN stood by the open door until the footsteps died in the depth below, then he turned and looked round the room astonished at the transformation it had undergone in those few moments.

He pulled back the curtain that usually covered the little south window, and looked out over the city. Changes of mood were familiar experiences to this undisciplined nature, but never before had he sprung at a bound from such a depth of discouragement to the sunlit heights of faith in his destiny. It was not hope, but knowledge of his power and conviction of his vocation that filled him

with such a jubilant sense of energy. What he had heard was no prophecy, no mere promise, but a revelation of the truth. He laughed at his weakness, and despised himself sincerely for allowing a simple injustice, or perhaps only a fault of judgment on the part of men who were not qualified to understand such work as his, to plunge him in despair. Once more he stood upon the heights, and knew himself a soul incarnate, a being from a higher sphere. This was not vanity, but inspiration. His brain was clear as a mirror, in which the motions of his soul were pictured in thoughts, while he stood back and watched the transformation of the transcendental concepts of the higher mind into the concrete images intelligible to the lower. He was the soul, and for a moment knew himself more than a mortal.

Time has no hold on transcendental consciousness, or if it has, then it must be a transcendental measure of eternity beyond the comprehension of the brain-mind; for in such rare moments one is made aware of what is meant by the old scripture in which it is written: "in thy sight a thousand years are but as yesterday."

When he turned from the window the sight of his preparations for a journey made him smile. He had no need to go to the seaside now. He had been farther than that and had come back refreshed, nay, reborn, rather. Now he would start in earnest. The path lay clear before him, and he saw that it was very long, and that it lay across a wild and barren land and lost itself among the mountains, where the sun shone low in the heavens. Even as he stood at the window watching the sunlight on the city fade, he saw the other sun go down and disappear in darkness. No matter; he had seen the path: nothing now could rob him of the certainty that it

existed, and that it was his path, whether he followed it or failed. Before he went to bed the studio was once more cleared for work and the vacuity caused by the absence of the 'Cleopatra' was changed to a vortex in which vibrated the nebulous substance of a new creation, whose germ was in the artist's heart waiting the hour of its release, to struggle forth to life in the dark shadow-world of mortals. It is said that the angels aspire to become men. So too a dream or spiritual idea seeks its expression in the realm of matter, even as the souls of men seek reincarnation on this earth having already tasted of its joys and sorrows, being all bound upon the wheel of the Great Law.

Martin Delaney had found a bridge across the chasm revealed by the completion of a work, even if he had not yet grasped the thread of 'continuity' we call 'The Path.'

This time he determined to make more careful preparation for the work, and also to take warning from experience. He had not heeded his father's reminder that his income was to be reduced, and so he came near absolute failure simply for want of money. He was not mercenary, but he was afraid of actual want: it seemed to him that he must first of all protect himself against this deadly enemy to success. So he at once began the painting of another picture in the same style as that which had proved a 'seller.' But before this was finished fame had found him out. It was a modest kind of fame, but of a sort not to be despised.

His friend Talbot, writing for an English weekly, had mentioned the young English artist so favorably that a local paper reproduced the notice with additions and references to his family. This brought congratulations from his relatives and a proposal from his new brother-in-law that Martin should come over and paint full-length portraits of himself and wife. He had but recently inherited a large estate with a fine old house filled with ancestral portraits, to which he felt he must contribute as his forebears had done.

Martin was nothing loath to take a summer holiday that would be so profitable, and he accepted readily.

His extraordinary facility fitted him for popular portraiture, and his first efforts proved so successful that commissions came from other members of the family before the portraits of his brother-in-law and sister were ready to hang in their places. He decided that he must take fortune while she smiled upon him, knowing that the path he meant to follow lay across a very barren land. It would be wise, he thought, to start with a balance in the bank. The contrast between his life in Paris and that of a favored guest in English country houses of the better sort was altogether agreeable to his taste, and he soon found himself in demand; so that the summer slipped away and autumn before he found time to accept his father's

pressing invitation to come and paint portraits of his parents. His homecoming was a little triumph in itself, for he had gone abroad almost in disgrace, because of his refusal to follow the family tradition, which prescribed a choice of three professions for the sons of a family such as theirs. Army, Navy and Church; these were the only alternatives to the bar, which was to him an unthinkable proposition. But since he was successful in the line that he had chosen, his parents decided they might now recognise his choice of a career, that had moreover taken a much higher rank in the last generation than previously. Martin was treated as a genius, and enjoyed his popularity. Then came a pressing invitation from his married sister to visit them for a ball they meant to give in honor of the new portraits, hinting moreover at probable orders for more commissions from some of the neighbors, whom she was already canvassing in his interest.

That ball was fateful. He was flattered and made much of by all kinds of people, and several commissions resulted; but the fatefulness of the visit was embodied in a fascinating personality, the orphan heiress of a wealthy manufacturer, who had given his daughter a fashionable education, and had placed her before his death under the protection of an impoverished widow, whose defunct husband was a bankrupt baronet. She, poor lady, had done her duty faithfully by the orphaned heiress, and had secured for her the entrée into a class of society that would hardly have opened its doors to her parents. She made her home with Lady Marshbank, and kept up the old house in fitting style, but not extravagantly. She had good taste and a will of her own. When she met the popular young artist she decided to have him paint her portrait for the Academy. There was time before the opening of the Spring Exhibition to complete the picture, and Martin undertook it, although he knew that it would postpone the great work he had planned. But then the price to be paid for this picture was in itself enough to keep him for a year if he lived economically, and then it would leave him time for several minor commissions in between times, for the picture was to be painted at Lady Marshbank's house Gadby, in Leicestershire, and Miss Southwick was very much in demand, spending a great deal of time visiting the houses of new friends with marriageable sons; so that the sittings for the portrait would be interrupted by occasional absences from home. All this combined to keep the artist in an atmosphere that was not favorable to Art as he understood it when he was in Paris: and to tell the truth, he was content to let his visions and his dreams rest a while. He told himself this was but a preparation for his great career. The life pleased him, and he found himself personally popular as well as being treated as a genius, which in itself is somewhat intoxicating to a young man of undisciplined character.

Miss Southwick was not beautiful, but she was attractive and intelligent. There was a certain charm about her that was not easily definable, and Martin was interested by her as by an artistic problem. He saw an effective picture to be made, and knew that he could do it. He also knew that if it were a success he would be able to command far higher prices for portraits in future; and that would leave him free to devote more time to serious work. Yes! that would leave him free to choose his sitters too. So that he could avoid some of the unpleasantness that comes with exacting subjects, who want to be made beautiful and yet to have a portrait that everyone can recognise. And also that would make it hard to turn his back upon the life he found so pleasant even now. He saw the danger, but he was not alarmed by it; he thought he knew his strength; it is hard to realize that one's little weaknesses are the true measure of one's strength in the long run.

So Martin went to Gadby and began the portrait of Julia Southwick. He was interested in the girl as a study, and was charmed by her as a woman. She was indeed a woman who easily won the affection of those with whom she came in contact. Her guardian, Lady Marshbank, loved her as a daughter, and the girl had come to look upon her chaperon as a mother, with Gadby as her home. It had been understood between her father and the widow of the ruined baronet that Julia should marry Alister Marshbank in due course. The boy was then at school, a handsome pleasant fellow and about Julia's age. But, as the young people grew up together, and the boy became more and more like his father, there were times when his mother hoped he would turn his attention to some other girl, some woman of the world. She loved her adopted daughter, and had not the heart to throw her in the way of such a marriage as her own had been. So she adopted the plan of treating the two as brother and sister, and the plan seemed to have answered, so far as she was able to judge. There was a frank and open friendship between them such as a brother and sister might display, and nothing more so far. But Alister himself took it for granted that he was to marry Julia some day, while she looked upon Gadby as her home, and if she had to marry someone she supposed it naturally would be Alister. But when Martin came to Gadby and the sittings for the portrait had begun, things took another aspect.

Julia insisted that her foster-mother's portrait should be added to the collection, and then when Lady Marshbank suggested Alister instead of herself, Julia said, "Why not both?" And so it was decided, and Alister was told to apply for leave from his regiment in order to come home and sit for his portrait.

Sir Alister was very like his father, and inherited a disposition to spend money recklessly. The estate was in the hands of a receiver, who paid him

a very moderate allowance, which his mother supplemented by an addition out of her own pocket, which in its turn was regularly replenished by Julia's check-book. And as all were satisfied with the arrangement there was nothing to be said against it. But when the young guardsman came home and found a rather striking (not to say handsome) artist installed on terms of intimacy in the house, he felt as if someone were intruding, and it certainly could not be he, who was the master of the house. He was inclined to be a little stiff and rather formal in his treatment of their guest, till Julia made fun of him and got him into a good humor again, as she knew how. She looked upon him as a boy, and certainly he could not claim to be much more.

Julia's portrait in due course went to the Royal Academy, and was well hung and favorably noticed by the critics. The other two portraits were only half-lengths and did not take long to paint, but long enough to make Martin wish there were other members of the family to be painted; and it was long enough to make Lady Marshbank wonder if it had not been altogether too long for Julia's happiness. But for the girl herself the time was all too short.

Martin declared that he was eager to be back in Paris and at work on a new picture, which he was at last persuaded to describe to a most sympathetic listener. She was intensely interested. Then she was told the story of the first 'Cleopatra' picture, omitting of course all mention of the girl who sat for the great queen. The new picture was to be 'The Passing of the Queen,' and Julia was thrilled with excitement by the eloquent description that the artist gave of the subject as he had conceived it. She wanted to go to Paris at once and see the other picture which had returned to the empty studio. She got down old books on Egypt from neglected shelves in the library, and sent to London for the latest works on the subject, and they studied them together. Then she had a costume arranged by her maid, and Martin made sketches for the picture and listened to her suggestions, which were always intelligent and practical. Finally one day they got a book with magnificent pictures of the temples on the Nile, and that settled the matter. She decided then and there, that the only way to get into the right mood to study such a subject was to go to Egypt.

"Let's go!" she said enthusiastically; then realized the bearing of her words, and stopped. But looking him straight in the eyes she added, "Why not?"

Martin was silent a moment under the spell of her straightforward challenge. He did not hesitate long, but just repeated, "Ah! why not?"

And yet it was hard to say just what was in his heart. He hardly knew himself. It was as though he felt the influence of a will stronger than his own which yet was so in tune with his that the two wills were

one. It was a new experience to find himself guided and at the same time dominated by a woman whose will raised no opposition from his own. Hitherto he had resented any evident attempt to lead or influence him in any way; but Julia was so frank and honest, and so clear-headed, he felt that he could trust her absolutely, as a man seldom does trust a woman.



Besides she understood him: so he said to himself in confidence, meaning by that most probably that she accepted him at his own valuation; which was not quite true perhaps.

Lady Marshbank was a little startled by the announcement that her ward had made up her mind to visit Egypt and to invite the painter to go with them. She put it very nicely, asking her chaperon if she would not like to take them on a tour of archaeological research. This led to a serious conversation and a promise from Julia not to say more about

the matter till her fostermother should have time to talk with the artist.

She was not an alarming person, yet Martin felt extraordinarily uncomfortable when next day he was invited to take a walk in the garden with his hostess. He guessed what was coming, and tried to clear his thoughts sufficiently to give a reasonable account of his position.

He had not contemplated marriage, and was quite innocent of any attempt to win the heiress. He still held himself pledged to his art: but somehow his art had changed its aspect since he came to England and began painting portraits. The atmosphere of these old country houses was very soothing, but it did not foster the dreams that came to him in the neglected studio, which had been hallowed by the presence of the Queen. No visions of mystery rose to stir his imagination with awe and majesty. Here life was very comfortable and extremely rational. Mysticism was unknown and art meant merely the embellishment of homes dedicated to the comfort of the living and the honor of the dead. Sometimes he chafed at the narrowness of it all; but it was very pleasant to be flattered and petted as he had been, and there was a keen delight in feeling his power as a painter: for portraiture seemed to come naturally to him; each new canvas was a new triumph, and his career looked rich and rosy to him compared with that path which led through barren wastes up to the heights he still meant to reach. So it was truth he spoke in telling Lady Marshbank that he had not yet thought of marriage, and certainly had not dreamed of trying to attract the love of one who might aspire to a far more brilliant future than he could offer her. He spoke sincerely and his words carried conviction, and won the admiration of a woman who was accustomed to see her ward followed by a never-ending string of fortune-hunters young and old. As guardian of an heiress she felt bound to inquire as closely as possible into the antecedents of a man in whom her ward was evidently interested, to say no more; and so she left the young man with the feeling that it might be as well to bring his visit to a close and to go back to Paris at once. And this he did. Julia was just as charming as possible, showed no surprise, but merely said:

"You may expect a summons to Cairo one of these days, so be prepared."

She thanked him for the pictures as if they were gifts and let him go with a cheery "Au revoir," that sounded very pleasant to his ears. It haunted him all the way back and did not leave him when he found himself once again in his studio gazing in wonder at the 'Cleopatra,' which seemed to him like some old memory of other days. Suddenly he thought of Clara Martel, and wondered what had become of her. She had dropped out of his mind as if she too were but a memory of some former life. Now he was back again, but the place had no welcome for him. Something

had happened in his absence. He felt as if someone must have died here; and then he fancied he was the dead man come like an unwelcome ghost to haunt the studio, that had been his home, and more than any ordinary home, for it had been indeed a temple dedicated to the sacred mystery of art. It was here unaltered, and yet changed. Something had gone. The place seemed empty, even more vacant than it did when first the 'Cleopatra' left the easel. It now seemed but a shell: yet he was here to call the sleeping soul to life and make it vibrate responsive to his will. He was at home again, he told himself, older and stronger and more confident of success: yet there was something lacking. The change was in himself: he had passed on into a new life, had stretched his wings in flight, and felt his power: now he would show his mastery, and compel the attention and respect that were his due. He had gained confidence, and this is much; but he had passed on into a different life, and, as he passed, some door had closed behind him. The future seemed as bright, nay brighter, than before, more golden; and his path lay fair and smooth across a sunlit garden rich in flowers, where birds of hope sang softly and the bees gathered honey; but the past was — past.

(To be continued)



THE LITTLE TOWNS

By K. V. M.

THERE'S a little, quiet town amidst the rainy valleys,
Slate roofs, limed walls, doors along the street;
Xanadu and Babylon, and Aladdin's Palace —
Better Bettws fach with me, where the four roads meet.

There's a little, quiet town, amidst the rainy valleys,
(Southwest blowing over lonely mountain miles)
Better with the feet of me its flagged and cobbled alleys
Than all the roads of Wonderland and the Green Faery Isles.


There's a little, quiet town, stone-built by the river;
Clean Welsh they're talking there, market-days and all;
— Gwynedd, Dyfed, Powysland, they're all Welsh, whatever;
And Oh, my heart hears them o'er the wide world call!

And Oh, there's a quiet town, stone-built by the river;
Every stone it's built of is an altar-stone to me,
Where my soul's at sacrifice forever and forever,
Calling down the holy fires of olden Druidry.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

CYCLIC LAW IN HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

(A PAPER OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY)

INCE the War broke out three years ago many have noticed a curious fact in connexion with the years '13, '14, '15 and '16 in each of the centuries of English history. A hundred years ago, in 1815, Waterloo brought the Napoleonic wars to an end. In 1714 the treaty of Baden terminated the War of the Spanish Succession — Marlborough's war against Louis XIV. In 1614 James I's Second Parliament met, and began that long contest with absolutism that culminated twenty years later in the Civil War. In 1513, Henry VIII won the Battle of the Spurs against France, and Flodden Field against Scotland, ending a war with each victory. In 1415 Henry V invaded France and won at Agincourt, which victory brought the war to an end. In 1314, Edward II invaded Scotland, and lost that kingdom at Bannockburn. In 1215, the victorious barons forced John to sign the Great Charter, thereby laying the foundation of English liberties.

While we are on the subject of English history, let us glance at a series of facts more curious still. During the Middle Ages European literature was all of a pattern: writers in France, Italy, Germany or England said the same kind of things in the same kind of way. All was based on certain common conventions: none wrote what his heart felt or his eyes saw, but what it was the custom to write; hence its unvirility. In England, men were conscious of their race — Anglo-Saxon or Norman; or of their caste as serfs, freemen, merchants, clergy or noble; but the word *nation* had no meaning for them. Then, sometime in the thirteenth century, a change came, and the nation was born. Men arose who were not content to write the kind of stuff that everyone else was writing; they found that they had eyes of their own to see with, and feelings to tell; and that there was a spirit of their own country calling to be expressed in verse. This change shows itself in English literature in the twelve-seventies; when a period of literary creation set in, which presently produced its great poet in Chaucer. It ended when he died in 1400; and an age of sterility began, during which such poets as there were could only feebly re-echo what he had said. Then, somewhere about the fifteen-thirties, Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey ushered in a new fruitful period, which culminated in the Elizabethan Age and died with the Restoration of Charles II in 1660. The age that followed was great in criticism, but barren in creative literary genius; it sought its inspiration in intellect and the rules of composition, not in the soul or nature. It lasted until the seventeen-nineties, when Wordsworth and Coleridge brought in a new creative period of literature.

Now look at these dates. The first creative age, or day, lasted from 1270 to 1400: one hundred and thirty years. The night that followed it

lasted from 1400 till 1530: one hundred and thirty years. The second day lasted between 1530 and 1660: one hundred and thirty years. The second night — of Dryden and Pope — lasted from 1660 to 1790: one hundred and thirty years. It has been day since; though some of us think we see in the modern hunger after realism, signs of approaching darkness.

Here I should state that all dates given for the beginnings or ends of cycles are to be taken as round numbers; as representing rather a decade than a definite year; if you will understand each of them qualified by 'about' or 'more or less,' it will save a good deal of unnecessary verbiage in the course of the paper. Thus Milton wrote *Samson Agonistes* and much of *Paradise Lost* after 1660; but he was then merely a survival of vanished days and orders. The fact is unshakable that the history of English literature has been that of a succession of days and nights, each of about the same length.

Pretty little coincidences, you say; but without significance? To which one replies: There are two types of mind: and civilization grows as the one tends to eliminate the other. There is the savage mind, given over to superstition; and the civilized mind, which adheres to science. The savage mind is to be known, wherever you meet it, by its incapacity to conceive of Law; but the Civilized Mind postulates Law as the foundation of everything. To the savage all is coincidence; nothing happens but by chance or haphazard, or the caprice of some man or god or bogey. When it thunders, some big fellow aloft, enangered or grown boisterous, is making a row. You don't die, but you are killed by sorcery; or Big Man Death takes you at his whim. Plague, pestilence and famine have nought to do with dirt and wrong-living; witchcraft has been at work, or the ire of Big Man God or Big Man Devil. Such views were held in Europe during the Dark Ages; until the infection of the Scientific Mind crept in from the Mohammedans, and civilization began to grow. Every advance that it made consisted in a recognition of the Reign of Law. It combated disease in the name of the Laws of Health: banishing haphazard, it proclaimed a right and a wrong in ways of living. It was right to keep your body clean, and wrong to keep it filthy; right to have proper systems of sewerage, and wrong to use the public street; right to drink pure water, and wrong to quench your thirst with the first wet thing you happened on. There had been no right or wrong for the savage mind: my way was good enough for me; and if Jews and Turks liked to wash, let them — the more fools they! But the Scientific Mind, being in those days mainly a Jew or a Turk, set itself to combat this indifference. Unconcerned with dogma, it might turn its attention to the facts of life, and the farther it went with these, the farther it extended the empire of Law.

Many were its champions, like Newton, Galileo, Kepler and Darwin,

that rose to win new provinces for order and stability; each in his own sphere establishing the fact of Law. This one gazed at the heavens

At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno,

and saw that which moved him to make pronouncement: "*There* at least Law is reigning; there is no haphazard there." That one watched an apple falling to the ground, and, guessing half its import, bade men no longer imagine chance or whim in that field of being. Between them all, they brought civilization to such a point, that now (officially) we recognise Law in all the physical universe; but they did not guess, or they did not announce, a truth that in reality their own discoveries had made, you would say, self-evident: that in every plane of being, physical, mental, moral and spiritual, Law reigns absolute, and there is and can be no chance at all.

I put the name of the one who announced that Law above all the others. They conquered their little provinces; but she sublimely annexed the Universe. She made to Europe the first complete announcement of the position of the Scientific, as opposed to the Superstitious, Mind. Her name was Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; what has been said here of her achievement, is only what will be said everywhere, as soon as the Scientific Mind has fully conquered the superstitious, and we are truly civilized. She was the first to see and proclaim that, once you admit the Reign of Law in anything, you must postulate it in everything: that were the universe seventy times as large as it is, there would be no room in it for Law and Chance. State that proposition fairly, and one sees that it is axiomatic; it is, in any ultimate analysis, the distinction between the Scientific and the Superstitious. One may be allowed to call it H. P. Blavatsky's Law; and you must be clever indeed at logic-dodging, or very pachydermatous against the prick of reason, if you reject it; for

if this fail
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble;

but if it stand, there is such a science as Right Living, and we may become masters of it. If it is true, life is a purposeful and dignified thing, that has mighty ends in view, and sure means to attain them. If it is false, life and the universe are nothing but a phantasmagoria and disgraceful wobble — which is precisely the postulate of the Superstitious Mind.

So then, if we are scientific, and not superstitious, we shall not reject facts as coincidence; we shall posit the reign of Law in human history as surely as in hydrostatics or dynamics. We shall see in these regularly alternating cycles in English literature, indications of universal law.

We shall remember that, after all, the whole of life is made up of cycles. In-breathing and out-breathing, systole and diastole, day and night, summer and winter, youth and age, sleeping and waking, life and death — in what department of individual life does not the Law of Cycles reign? How then should it not reign in national and racial life — since law is universal? Why should there not be a plan, an order, behind the apparent jumbled tragedy of History? Is it not worth investigation?

The trouble is, we have so small a field for our research. The memory of mankind is short; antiquity vanishes, before it has had time to become really antique. Of all the long ages of civilized man, we know nothing beyond the limits of some seventy little centuries, and little enough of them. Small wonder, then, that we have formed no true conception of the laws that govern history; it is much like conceiving a mammoth on the evidence of one knuckle-bone. Never before, we say, has there been a time like the present: with these quick communications established; the whole globe mapped and accessible; and even mid-air and the depths of the sea traversable by murderous man. It is an injudicious boast. Ten little thousand years ago there might have been such a time, or one still more marvelous; and we should know nothing of it, simply because ten thousand years ago is beyond the horizon of historic memory. — We point with pride to the spread of the English language, of European civilization; never we say, has one language been spoken so broadcast; nor one culture come so near to dominating the globe. And yet there remains, in the megalithic and cyclopean structures, evidence of the activities of a race whose empire was as vast and as far-thrown as any existing; and we know nothing about this people, except that they were able to build more mightily, and more enduringly, than we can; and that they, and all memory of them, had passed long before the dawn of the history we know.

And yet, within these narrow limits of known history, there is room for investigation, food for thought, evidence enough of the Law of Cycles. Here are some facts that have largely escaped attention:

There is a curious hiatus in the story of European civilization. For the last seven hundred years or thereabouts, the creative and cultural energies of the human race have been increasingly centering in Christendom. During the first half of the thirteenth century, civilization was introduced into Europe from the Mohammedan lands, and a strange quickening of the European mind took place. Its first manifestation, perhaps, was in the glories of French architecture. Dante, before the century had closed, lit the fires of poetry; and has been followed since in order by the splendors of Italian, English and Spanish, French, German and Russian literature; of Italian, Spanish, Flemish and French art; of Italian and German music and philosophy; — till in the nineteenth century came that general Euro-

pean culture which went hand in hand with an advancement in scientific invention unparalleled in historic times. But before that thirteenth century what do we find? A Christian Europe as backward, as inert, barbarous and unprogressive, as Afghanistan or Abyssinia is now. And before that again, the glory that was Greece, the splendor that was Rome: the creative cultural energies manifesting with as great vigor in Periclean Athens, as after in Elizabethan England or Renaissance Italy. In other words, European history shows us the ending of one day of civilization; the night of barbarism that followed it; and the day, not yet closed, that followed that. And this is what we take to be pretty much all that counts in the history of human civilization.

But — and this is a point that is not well enough known — the creative and cultural energies did not pass from the race when they passed from the European fraction of it. There is always a highly civilized portion of humanity; though it is never the same portion for more than a certain length of time. Civilization is the normal condition; to which we return and return after lapses into savagery. The dark ages of Europe were very bright ages in Asia. While the Christian mind was submerged in superstition, the Moslem mind was awake and keenly scientific; while art was dead in Christendom, it was alive and wonderful in China. And it was not merely that Asian civilization shone in comparison with European barbarism; but that the tides of cultural and creative energy were flowing as marvelously in the Far Eastern and Moslem worlds then, as they have flowed in Europe since. They rose in China while they were dying in Greece; they rose in Arabia while they were dying in Rome; they died in China while they were being reborn in thirteenth-century Italy and France.

The reign of Alexander marked their last great manifestation in Greece. They had by that time passed almost wholly on to the physical plane; there burning up brightly for a moment before extinction, they carried the phalanxes eastward over Persia and the Punjab, to give out before the Macedonians could try conclusions with the powerful kingdoms of the Ganges Valley. Alexander turned back in 327 B. C., but the energies went on. From 317 to 226 they were burning splendidly in India under the Maurya Emperors of Magadha; the third of whom, Aśoka, is to be called perhaps the greatest and most beneficent monarch in recorded history. They had not passed from India, when they arose in China. In the two-forties T'sin Che Hwangti came to the throne of T'sin, a strong semi-barbarian state in the modern province of Shensi. He found China a 'Middle Kingdom' in the Hoangho Valley, the decayed remnant of an ancient civilization, surrounded by several powers like his own, half Chinese and half barbarian, and with a strong predilection for war. One after

another these fell before his armies, till he had welded the whole of China Proper into a single empire. Dying in the two-twenties, his dynasty ended a few years later; and was succeeded by a purely Chinese empire under the House of Han. Almost immediately a great age of culture began. Chinese armies marched conquering to the banks of the Caspian; literature flamed up into magnificence; science, art and invention flourished apace. A major cycle of civilization had begun in the Far East, which was not to close until the Mongol Conquest of China in the twelve-sixties A. D. Its first phase lasted about four centuries, and was followed by two of depression, during which we are probably to look for the energies in the buried empires of Central Asia. Then in 420 A. D. the star of culture rose again in Southern China; lasted there (like the literary cycles in England) for about thirteen decades; burnt up in Corea, then in Japan; returned to China in the six-twenties, when the most glorious of all Chinese ages began, that of the Tang Dynasty. Again the Chinese armies camped on the Caspian. Literature produced a galaxy of poets whose supreme value is only now becoming known to the West; in art it was an age at least as great as that of the Renaissance in Italy. This splendor endured unimpaired until the seven-fifties — again 130 years; and was followed by a period of depression which in turn gave place in the tenth century to the brilliant age of the Sung Dynasty, which ended at the Mongol Conquest. The life-time of a civilization is thus marked off for us: its seat was the Far East; it began in the two-forties B. C. with T'sin Che Hwangti, and ended in the twelve-sixties with the fall of the Sung; having thus lasted about fifteen hundred years.

Its first phase ended, you will note, in 220 A. D.; when, as if the energies of the World-Spirit had been needed elsewhere, they were withdrawn from China, and the Han Empire, and all art and science with it, fell to pieces. A like phenomenon took place in 750, when the great Tang age came to an end; and these two dates at once suggest to my mind the history of another quarter of the globe and another life-period of civilization: the West Asiatic, in the main Mohammedan. The lands that lie between the Nile and the Tigris, so fertile of old in civilizations, had lain fallow since Alexander swept away the last remnants of the old Persian Empire; they again began, early in the third century A. D., to show signs of productivity. The Neoplatonists arose to light the fires of thought in Alexandria. In the two-twenties while the Hans were in act to fall in China, Artaxerxes the Persian, of the House of Sassan, rebelled against the barbarous Parthian power, overthrew it, and established the new Persian Empire of the Sassanidae. We know little of its civilization; but we know that it was not without cultural or military strength. In 284 the Roman Empire, which had been falling to pieces for a century while

its center was still at Rome, received a new lease of life when Diocletian moved his court to Bithynia in Asia Minor. Both these empires retained a measure of vitality until the beginning of the great Tang Age in China. Then, in the six-twenties, Mohammed fled from Mecca to Medina, there to sow among his wild Arabian countrymen the seeds of a mighty culture. Within twenty years the Sassanids had fallen forever before the Moslems; and though the Byzantine Empire lasted on for many centuries, the remainder of its life was but a living death.

We habitually overlook the real import of Mohammed's mission, and the real work he did for civilization. Coming at a time when religious toleration had been forgotten in any country west of India,* and when both the creeds that held power in the world he knew used it for persecution, he laid down the law among his disciples that there should be, in his own words, "*no compulsion in religion.*" Coming to a people among whom education was wholeheartedly despised, and being himself illiterate, he preached to them that the angels blithely hovered above the head of him who "went upon the Road of Learning"; and that the ink of the doctors was better, in God's sight, than the martyr's blood. In the course of a hundred and thirty years, these teachings had taken effect. His wild followers had founded an empire extending from the Pyrenees to the Pamir, in which all creeds were tolerated, freedom of thought was vigorously encouraged, and the path to the highest honors was emphatically the 'Road of Learning.' In the seven-fifties, when the Tang glory waned in China, the Caliph built Bagdad; and straight the whole cultural energy of the world came to center there. Thence on for five centuries, or precisely until the time China fell, ages of splendor in science, in philosophy, in literature and life, succeeded each other at Bagdad, Cordova, Cairo, and the cities of Persia. The Moslem mind was alert, rational, vigorous and speculative; from it we derive all the foundations of our science. Attacked in its central regions during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, first by the barbarous hordes of Europe, then by the still worse barbarians of Genghis Khan and his successors, the intense progressive energies of Islam suffered some eclipse; shortly before the fall of Hangchow, the Sung capital, Bagdad also fell to the Mongols — in 1258. But Islam had already — in that same half-century, passed on the light of culture to Europe, where a new day of civilization had just dawned. And its own day was not yet over by any means. Culture lived on in Andalusia, despite the efforts of Christian Spain to destroy it, until the fall of Granada in the fourteen-nineties. Persian literature showed no diminution of vigor until the death of Jami, its last great poet, in the same decade.

*More correctly China. The leaven of persecution had spread eastward to India: this was the age of the Brahmanical persecution of the Buddhists.

A great age of architecture lasted in Egypt until the Turkish conquest in the fifteen-twenties. In the fourteen-fifties the Ottomans took Constantinople, and a great age began among them; in material power at first; then, after the conquest of Egypt, in literature and culture as well. The heyday of Ottoman power lasted until the death of Suleyman the Magnificent in 1566. The empire grew until it included Asia west of the Tigris, the whole Balkan peninsula with overlordship over Hungary, and North Africa as far as to the boundaries of Morocco. The Black Sea was a Turkish lake; their navies dominated the Mediterranean; there was no power that could compete with them in Europe — not even Charles V's empire, or Philip II's Spain. Nothing but the Turkish menace prevented Charles from devoting his whole energy to stamping out the Reformation; and whatever else may be said of them, be it remembered that they alone, in the days of their greatness, practised religious toleration. They followed Mohammed in this, while all Europe was busy burning its heretics. It was in Turkey only that the Jews might find refuge; and the highest offices of state were open to Jews, Christians and Moslems alike.

In 1566 Suleyman died, and the Turkish power began to decline; although their literature maintained its vigor until 1720. In 1566 also, Akbar the Great came to the throne in India, and the great age of the Mogul Empire began. Twenty years later, and from 1586 to 1628, Persia was powerful under Abbas the Great, to whose court came envoys, petitioning favors, from all the greater powers of Europe; "the Persian," they said, "is our one protection against the Turk." The age of Abbas died with him; but India maintained its greatness under Akbar and his successors for about a hundred and fifty years. A great conqueror, Akbar was also a great reformer and law-giver, a wise humane ruler not unworthy to be named with Aśoka of old. He united Hindus and Mohammedans; practising absolute toleration, he presently went still further, and rejected all creeds for that Theosophy which underlies them. The sacred Sanskrit books were translated into Persian; and from these translations they were first done into the languages of the West. It has been said that no greater boon had come to Europe than the discovery of the Upanishads: for this we are indebted primarily to the large wisdom and illuminated policies of Akbar. — Under his grandson, Shah Jehan, in the second quarter of the seventeenth century, the Mogul Empire reached its culmination; from 1658 to 1707 it increased in size but diminished in stability; after the death of Aurangzeb it rapidly declined. With the decay of Turkish literature in the seventeen-twenties, the last faint glimmerings of twilight had vanished from the Moslem lands.

Now China, as we have seen, lasted as a fruitful center of civilization

from 240 B. C. to 1260 A. D., a matter of 1500 years. Is it not rather suggestive that, following the sun's course from east to west, the next great cycle of civilization rose about five centuries after the rise of the Chinese and perished about five centuries after its fall — having also lasted about fifteen hundred years? And farther, that its epochal dates all correspond to epochal dates in the Chinese cycle: — the rise of the Sassanids with the fall of the Hans; the Mission of Mohammed with the rise of the Tangs; the founding of Bagdad with the Tang decay; the fall of Bagdad with the fall of China? — And both these last with the dawn of civilization in Europe?

At this point one's eye seizes upon certain fresh facts to proceed upon. (1) The civilization whose rise immediately preceded that of the Chinese was European, Greek and Roman. (2) The civilization that rose next after the West Asiatic or Moslem, was (and is) also European — our own. (3) The civilization that immediately preceded the Greco-Roman was Western Asiatic, concerned with the Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Medish and Persian Empires. (4) Within our own memory, a new period seems to have begun in the Far East with the rise of Japan in the eighteen-seventies. In other words, periods or phases of civilization have followed each other, over-lapping, in regular order from east to west, thus: from Western Asia (Assyria and Egypt): to Europe (Greece and Rome); then back to China; then to Western Asia again (Sassanids and Moslems); then to Europe again; then (begging its pardon for not mentioning it before) to a new factor, America, with Columbus or the Pilgrim Fathers; then to the Far East again with the accession of the great Mutsuhito. It does seem as if we were coming on the rough outlines of a pattern, does it not? — as if there were some indications of a Law of History? Now, what facts have we to go upon for further investigation?

Slender facts enough, but still something. We have found that the only two of these periods of which we possess exact records from start to finish — the Chinese and the Mohammedan, each lasted for about fifteen centuries. Perhaps, then, that may be the right average length for any period of cultural energy in any given quarter of the globe; in a moment we will make trial of it. But if we are to speak of a regular cycle, there is need also to determine the length of the period elapsing between the death of one period, and the birth of the next in the same region — if there be indeed any such figure determinable. There is no question about the difficulty of determining it. In any case, the attempt to set dates for these things is very much like fixing the spot at which a wave begins to rise: at which the wave begins, and the trough ends. Still, we may tentatively try something. It sticks in my mind that Japan began to rise in the eighteen-seventies; the abolition of feudalism and the restoration of the Mika-

dos to power marks that decade clearly enough. Let us say, then, that a new Far Eastern Period began in 1870; between which date, and the passing of the old one in 1260, 610 years had elapsed. Let us try this figure.

If there is any correctness in it we should find that an age of activity in China ended 610 years before T'sin Che Hwangti in 240 B. c., and began 1500 years before that: lasted, that is to say, from 2350 to 850 B. c. Let us say right away that to anyone familiar with ancient Chinese history, these figures are startling; for these reasons: — Western scholars put no confidence in Chinese dates farther back than 850 B. c. or thereabouts; but the Chinese themselves go back with complete assurance to 2356 B. c. We do know that a period of national decline began in 850, or at any rate between 900 and 800. From that time the Chow Empire was steadily losing prestige until it fell completely before T'sin Che Hwangti in 240. But Chinese records for the ages before 850 or so are meager and unilluminating: lists of Chow kings back to 1123; of kings of the Shang and Hia dynasties back to 2205; these given with a few details; encomiums or strictures; stories to point a moral, and so on; as if the Chinese had largely forgotten the import of their ancient history, and merely preserved its skeleton — for the West, with reservations, to reject. No one seems to suspect that China had ever been much greater, in point of size or culture, than she was at the time of Confucius (500 B. c.). But in fact there are some rather striking evidences that she was: among them, Confucius' own continual pointing to antiquity for models of excellence in every department of life. Others may be found in the article 'Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History,' in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for December 1915. According to Confucian and all Chinese conceptions the Golden Age fell in the reigns of the Three Great Emperors that preceded the Hia Dynasty: Yao, Shun and Yu, the patriarchs and national saints and heroes of China. I said that a period of civilization should have extended back from 850 to 2350. Yao, the opener of the Golden Age, is said to have come to the throne in 2356; Chow China did decline from 850. These dates do rather curiously confirm our calculations — and the correctness of old Chinese chronology, I think. There was historically a decline from about the latter time; and traditionally a rise at about the former.

Now to turn to Western Asia: if the last period of culture began in 220 A. D., we should expect, using these figures, to find another ending about 390 B. c., having begun about 1890 B. c. Turning to our history books, we find that Assyria, originally a colony from Babylon, achieved its independence somewhere between 2000 and 1700 B. c., and presently entered on a course of empire building which ended in disaster in 608.

The New Egyptian Empire, so-called, is said to have been founded in 1620; it lasted until 525. In the five-fifties, Cyrus founded the Persian Empire, which showed at least no outward signs of decay until the Retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon in 400; it finally fell before Alexander in the three-thirties. Ploetz gives 1900 as an approximate date for the beginnings of Assyria; from that to 400 is 1500 years; our calculated dates were 1890 and 390; which correspond nearly enough, seeing that the actual figures are unknown.

But we should also expect here another earlier period, from 4000 to 2500 B. C. We find that the Old Babylonian or Chaldaean Empire did actually rise, according to the accepted chronology, in 4000 B. C., and fell before the Elamites somewhere about 2300. If that date is correct, we may suppose it, without too much stretching of the point, to have been declining for some time before its final fall. In Egypt, too, there was high imperial activity during this period. The date of Menes,* the traditional founder of the Old Egyptian Empire, is given by Lepsius as 3892; Brugsch puts it back into the five thousands; others put it much later; our 4000 would be a good average figure. Unquestionably there were previous great ages in Egypt; equally unquestionably a great age did begin somewhere about this time. It ended with the Hyksos conquest, which Lepsius puts at 2100; others earlier. So we find that our computation by cycles, using figures drawn from later Chinese history, answers very well for the three known periods of Western Asia.

Now for Europe I have been tempted to reverse my methods, and to begin with a date in remote antiquity calculated by Professor Dick of the Râja-Yoga College from data given by Madame Blavatsky in her *Secret Doctrine*. This date is 7200 B. C.; and according to Professor Dick's calculations, it should represent the time of the beginnings of the European Family Race, one of the branches of our Fifth Root-Race of Humanity. In claiming such great antiquity for civilization in Europe, it may be well to remind you that recent discoveries in Crete and elsewhere make the figures by no means extravagant; we know that there was high cultural activity in that continent in most remote ages; Stonehenge itself was not erected in the last few thousand years, nor by 'primitive' man. According to our figures, then, there should have been periods of activity between 7200 and 5700 B.C.; between 5090 and 3590; and between 2980 and 1480: of these, of course, we know nothing. But the next begins in 870 B.C. and ends in 630 A.D.; and here we are on historical ground. Rome was founded, according to tradition, in 753, a hundred and odd years after

*The date of Menes actually was many centuries earlier — as H. P. Blavatsky shows in *THE SECRET DOCTRINE*. But this is without prejudice to the fact that the inception of a phase of cultural and imperial greatness occurred about this time — which may have been the hundredth to have taken place on the Nile banks.

our date for the opening of the cycle; we may allow that much perhaps for the Etruscan culture that preceded Rome. In Greece, too, the historical phase of civilization would have begun about this time; though chronology is rather vague before the first Olympiad in 776. For the end of the age we have the year 630 A. D., when Heraclius, the last strong emperor of the East, was reigning at Constantinople; after whom all was descent and fall till the final extinction of the empire. Remember what an epochal time this was in the world's history: how some ten years before, the great Tangs had risen in China; and Mohammed had started things among the Arabs, by whom, or by whose successors, the Eastern Empire was finally to be wiped away. And it was in this very decade — the six-thirties, that the Arab armies first attacked the soldiers of Heraclius, driving all before them, and ruining forever his and his legions' prestige.

And finally we arrive at the date 1240 A. D. for that of the inception of modern Europe. It certainly did happen in the first half of the thirteenth century, during which culture was flowing into Christendom for the first time, from Moorish Spain and Sicily. Its protagonist was the Emperor Frederick II, King of Sicily; it was he who forcibly brought civilization into Italy from his native island-kingdom, which was still Mohammedan. His great opponent was the Pope; whom he fought and conquered with Moslem armies. In 1239, Frederick was excommunicated for his Moslem and civilizing tendencies, and went to war about it. In '41, his son Enzo won a naval victory at Elba which in its results was of more importance perhaps than any of Creasy's 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World'; just as Frederick himself is to be counted, though so little is generally known of him, as the greatest figure in western history since Mohammed — greater even than Napoleon. In '43 the Pope fled to France, and the southern gates of Europe were open for civilization to enter. From Frederick's universities at Naples and Salerno, where his Mohammedan professors taught the sciences and philosophy, the light passed up through Italy. Italian first became a language of culture at his court; ready when Dante came, a few decades later, for him to voice in it the first grand chapter of European literature. In the twelve-forties, too, the Papacy exterminated the Albigenses in France; but the blood of those martyrs became the seed of the church, and it is to their example we owe the spiritual daring of Huss, Wiclyff and Luther. So we may say that the European Cycle of Civilization did begin in the twelve-forties.

And we may say also, I think, that the whole scope of history, so far as it is known to us, does fall into a regular scheme of successive cycles. Does it not seem as if Law reigned in this sphere too?

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

International Brotherhood League Work The Friendship Fiesta in San Diego, of which a full account appeared in our June issue, and which we now illustrate by reproductions of a few of the items in the Lomaland division of that gorgeous pageant, was participated in by a considerable proportion of the military and naval forces now concentrating in this vicinity. And that event seems to have coincided with a new and strenuous output of activity on the part of the International Brotherhood League, (unsectarian) which has taken up the work of helping to raise the tone of life among the thousands upon thousands of recruits now beginning to make temporary homes near the city.

Mme. Tingley and her helpers, encouraged by the hearty co-operation of the military authorities, have already been in a position to carry out effective work in brightening the lives of these men, and even as we write, the nature of the response given is well illustrated by the fact that fully a thousand of them, during a practice-march from their encampment, are now spending some hours in the grounds of Lomaland, enjoying the invigorating sea-breeze and the beauties of nature surrounding them.

During the past few weeks the Isis Theater Lecture Hall, enlarged and converted into a reading, writing and rest room for the use of soldiers and sailors, has twice a week been the scene of a number of unique entertainments, consisting of dramatic and musical selections, national costume dances, lantern-slide lectures, etc., and they are popular among many of both services.

Meanwhile a very commodious building in the old Exposition Grounds, Balboa Park, where there is a large encampment, was placed at Mme. Tingley's disposal for similar International Brotherhood League work, and the first entertainment took place on the evening of July 12th. Appended is an extract from the *San Diego Union*, describing this event.

A SPECIAL and interesting program, including several musical and dramatic selections, was presented in the Standard Oil building at Balboa Park last night, as the first of a series of entertainments to be given for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors stationed here, by Madame Tingley of the International Brotherhood League, with headquarters at Point Loma. The building used for the entertainment will be converted into a reading and writing room for the enlisted men, and will be conducted under the supervision of Mme. Tingley.

The program was opened with selections by the Râja-Yoga College Band, and followed by introductory remarks by Iverson L. Harris, a member of the League. Mr. Harris welcomed the enlisted men to the organization, and told them of the plans that are being formed for their benefit. He also told them of the history of the International Brotherhood League, which was founded in 1897 by Mme. Tingley.

Colonel J. P. O'Neil, commander of the 21st Infantry, expressed thanks for the interest Mme. Tingley is taking in the fighting boys, and he also told them to visit often the new home of the International Brotherhood League and get a true environment of home.

Col. O'Neil paid a tribute to the work done for the soldiers by Mme. Tingley and her workers at Montauk, saying that he was one of the thousands returning on the transports after the order came for the soldiers to leave Cuba, and that the tents of the International Brotherhood League at Montauk were the only spot in the entire place where one could get real care and comfort. He expressed cordial endorsement of the work begun by the League at Balboa Park, filling as it will a great place in the lives of men away from their mothers, sisters and homes, and he concluded by saying: "I want you to come here, not occasionally, but as much as you can. The more you come the better men you will be."

Rex Dunn, accompanied by Miss Margaret Hanson, gave a violin solo 'Meditation,' from *Thais*. The young students of the Rāja-Yoga Academy gave several Swedish dances, after which a piano duet was given by Magda Liagre of Belgium and Aina von Greyerz of Sweden. Iverson L. Harris, Jr. gave a clarinet solo.

After a short intermission the program was resumed and choruses from *As You Like It* were sung by students from Point Loma. John Davidson and Ross White told funny stories of the South. 'Three Little Maids from School,' from *The Mikado*, was sung by Misses Hazel Oetli, Dorothy Copeland and Margaret Hanson. George Davenport sang 'A Little Bit of Heaven' and several other Irish songs.

Franklin F. Grant, representing the Park Board, expressed the Board's cordial appreciation and hearty approval of the work inaugurated, and urged the enlisted men to come to all entertainments whenever possible.

Mme. Tingley spoke briefly, expressing her gratitude to Col. O'Neil for making it possible for her to open this work for the soldiers in so large a way. She spoke of her great interest in the enlisted men and outlined some of her plans for their entertainment, including dramatic work on a large scale.

The evening closed with refreshments served by the young ladies. The spacious rooms were crowded, and many were turned away for want of room.

With reference to Col. J. P. O'Neil's remarks, it will be of interest to our readers to recall the following facts. Mme. Tingley herself is the daughter of an officer in the Civil War, and was with her father in camp a part of the time. Although a mere child, she was once found among the wounded soldiers at dead of night, accompanied by a faithful colored nurse, caring for some of the men who had been overlooked.

In 1898, when the Fifth Corps of the United States regular troops returned to the States, many of them desperately ill with tropical fever, Mme. Tingley established a hospital for soldiers under the auspices of the war relief corps of the International Brotherhood League at Montauk Point, Long Island. Here many thousands of soldiers were nursed and otherwise relieved, and hundreds of lives were saved.

The report of this work, carried to President McKinley by General 'Joe' Wheeler, who was in command of the work at Montauk, resulted in an offer from President McKinley, extended through Assistant Secretary of War Meiklejohn, to give Mme. Tingley and her workers free transpor-

tation to Cuba, Porto Rico and Manila, and the privilege of establishing hospital camps in these places. The relief work best known to San Diego is that done by Mme. Tingley and her students at the time of the terrible *Bennington* disaster in Silver Gate harbor a few years ago, when scores of brave sailors lost their lives.

Mme. Tingley is peculiarly in sympathy with soldiers and sailors, whose special problems and difficulties are so often little understood, but whose opportunities are so great, representing as they do a great protective body. She considers it a mistaken idea that soldiers need to be preached to as if they were quite separate from other classes, but holds that they are all brothers and that it is possible for them to contribute to the moral uplift of San Diego while they are here. She also holds that the discipline of their special calling gives them opportunities that many do not have.

Isis Theater Meetings

During June and July the audiences on Sunday evenings have consisted largely of enlisted military and naval men, and as this period of history is one of exceptional interest, we cannot refrain from culling

a few extracts from these recent lectures, which there would not be space enough to give *in extenso*.

... "The soldiers have come to us like coming to their own. They are like our own, who have come back to us for something more than the jingoism of music and flattery and light and frivolous entertainment. Innocent entertainment is delightful, and everything that will help the soldiers to be merrier and in a pure, sweet and clean way, they should have; but they need our love; they need our attention; they may live and become the workers, citizens and lawmakers of our country.

"Everyone of our cities has its abominations. Solomon enumerated seven: 'A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations; feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.' That was in the old days; and we have many more. So we cannot set ourselves up in much pride. Our duty is to see if we cannot stand between the abominations mentioned by Solomon and those which I have not mentioned, which are fully as serious, and those young men who have come to our city. We have a duty to see if we cannot fashion our thoughts and our actions in such a way that we shall touch their minds and bring about a balance in their lives. Every city in the United States has its iniquity, and it seems to me that there ought to be a number of people in San Diego who would be ready to form themselves into an association to add to the moral tone of our city and to give an incentive to soldiers that will build them up for a true life; build them to meet death, if they must meet it, more courageously and understandingly, knowing the laws of life and prepared to build for their country, and for those duties that will be theirs if they live."

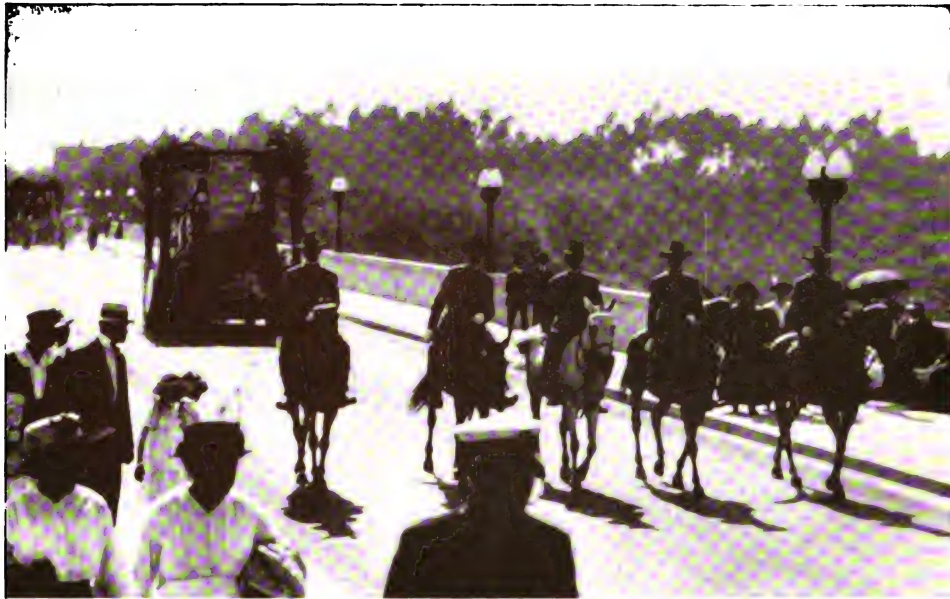
...
"One of the keynotes is discipline — not harsh discipline, but self-disci-



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THE 'FRIENDSHIP FIESTA,' SAN DIEGO, JUNE 23D, 1917

Uncle Sam and Don Mexico — who headed the Lomaland division of the Great Parade, standing for their pictures on the Plaza, Balboa Park



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**PART OF THE LOMALAND DIVISION ENTERING BALBOA PARK
OVER CABRILLO BRIDGE**

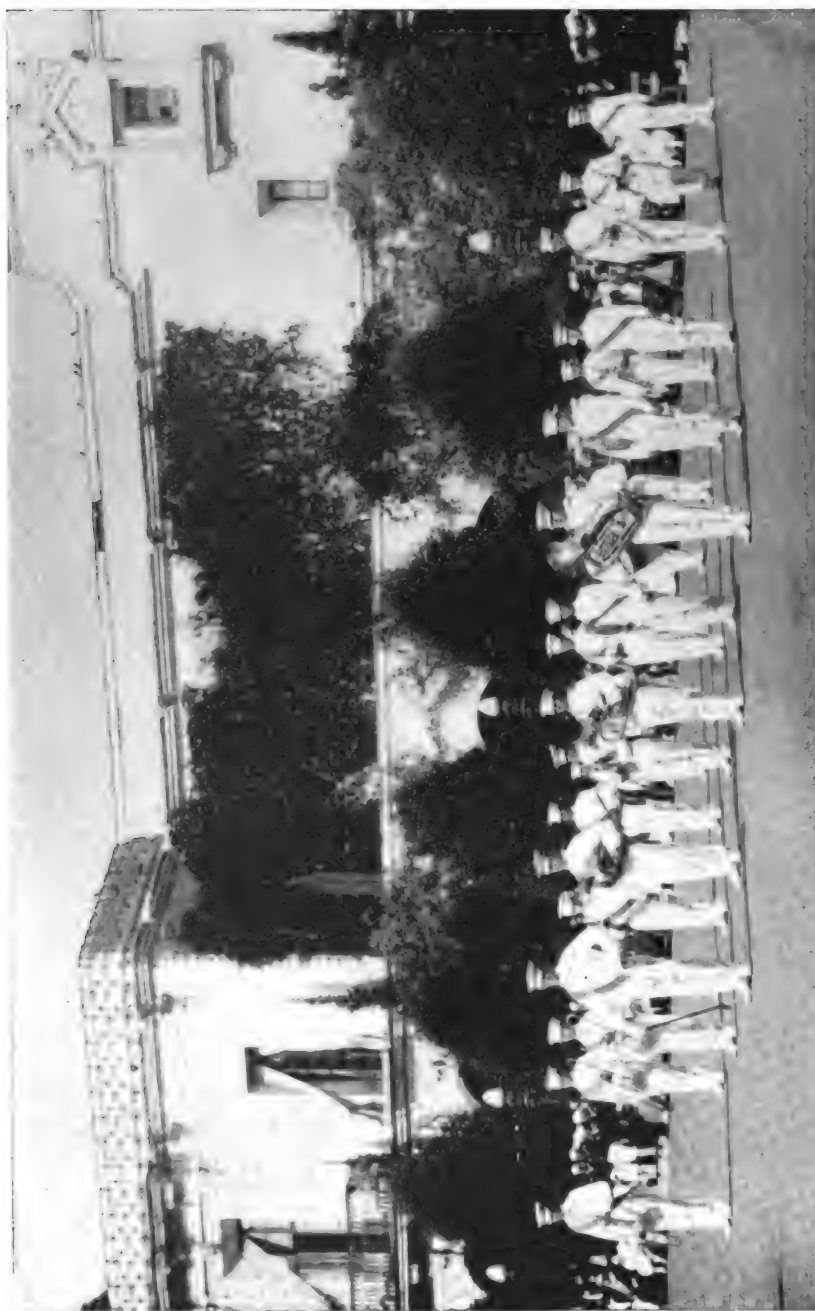
**OFFICIALS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ON HORSEBACK
FLOAT WITH SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS**

**FLOAT ILLUSTRATING THE GLORY OF GREECE AND
SHAKESPEARE'S 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM'**



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**GREEK FLOAT, PRECEDED BY VOTARIES OF ATHENA
AND ATHENIAN SOLDIERS
JUNIOR STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY AND SCHOOL**



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THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND IN THE PLAZA AT BALBOA PARK

Before the Grand Review Stand

pline, in each day; and when you boys, and all the boys of the army and navy, and all the boys of the world, get to a point where no matter how harsh discipline may seem in its outer aspect, you can interpret it and meet it on lines of least resistance and be able to say, 'I can hold on and go through with it,' such an experience will help to bring out and evolve and strengthen the better side of your nature; and, after a while, it will become the pride and joy of your life, and you will love discipline, just as you love the sunshine. You will come to look upon it as a part of your own being.

"The real discipline, the higher discipline, is moral discipline, beginning with yourself. It is to live a life of right action and nobility, to find your souls, your divinity, yourselves, and to live out the fullness of your knowledge for the betterment of all the world."

"The first note struck in Madame Blavatsky's heart was the note of sympathy, and with it there was an indomitable will, aiming to do something to help humanity. The message that she gave was nothing new; it was the old teachings that had been given ages before."

Speaking of the basic work of the Theosophical Society she said: "It is not to reform the world upon any set line or system; it is simply to bring the message to young and old, to the discouraged and the helpless, a message of brotherhood, not merely in words, but in deeds; because Theosophy must be of real service, must be practised; it must be lived.

"Theosophy fights for justice for us all: to the rich and the poor, to all classes, the weak and the strong, and the so-called criminals and unfortunate women and drunkards; it fights to give them another chance.

"Theosophists do not believe in lip-prayer in the ordinary sense, and yet Theosophy interprets prayer most beautifully. The man who aspires to do a noble thing, and from his heart is reaching out to do it, who seeks the inner sanctum of his own life and soul, and prays for light and help, receives these from the Immortal Source — but not by any special favor. To the Theosophist prayer is work, service, justice to one's self and justice to one's neighbor, and a constant endeavor to bring about higher laws and nobler expressions of justice and a larger love for all that breathes."

A PREDICTION

"We must have a larger compassion in the making and in the readjustment of our laws, in the building up of the high ideals of this republic, in the building up of soul-life." Thus Madame Tingley concluded her lecture at Isis Theater last evening before a large audience in which the army and navy were well represented, her main theme being 'The Soul of a Nation.' Referring to the pioneers who had become so chastened by suffering that they had the insight and foresight to build for the future in framing the Declaration of Independence, and later the Constitution of the United States, she said:

"Just so far as Americans have worked in harmony and in consonance with those splendid and inspiring principles, just so far has our country pros-

pered; and just so far as we have digressed from those principles, have we lost our way; and so it seems to me a good time to talk about the soul of a nation. But what is the soul of a nation? To me it is the aggregation of those thoughts and feelings, actions and ideals, which are backed by the divine quality in man."

Calling attention to the spirit of commercialism, love of territory, love of power and self-aggrandizement that are so marked in life today, the lecturer declared that America stood in as much danger from these disintegrating and materialistic forces as from the nation with which we are at war. She made a strong appeal to her hearers to bring their minds into harmony with the spirit of true Americanism that they might support more understandingly its great principles: freedom of speech, liberty of conscience and absolute separation of religion and state; saying, "To be defenders of principle is a very great thing, but to be defenders of those principles which are supported by the divine law, and appeal to the divine side of man, is more than all else."

She declared that the present was a time when all, more particularly the soldiers, should go beyond the lessons they had learned in school and from the experiences of daily life, and get at the real spirit of America, so that whatever steps they may take in the future they will be fortified by a deeper knowledge that will sustain them through all.

With word-pictures drawn from history, personal experience, and the daily round of human life, the speaker illustrated the leading principles of Theosophy, particularly those which throw light upon the problems of death, of duty and of suffering. She spoke particularly of the compassion of these great laws of life, saying, "We must not lose sight of the divine side of our natures even in dealing with our enemies, and we must cultivate with every thought and act a quality of compassion that we have never had before.

"Death in the light of Theosophy is thought of as a rebirth," said the lecturer, making a clear picture of the two selves, the higher and immortal self of man, and the lower self, which belongs to earth. It is the higher which is the real self, "and the reality of life is what men and women must learn to know.

"Within the course of a few years," Madame Tingley declared, "most surprising things will come about, and within even six months there will be some surprising results, things little dreamed of, so that we shall stand appalled; and in trying to find answers to our questions we shall have to admit that there is a power higher than we dream of; that the universal law, which is divine, is working in the hearts and minds of men; and that in spite of the adverse forces which impede the advancement and progress of man and the peace of nations, there is a superb and wonderful undercurrent, an outflow and inflow of spiritual life which exists in us all. When we can concentrate our minds on the possibility of being factors in the universe, working with the higher law, then we shall see on this plane many wonderful things. It will be as though the universal law had stooped to touch our hearts and minds."

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AUGUST 1917

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA 1917

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

"THAT which is that subtile essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Śvetaketu, art it."

"Please, Sir, inform me still more," said the son.

"Be it so, my child," the father replied.

"Place this salt in water, and then wait on me in the morning."

The son did as he was commanded. The father said to him:

"Bring me the salt, which you placed in the water last night."

The son having looked for it, found it not, for, of course, it was melted.

The father said: "Taste it from the surface of the water. How is it?"

The son replied: "It is salt."

"Taste it from the middle. How is it?"

The son replied: "It is salt."

"Taste it from the bottom. How is it?"

The son replied: "It is salt."

The father said: "Throw it away and then wait on me."

He did so, but salt exists for ever.

Then the father said: "Here also, in this body, forsooth, you do not perceive the True (Sat), my son; but there indeed it is.

"That which is the subtile essence, in it all that exists has self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Śvetaketu, art it."

"That which is the subtile essence, in it all that exists has self. It is the Self, and thou, O Śvetaketu, art it."

—An extract from a very celebrated dialog of the *Chhândogyopanishad*,
translated by Max Müller

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

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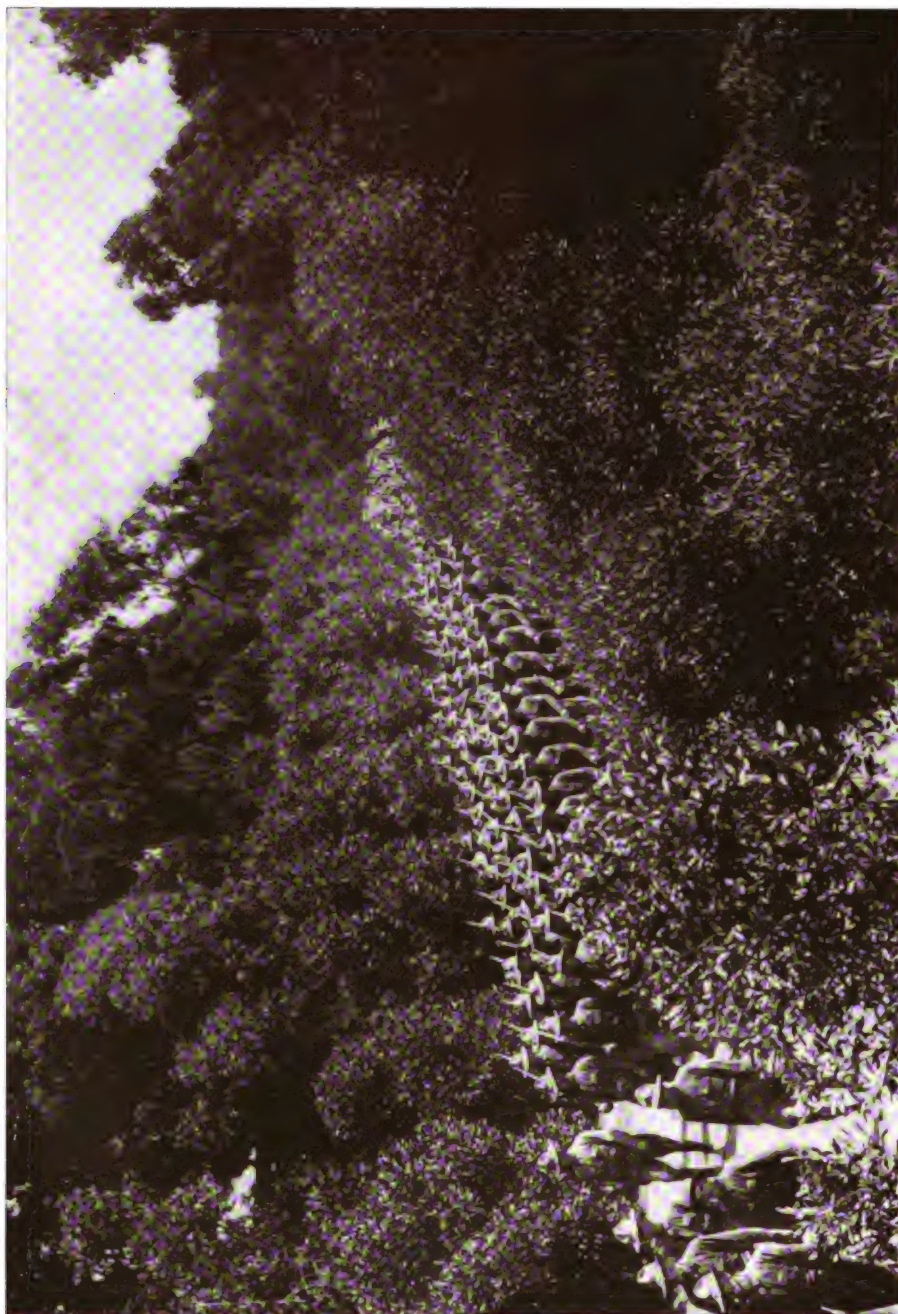
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Point Loma, California

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A GLIMPSE OF THE WOODLAND AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING SOLDIERS OF THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY
PASSING THROUGH FOR AN ENCAMPMENT UNDER THE TREES BY THE SEA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII

AUGUST, 1917

NO. 2

Compassion is the law of laws — eternal harmony.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

COMPASSION AND WISDOM: by T. Henry, M. A.

THERE is often more in a quotation than is gotten out of it at first sight, and the above may be a case in point. At first sight, it might seem to mean merely that compassion is a very great thing and a fundamental principle in the universe. But closer attention brings out the connexion which the quotation makes between justice and mercy: compassion is a law, and the greatest of laws; it is the highest justice; it is eternal harmony — universal adjustment. In Shakespeare's well-known passage, mercy is represented as something superior to justice, a divine principle which over-rules justice and seasons it. "Earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice." "Mercy is above the sceptred sway; it is enthroned in the *heart* of kings, it is an attribute to God himself." Here, of course, justice is limited and set in contrast to that mercy which it excludes, or to that nobler form which justice assumes when it is seasoned with mercy. One might argue that such justice is not real justice at all but only human justice; and that human justice becomes divine or real justice when the element of mercy combines with it. On the plane of ordinary human intelligence, we see things not as wholes but piecemeal — by their several aspects. At one time the justice impresses us; at another time the mercy; and justice and mercy seem to be separate and opposite. But, as each of them becomes more perfected and refined, they approximate and blend; and, in proportion as our intelligence becomes sublimated, we are able to discern better the essential unity which otherwise reveals itself only in separate aspects. When justice and mercy seem to be opposed, it is because our conception of each of them is imperfect. A man may be just; a man may be merciful; but the divine love and wisdom know no such difference; mercy and justice are one; the "eye is single" and not double.

The doctrine of Compassion is founded on truth and is philosophically valid. 'The Two Paths' is the title of one of the divisions of H. P. Blavatsky's book, '*The Voice of the Silence*'; and this section defines clearly the difference between the true teachings and those of certain schools which teach that compassion has nothing to do with the attainment of wisdom.

If thou art told that to become Arhan [a perfected man] thou hast to cease to love all beings — tell them they lie. If thou art told that to gain liberation thou hast to hate thy mother and disregard thy son; to disavow thy father and call him 'householder'; for man and beast all pity to renounce — tell them their tongue is false. Thus teach the Tirthikas, the unbelievers.

We can trace the beginnings of an attempt to divorce ethics from knowledge, in the utterances of some people who, claiming to speak in the translated name of science, would have us believe that science is colorless and that good motives and feelings only upset the mental equilibrium of the savant. In some of the defenses of vivisection we can see much the same thing. Theosophists oppose vivisection quite as much for its effect on the vivisector as for any other reason. If its practice entails a purposeful hardening of the nature and drugging of the merciful feelings, then such practice means a starting out on a path that leads on towards — soul-suicide.

The law of Karma is usually defined as universal justice; but we must beware lest this definition give rise to an idea of ruthlessness and indifference. Though it may be necessary to avoid such an expression as 'the will of God', because that would suggest the personal God of theology and various narrow ideas connected therewith; yet it will not do to go to another extreme and put a mechanical scientific God at the head of the universe. If the universe is the sum-total of intelligent beings (of whom man is one kind), the universal law must be the expression of these intelligences; and it may be doubted whether such a thing as a purely mechanical action exists anywhere, in the great workings or in the minute details. What the Eternal Harmony is we can only dimly conjecture; love, wisdom, and power are the three aspects under which we consider it. How can our mere minds synthesize these three into one?

The two schools of Occultism spoken of above are elsewhere styled the Heart-Doctrine and the Head-Doctrine, and their fundamental difference is clearly and emphatically described in *'The Voice of the Silence.'* The one, as said, is founded on compassion, while the other brushes aside compassion as an obstacle. This latter aims at the attainment of power and the satisfaction of desire; those who follow it are 'Black Magicians,' and all whose art belongs to the night side of Nature. As examples of great Teachers of the Heart-Doctrine, we need but point to the Buddha and Jesus, about whose basic teaching there can be no possibility of mistake. And, so far from setting compassion in opposition to Wisdom, they make it the basis of Wisdom, the means of attaining Wisdom. The Wisdom of the Heart is superior to Head-learning. The latter, unilluminated by the former, means in the end destruction. There is danger that science may wander off along the wrong track and lend itself to the teachings of the left-hand school — teachings which, however much they may

be trumpeted as new and advanced, are in fact as ancient and retrogressive as is Error itself.

Theosophy proclaims the Doctrine of the Heart, and has to oppose everything that sets up a lesser standard in opposition to the truth, especially when that standard is falsely described as Theosophical.

The predominant civilization of today is at a stage of its growth where there is much activity of those intellectual faculties which deal with physical science and its applications; but where there is also great ignorance and perplexity about the essential nature of man and his destiny, and about the nature of the universe and the fundamental laws of existence. In short, the mental development of this civilization is at present very uneven. That part of the mind which we have cultivated so highly is not adapted to the attainment of the kind of knowledge whereof the race stands in need. On the contrary, it would seem that a further extension of knowledge along the same lines as heretofore, without any leaven of deeper knowledge, would only lead us into greater complexity and disunion. New discoveries do not settle questions, but merely open up new problems. Under these circumstances, what is needed is *intuition*.

Man is essentially a *thinker*, and *thought* constitutes his real world. In regarding man as thinking mind, we are at once faced with the fact that this mind is under dual control and oscillates continually between two contrary influences. The one that tends downward arises from the action of the bodily passions on the mind; for these arouse desires and selfish ambitions, and create anger and many other forms of delusion. The prevalence of such influences in our civilization has kept us in a state of ignorance and confusion as to the important facts and laws of life. What, for instance, has become of the great truths of Karma and Reincarnation? And what a confusion is our philosophy of life because of the lack of a knowledge of these truths! Or what do we know of the heredity of the human race, forced, as we have been, to choose between uninforming dogmatic assertions on the one hand and the speculations of materialistic science as to man's merely physical origin on the other hand? We are told that certain animal instincts found in man are inviolable laws of his nature and must be recognised as such and legislated for. Children are regarded as subjects for endless and multiform experimentation in education. There is so much 'head-learning', such a vast and complicated structure of abstract theories, that the simple facts are lost sight of, and the problem grows more complex and bewildering the more we philosophize over it. All that is necessary is to inculcate in children habits of self-knowledge and self-control; but this necessitates the existence of the same qualities in the parents and teachers, which again means that they must have constant recourse to that superior fount of knowledge just spok-

en of under the name of intuition, which gives certainty of action.

Able writers have shown mankind as passing from the simple healthy state of nature-life to the complicated and troubled life of civilization; and have asked themselves whether civilization is really the final stage preceding the extinction of a race, or whether there is a higher stage of simplicity and health to be reached after man has passed through the afflictions of civilized life. Does a Golden Age follow, as well as precede, the Iron Age? The practical point in this is that we cannot go back to barbaric ignorance; and, as we yearn for health and simplicity, we must reach them by going forward. A primitive man would be free from our problems because his mind would be still undeveloped; instinct would suffice him, as it does the animals. But we, with our complex minds, need a superior faculty to superintend them. Ancient philosophies tell us that ignorance is caused by the passions clouding the mind, so that it oscillates in a continual vibration, instead of reflecting like a mirror the light of the spiritual sun of intuition; and they enjoin the tranquilizing of the mind by self-study and dispassion. No other way to master passions and emotions exists than to eliminate personality, with its vexing storms of pride, jealousy, anger, and lust; and to escape into a larger freer life where we feel ourselves one with Nature and with our fellow-man. So we get back once more to the Law of Compassion, the greatest of laws, as the road to Wisdom and Happiness.

Surely the present state of the world has sufficiently demonstrated that a higher wisdom is needed than that on which we have been relying. Apart from the immediate troubles incidental to the war, and apart from the problems that will arise as soon as the war is over, there are the troubles that were in existence before it began, such as the alarming growth of pulmonary tuberculosis and other enfeebling diseases, the increase of subtle vices, the general trend in many different respects towards an unmanageable complexity, and in short the whole problem of disintegration which threatens our civilization. And yet, as a remedy, people are seeking larger and yet larger doses of the very medicine that is so largely involved in causing the evil. We have many clever writers proposing all sorts of schemes along the old lines; but the bare idea of intrusting the actual management of affairs to such theorists fills us with alarm. Yet, when aspiring to return to the simplicity of old-time morals, we find ourselves in danger of falling a prey to the forces of reaction and dogmatism. Theosophy alone offers an escape from both extremes to the sane path.

Love and Wisdom have their counterparts in lust and cunning; and just as the latter pair constitute an evil alliance fraught with horror and disaster, so the union of the two former is man's salvation. And love in this sense means compassion and harmony, which also are true Wisdom.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Prof. Daniel de Lange*

PART IV

N *The Secret Doctrine* (I,464) H. P. Blavatsky says:

When included under the arts and sciences of the fourth race, the Atlanteans, the phenomenal manifestation of the four elements, justly attributed by the believers in Cosmic gods to the intelligent interference of the latter, assumed a scientific character. The *magic* of the ancient priests consisted, in those days, in addressing *their gods in their own language*. "The speech of the men of the earth cannot reach the Lords. Each must be addressed in the language of his respective element"—is a sentence which will be shown pregnant with meaning. '*The Book of Rules*' cited adds as an explanation of the nature of that *Element-language*: "It is composed of *sounds*, not words; of sounds, numbers and figures. He who knows how to blend the three, will call forth the response of the superintending Power" (the regent-god of the specific element needed.)

Thus this 'language' is that of *incantations* or of MANTRAS, as they are called in India, sound being *the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and the Immortals*.

In these few words H. P. Blavatsky gives a more complete and accurate image of what music actually is, than most of the authors who write long dissertations on this subject. In general the treatises express only the external side of musical art; these few words depict the internal side of it. And it is because these authors have not treated music as an inherent part of human life that they have not succeeded in giving us a definition of what is the true meaning of music.

Since the decline of Greek civilization we do not find any epoch in history in which musical art occupies the place it ought to occupy in every well organized society. Surely, epochs of brilliant musical culture can be cited, but they are not interwoven with the public life of the nations. In general one or a few men of extraordinary talent marked such epochs. These men were surrounded by a certain number of persons, their admirers and adulators, but their lives were not in touch with the common life of the people, and consequently their art was a mere adornment of life, suitable only for those who lived in thoughts and feelings outside, perhaps beyond, the life of the so-called common people. Although the place that music occupied in these epochs shows that its character as a divine language was unconsciously recognised by the few, yet its influence on the mind and soul of the average man was very, very small. Shall we judge harshly of those who did not know that musical art, *i. e.*, sound, is part of the language of the gods? How can we, knowing as we do that even the great artists—although they may be considered as initiates—often misunderstood the language of the gods, and, consequently, misused it? The fault is not with the artists; they simply

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represent a kind of quintessence of the thoughts and feelings of mankind at the epoch in which they live; nor again, is the fault with those who recognise that although this art is misused yet the divine spark is present in it. We only ask, What is the cause of the deterioration of musical art? The answer is not very difficult for him whose mind has been directed to the only reality that exists in the Universe. Of course that reality teaches him and shows clearly that all that exists is but one unity, that all forms represent but one great, inseparable, indivisible oneness. So the cause for the deterioration of musical art will be found in the spiritual condition of the human race. Humanity has not only lost sight of the real significance of musical art but also of life itself. If man would try to learn to understand the meaning of life, he would know that music — being part of the language of the gods — is a part of life; and cannot be misused or neglected without seriously interfering with man's higher nature. Then he would know that music is implicated in his soul-life; and he would begin to learn to express his ideas in a language entirely different from that which he commonly uses. For, to understand the language of the gods, man must have conquered his lower nature; it is only then that he can begin to understand the voices of the leaves, of the forest, of the birds, of the flowers, and — of the silence. It is in the silence that his comprehension of the profoundest meaning of the divine language develops in the most beautiful way; and in the deepest sense.

Before drawing any conclusion we must remember that the vibrations produced by musical sounds and their combinations correspond with figures, so that we might say: when listening to music our mind enjoys not only the vibrations which we call sounds, but unconsciously it enjoys at the same time the numbers and figures which form part of the language of the gods.

Thereby arises an important question, *viz.*, can a man's mind possibly attend to two things at the same time? The physical faculties are not able to do so; for example: if the eye is fixed on a certain point it can but vaguely see the surroundings of that point. Everyone can prove this by looking at a fixed point. He will notice that the surroundings of that point are perceived but vaguely; and that, although they influence the impressions which the point makes on the mind, these details cannot be noticed without losing sight of the point itself.

The same impression is made on the ear when hearing music. Possibly the trained musicians will not agree with this. They may think that they can hear many sounds at the same time, but if they will examine the question seriously they will find that, when listening to music, they only catch *one* part, the other parts being only of secondary influence on

the impressions which the principal part makes on their minds. Unconsciously Wagner, when treating of the reproduction of masterpieces, expresses the same idea and points out, that the principal question in a reproduction is to lay stress on the fundamental musical idea of the composer. True, the musical idea can be divided among different parts of the composition, but two parts can never be of equal importance. In such a case it would be simply impossible to reproduce the idea of the composer, for, if the two parts were performed with the same strength of sound no hearer could distinguish them; it simply would make the impression of an agglomeration of sounds without any musical significance.

But the most decisive argument is to be found in speech — it is absolutely impossible to listen to two speakers at the same time; it is impossible to catch even the words, not to speak of the ideas.

Taking for granted that this is so, we ask: Is man's mind able to take into account the two other qualities (numbers and figures), when listening to music, or do they simply form a background? The reverse of this might be possible; and then figures or numbers would evoke a sort of music in the mind of him who mentally is able to grasp that side of the language of the gods. But surely one of the three qualities will predominate while the two others form simply a background. And, in that case, why is it that at one time sound, at another time numbers, and still another time figures, will come to the front? Does this depend on the disposition of the human being who tries by these means to approach the gods? Or is it influences from the outside which cause the preponderance of the one or the other element? If sounds are predominant the impression will be very vague; if figures the impression will be less vague; but if numbers our mind will be able to build up a kind of tangible form: by which we mean a form tangible to the mind or imagination not to the physical power of observation. But it will depend upon the dispositions and faculties of the mind, which of these three qualities will most affect our imagination.

After our remarks on the impossibility of seeing and hearing more than one subject at the same time, it is evident that, as long as man only uses his physical faculties, he will never be able to realise either the significance or the beauty of the language of the gods. H. P. Blavatsky quotes especially the words from '*The Book of Rules*' which give the explanation, — "He who knows how to blend the three, will call forth the response of the superintending Power." So, in order to advance aright in music, we must begin by purifying our minds of every materialistic idea, so that they may become fit for the training which our spiritual nature demands. And it is only after this purification of the mind, and

after its thorough spiritual training that true music can awake in the soul and be understood. As soon as such a degree of development has been reached music begins to occupy an entirely different place in man's life. It is no longer a combination of sounds heard consecutively or simultaneously; no, every combination represents a figure and a number, it is an expression of soul-life.

This conception of music is in no way related to the so-called 'Program Music' of modern times. While the latter tries to express ideas and even objects on the material plane, true music, on the other hand, tries to reflect ideas and feelings on the spiritual plane. This also is the reason why true music makes a far greater impression when not reproduced by material sounds but when heard by the spiritual ear of man. When meditating on the problems of the inner life it may happen that sounds, never heard in the material world, begin to resound in the silence; they speak of beauty never dreamt of before, they may seem unreal to our physical understanding, formless —, and yet they have a form; we know at such moments that they are more true, more real, than the most real reality we can experience in ordinary life; they tell us of the only reality that exists and that never, never, can be known except in such moments of the highest possible ecstasy.

Viewed from this standpoint we see that musical training is a part of the spiritual training of mankind. Both are intimately linked together. Indeed, we may go much further and state that music can only be awakened in man's soul in moments when the higher self is predominant. Ask the great poets, the painters, or the composers. Do they know how they produce their works of art? They do not. It is under the influence of the higher Self, the divine spark, in moments of ecstasy that they do their work! Who knows, perhaps they may be absolutely unconscious of the great things they do, and realise only the significance of their work after having finished it. For we all know that great artists much more than average men are the tools or instruments of the gods.

The nearer mankind approaches to the gods the more will the artistic intuition develop, and men will be better able to reproduce their ideas in a more lofty and spiritual form. Not until humanity has learned to realise that music is part of the language of the gods; not until music has become a part of life itself — consciously, not unconsciously as it still is — in the mind of all mankind; not until musical training is conducted in a way in which everyone can enjoy the impressions of the musical masterpieces when reading them without help of the physical ear, and not until everyone can express his inmost aspirations and deeper spiritual feelings in melodies truly his own; not until then will music exert the influence it ought to exert on the spiritual life of mankind.



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**RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE PICNIC GROUNDS TO CELEBRATE THE BIRTHDAY
ANNIVERSARY OF MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY, JULY 6, 1917**



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

KATHERINE TINGLEY AND SOME OF HER GUESTS ENJOYING THE PROGRAM
GIVEN BY THE RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS ON THE SAME OCCASION

Madame Tingley is the fourth from the right, leaning on the table.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GROUP OF THE YOUNGER RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS RENDERING AN ACTION-SONG
ON THIS HAPPY OCCASION



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.


AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, JULY 6, 1917

J. Frank Knoche, General Manager of the Theosophical Homestead, recounting some of the 'Victories Along the Way'

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART THREE — STYLE

CHAPTER I — ITS BEGINNINGS: STYLE IN THE BALLADS

 HETHER 'Style' is the best word to use for this third basic quality of poetry that we are to consider now, I do not know. It is also *form*, and the spiritual urge or pressure that produces form; essentially it is strength — the thing presided over by Gwron in our trinity, and Gwron is the God of strength and heroism. But it is a strength manifesting in delicacy; a spiritual quality; there is nothing of the bull-at-a-gate in it. Says Matthew Arnold: "Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it." He took great pains to explain this of style; and needless to say, all he says on it is invaluable.

At the apex of it he puts what he calls the Grand Manner; and to make clear the meaning of that, quotes these lines from *Paradise Lost*:

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, *unchanged*
To hoarse or mule, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round.

—"There," he says, "is the grand style in perfection; and anyone who has a sense for it will feel it a thousand times better from repeating those lines than from hearing anything I can say about it. Let us try, however, what can be said, controlling what we say by examples. I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject."

That definition, he thinks, "will be found to cover all instances of the grand style in poetry which present themselves," and "to exclude all poetry which is not in the grand style." That is true; and yet one feels that there is something further to be said: that it is a definition which accepts accomplished facts, but throws no clear illumination on their origin. Perhaps its weakness lies in the words *poetically gifted*: in seeking to cover a universal mystery with a couple of words equally mysterious. . . . One feels that it is rather a *scientific* definition: one that classifies effects and appearances, but omits to explain them.

What is left unsaid — the explanation — is, I think, something like this:

Man's nature is dual: a personality, mortal and trivial, whose consciousness is generally directed by passion, instinct, intellect; and an

Impersonality, of which we know hardly anything but that it is divine, unstainable, august and of eternal existence. It influences the lower man as it may, moving him to whatever nobility may be found in him. It is this divine part that we call the Soul. It is spiritual; an emanation from the One Spirit, the Oversoul.

Spirit, descending into matter, produces form; it causes the material to assume form. The form evolves into definition, into beauty; it grows refined as the deific inspiration takes hold upon it. From formlessness, form is evolved; the form becomes ever diviner and more lovely; transparent to the Spirit, luminous; and at last melts into that which is ideal Form and No-form. Thus for us men all real growth is towards the spiritual; it implies that personality should become impersonality; passion, dispassion and compassion; strife, peace. When we are moved in that direction we may say: It is the Soul that moves us; it is the grand immortality stirring within.

Style is the glow, in words, of the fire of the Soul. It is the grand action, the self-sacrifice, the heroism, of speech. A Cromwell, big with vision, comes into the House of Commons to find shallow fanatics jabbering there while the fate of England hangs in the balance. The vision burns up, so challenged, in this halting-speeched, unwordy warrior, and he cries out, pointing to the Mace: *Take away that bauble!* It was the symbol of all legal authority in England; and because they were misusing legal authority, it stood in the way of the Soul of England; very well — *Take away that bauble!* — What are you to call it but the Grand Manner? So would Cromwell's Latin Secretary have spoken; who of all men known was the grandest master of the Grand Manner.

Matthew Arnold's 'certain condition of spiritual excitement' comes of a *rapproch* between Soul and mind and organs of speech. When that happens, the words become a fennel-stalk for Prometheus, and the fire is brought down in them from heaven. Flaming rhetoric has nought to do with this; passion has passed into a severity of compassion; the red glow has given place to the white, and all noise to a lofty quiet. Superfluity of words, as an impertinence, has been burned away.

The God in Man has to be about its business, before this is attained. There are divine forms basic in things: symbols of the Soul and its passagings; — a symbol is a window through which light may shine to us from the inner heavens. Untold ages ago, the Sacred Mysteries were brought by Iberian Masters, the builders of Stonehenge, into Britain; ages after, they were handed on by the Iberians to the incoming or conquering Celts; and flourished and waned during the Celtiberian cycle; and passed into obscure secresy, perhaps died, when the Caesars proscribed Druidism. But the Iberian blood is the most insistent strain of any in Europe; no

Anglo-Saxon can say he is free from it. It is an outward and visible sign of certain inward potentialities. An ichor from the Iberian and Celtiberian Mysteries ran in the spiritual veins of Shakespeare and Milton.

All true art is based on the Mysteries. A work of art is great in proportion as it comes near to being a basic form, a symbol: in proportion as it lets through the light of the Soul, and shines with the ancient wisdom. The brain-mind has no authority here; it may ape — it cannot imitate — the voice of the Soul. Style is the bloom and essence of form; in the fire it infuses in some few lines or words, in the form it impresses on them, it presents a message from the divine worlds. It speaks, and we

Hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.

— The art of fiction was, in its first origin, the art of making symbols of these inner things. Men write love stories now, because once upon a time some Master told in such terms of the personal man's quest of his diviner self, or of the Soul's wooing of the personal mind. Tales of adventure or of victory are told, because of old time Poet Initiates pictured in concrete images the adventures and victories of the Soul on its eternal pilgrimage. They knew that to be real their work must, like all the things of life, shadow forth the inward realities. But now we make stories, and have no inkling of the everlasting brightnesses: our art is lost in personality, and we do but mirror the externals and perishable parts of life.

Behind all things is Truth, always waiting to be discovered; and he who creates in art by that very fact comes perilously near to places where he may hear the grand voices speaking. To be the Master Artist, in whatever medium, is to be able to close one's eyes and ears against all but those supernal words and pictures; to arrive at a pitch of inward concentration where realities may be seen. Consciously — or not; probably not; it does not greatly matter. No one can say whether Shakespeare, writing *Hamlet*, knew how grandly he was building. The basic form was before him; the fervor of creation was in his mind; he held his mirror up, not to the play of personalities, but to the drama that God

'doth himself contrive, enact, behold.'

Matthew Arnold said: "If I were asked where English poetry got . . . its turn for Style, . . . I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of it from a Celtic source." In such derivations, it is not in physical heredity that I find anything ultimately explanatory; it may serve as some kind of link; it may prepare the ground; it may make the fitness of the soil; but it is not the seed. The latter is in the migratory Soul of Man; it is blown on winds of the spiritual world. A great wind

blew from ancient Greece, and carried the seeds of Pindarism, the haughty uplift of Style, into medieval Italy, where they sprang up and blossomed in Dante. Thence it blew into England; and the seeds it carried bloomed presently in Milton. There you have, probably, the three greatest European Lords of Style. But, one might argue, the soil had to be ready, the ground prepared. Virgil*, that great stylist, is there to prove that such was the case in Italy; — the quickening of whose genius, again, may have been from Homer and the Greeks; but its mother-soil was ancient memories in his own race and land.

I am thinking that Matthew Arnold was right; and that here, too, we must take into account a Little Wind from Celtism. There were those Mysteries — always the fountain of grandeur — anciently in the island. Some day the value and meaning of the Mysteries will be known; for the present let him sneer who will, self-complacent in his ignorance. That in Welsh literature which claims to be oldest, is hall-marked by the grandeur of Style, and has that to support its claims†. Taliesin is among the Style-Masters; so is Llywarch the Aged; and if you turn to such stories as that of the Wonderful Head in the *Mabinogi*, you shall, if you have eyes to see, find basic forms as august as any in Sophoclean tragedy.

Mythology always carries in its stream a number of these basic forms because it is always a rumor from the Mysteries; that is why it is so potent and rich a source of literature. There is but one native mythology for England; and it comes, with much dilution, from the Celts through the Roman Province. Geoffrey of Monmouth floated it out onto Anglo-Norman (and European) waters; and presently it became the National Epos of the English. His tale of Brutus the son of Ascanius, the son of Aeneas of Troy, supposed coloniser of Britain, is one that arose (one may venture it) in the Province. For the Province was Roman and British: read Virgil as its national poet; and yet had a local patriotism, a native island whose claims to distinction and kindred with the world were to be

*Of Mantua, in Gallia Cisalpina — the *Vir-* in whose name is distinctly Gallic, *i. e.*, Celtic.

†Our modern pundits tell us that the poetry which bears the names of Taliesin, Myrddin, Llywarch and Aneurin, traditionally attributed to the sixth century, is no earlier of origin than the twelfth or thirteenth. Maybe; but they ignore the fact that, when you have taken away what are obviously later accretions, there is in the remainder a certain ancient grandeur and mystery wholly unlike any quality found in the poems of the Welsh renaissance under the later princes, to which period they assign them. The twelfth and thirteenth-century poems had their marked characteristics, and their strong family likeness one to another; conventions as to matter and manner were rather rigid; all the poets dealt in praise of their patron princes, descriptions of battles, etc., some in the beauties of natural scenery or of their loves; the qualities aimed at were vigor, brightness, vividity; as a rule there is little to tell the work of one poet from another. But in the supposed sixth-century poems there is an atmosphere older, more titanic; their meaning is far more obscure. Matthew Arnold, being a literary critic, of intuitions, and accustomed to deal with spiritual values, clearly perceived this; and argued from it the genuineness, in the main, of their traditional claim to antiquity, and also, traces in them of Druidic discipline. Our scholars of today, who go by philological, and will not hear of spiritual or true literary values, scout the idea entirely. But the Style is there to confute them.

answered and appeased. Hence the legend: which made the Roman and the Briton, then living together in amity and mixing much in marriage, into cousins. Kipling alone, of English writers, has understood the Province; his *Puck of Pook's Hill* is great and illuminated history. Geoffrey himself was a true grandchild of the Province. The Normanism he contacted — perhaps he was half Norman himself — roused up all the latent Latin-Celtism in him, and revived the mixed race-memories of that past age. The Latin Briton is dominant in him; but there is just a strain of the Celtic Briton as well. There is a far echo of the Mysteries, of true Celtiberian mythology — a reminiscence of some old time avatar myth — in the story of Arthur as he gives it. And because of that, whoever since has risen to the dignity of national poet in England, has gone to him for material.

Consider how Shakespeare travels back through the English kings as far as King John, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, in whose reign England the nation first began to appear above the waters; then skips the Normans and Anglo-Saxons as aliens, and goes to Geoffrey for *Cymbeline* and *King Lear* — in the latter revealing a basic form among the greatest and most terrible in literature. Then, traveling back from the Province, he finds his true hereditary line in Roman history; and takes the stories of Antony and Cleopatra, of Caesar, and of Coriolanus — all from the days before the Province was conquered. And with that line, we find in him another — both roads leading to Rome. This second follows the course of the Great Wind from the South: through the French and Italian plays. H. P. Blavatsky says somewhere that England is the reincarnation of old Rome; thus the poets confirm her saying. The Province is the physical link that connects the two incarnations.

However, there is but a thin strain of Celticism in the Arthurian legend as it appears in its English guises; and it is not this that concerns us now, but a clearer influence from the Scottish ballads. In Style and form, these exceed the English ballads as greatly they do in color, in music, in every artistic quality.* The English balladist, desiring to set forth a story, as a rule boggles through a welter of unessential details and undistinguished words to a lame impotent conclusion; the Scotsman, having the same story to tell, often makes a vertebrate, well-articulated thing of it: perceives clearly every essential detail and dramatic point; uses words pregnant with atmosphere; leads you by inevitable steps to the climax; and, when that comes, strikes you with it as with some appalling final blow of fate. One speaks, of course, of the perfection of their art, of the

* Here let us say in simple fairness that the Scots have the faults of their qualities, and the English virtues to balance their defects. English ballads are commonly quite clean and wholesome reading; the Scottish, alas, too often are anything but.

masterpieces only. But it is 'a thing to thank God upon,' to come on masterpieces of art at all, in the uncultured poetry of peasants.

Tragedy is the natural sphere of these Scotsmen. There is something grim and gloomy in most of their imaginings; but it is a grimness and gloom thrilled through with electricity. Of all Shakespeare's plays, I would say that *Macbeth* is the fullest and truest of local color; and yet that is not the term for it, either. It is not outward trapping, but runs through to the innermost, and is essential. There are no particularly Scotch-sounding lines; as for scenery, you may have blasted heaths and procreant cradles of the swallow anywhere. It is the soul of the tragedy that is Scottish; the universe is looked out on through the eyes of a Super-Scotch-Balladist in the tragic mood. He warbles none of his native wood-notes here. He is no longer the Englishman he was in Sicilia and Bohemia and Rome, or in Theseus' Athens-on-Avon; but a Scotsman, not consciously, or intentionally, but inevitably, national: compound of Scandinavian gloom and Celtic electricity. His Weird Sisters are not the kind of old women that one burnt for witchcraft, but dark nature-forces, from the glooms of mythology, appropriate to the blasted heath and the night of storms; they are something akin to that hostile, tragic, spirit we hear speaking through the River Till in the folkverse:

Tweed said tae Till:
 "What gars ye rin sae still?"
 Till said tae Tweed:
 "Although ye rin wi' speed
 And I rin slaw,
 Where ye droon ae man,
 I droon twa."

Could anything be more sudden, more fateful, more dramatic? And this of being dramatic is the crucial thing: the Mysteries were the first dramas; the dramatic form, in its ultimate essence, is the divine or basic form.

Matthew Arnold conceded an occasional touch of the Grand Manner to the Scottish ballads; eager as he was — upon provocation — to show that they are not in the same class with the *Iliad*. He conceded it to that best-known of them all (perhaps), the *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*; at which we may take a profitable glance. The tale is told how Sir Patrick, with the Scottish lords, was sent by the king on a mission to Norway; how, returning, he was urged by taunts to set sail in spite of his forebodings of storm; all is set forth with the usual Scotch taciturnity and feeling for illuminating detail. Then,

They hadna sailer a league, a league,
 A league, but only nine,
 When wind and weet and anaw and sleet
 Cam blawin up behin',

Laith, laith were our Scottish lords
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon,
 But lang ere all the play was played
 Their hate they swam aboon.

Lang, lang may their ladies sit
 With their fans into their hands,
 Before they'll see Sir Patrick's ships
 Come sailing to Leith Sands.

Lang, lang may their ladies sit
 With their gold combs in their hair,
 Waiting for their ain dear lords,
 For they'll see them never mair.

The water at Saint Johnstone's Wall
 Is fifty fathom deep,
 And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spens
 With the Scots lords at his feet.

The form of a great poem is like that of a wave: it gathers, and comes on gleaming or threatening; it shows its teeth; it breaks into a splendor or a terror of foam; it recedes with laughing gurgle, or with 'melancholy, long withdrawing roar.' The moment of the foam-bloom is the climax: that in which the emotion is at its pitch. Note it here in the second verse quoted. Nothing is said of the disaster; no description of the shipwreck is given: the reticence of great art hides away all that. There is but one terrific hint:

Lang ere all the play was played;

and one pitiful detail: the hats swimming. It is not reticence; it is suppression: all personality rises to flow in irresistible emotion; all the Impersonal rises, with adamant suppression, to forbid. The formative pressure is so great, that pity and scorn, opposite emotions, are carried up into a region where all emotions are one. At one moment it seems as if a burning irony were being expressed; at the next, one sees that it is a burning compassion: keen swift pity for the little human personalities made suddenly nothing under the huge impersonality of the elements. Perhaps we may say that in the high creative moments, when the mind reaches up to and touches the Soul, all emotions flow back into and are lost in a unity beyond emotion: the seven colors become one white ray: it is a universal, white-hot, serene knowledge, wherein all laughter and all tears, all pride and all pity, are held in solution. From this point what tense speech is spoken comes in what we call the Grand Manner; and these verses are in the Grand Manner. They possess that clear intense vision which comes in tragic moments. In pitying scorn, the balladist sees the dainty walking, the cork-heeled shoon; in scornful pity, those poor hats floating. He gives himself leave to see the fans in the ladies' hands, the gold combs in their hair; and makes of these conductors for the light-

ning of the grand emotion. In real life, as we know, it is always some little trumpery thing like these that lets through into us the great floods of consciousness: the keen sting of grief, or the surging uplift of compassion. And then, in the last verse, he does, in something more than a literal sense, carry us out into the great waters: lifts his theme above personality, above humanity altogether, and brings us on to the august impersonal planes beyond. What are the gold combs and the fans, the tears and the long waiting, to the water at Saint Johnstone's Wall, fifty fathom deep? Here the withdrawing roar of the wave passes into silence; emotion is carried out into the Great Deep; personality is confronted with the Impersonal; a call is made to the serene, immutable things: the elements; death; the untroubled aloofness of the Soul. Is there no symbol in it — no forthshadowing of a divine form?

Still more clearly seen, and more terrible, is the Soul-symbol in the ballad called *The Demon Lover*. A lover returns from a long absence beyond the seas to find his betrothed married to another, and tempts her with wealth and fine tales to go with him in his ship. In this ballad there is much Celtic grace and color magic:

The veil that hung before her face
Was all with gold begane. . . .
She has put her foot on guid ship board,
No marineers could she behold,
But the sails were all of the taffetie,
And the masts of the beaten gold. . . .
I'll show you where the lilies blow
On the banks of Italie. . . .

—Thus the wave sparkles in the sunlight as it gathers and rolls in. But then — it begins to break ominously, with threatening teeth of foam:

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but only three,
When she espied his cloven hoof,
And wept right bitterly.
—“Oh, what are yon, yon pleasant hills
The sun shines sweetly in?”
—“Oh, yon are the hills of Heaven,” said he,
“Where you will never win.”
—“Oh, whatten a mountain is yon?” said she,
“Sae drear wi' frost and snow?”
—“Yon is the mountain of Hell,” he said,
“Where you and I maun go.”
He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee,
And brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea —

—loomed up, you see, gigantic and terrible, as ever the medieval imagination could make him, and overwhelmed, within view of the mountain of hell, her world and her in ruin — that for the roar and deadliness of the breaking billow. The beginning, too, is just as admirably taciturn:

“O where have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?”
—“O I’m come to seek my former vows
Ye promised me before.”

There is no introduction to it; no explanation; the balladist keeps himself in the background as far as possible; artistic reticence plays its great part to the full.

We have an English version of this: it tells in twenty-seven verses how Jane Reynolds, a fair maid of “Plimouth, stately town,” was beloved by a seaman brave,

A comely proper youth he was,
James Harris called by name;

— how James went away to sea and was drowned; how Jane married an excellent carpenter; how an evil spirit came to her presently in the likeness of her lost Harris, and wooed her away with fair tales; there are sixteen verses in the English version, before the Scottish one begins at all. Then:

together away they went
From off the English shore,
And since that time the woman-kind
Was never seen no more.

Three more verses tell of the good carpenter’s grief, and how it worked upon him until

He hanged himself for woe
Upon a tree near to the place;
The truth of this is so;

and then, as no symbol has been achieved, and a plum must therefore be thrown to the pieties; and because the balladist has sailed too near the rocks of tragedy to feel comfortable, and must soften the situation for his own and his hearers’ peace of mind:

The children now are fatherless,
And left without a guide,
And yet no doubt the heavenly powers
Will for them well provide.

On the whole, this illustrates fairly well the difference between English and Scotch folk-verse.

Here I will quote an old ballad,* apparently from the far north; I

*From the volume of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, in Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin’s Cambridge Edition; from which book all the ballads quoted in this paper are taken.

have Englished it a little for the sake of intelligibility, and in one case altered a couple of lines for the same reason; this I hope may be forgiven, as the dialect is obscure and uncouth beyond the ordinary, and as no structural or essential alteration is committed.

THE LAILY* WORM AND THE MACKEREL OF THE SEA

"I was but seven years old
When my mother did dee,
And my father married the worst woman
Ever the world did see.

"For she has made me the laily worm
That lies at the foot of the tree,
And of my sister Maisry,
The mackerel of the sea.

"And every Saturday at noon
The mackerel comes to me,
And she takes my laily head,
And lays it on her knee,
And combs it with a silver comb,
And washes it in the sea.

"Seven knights have I slain
Since I lay at the foot of the tree,
And if ye were not my ain father
The eighth ye should be."

—"Sing on your song, ye laily worm,
That ye sang to me!"

—"I never sang a song at all,
But what I would sing to ye!

"I was but seven years old
When my mother did dee,
And my father married the worst woman
Ever the world did see.

"For she has made me the laily worm
That lies at the foot of the tree,
And of my sister Maisry,
The mackerel of the sea.

"And every Saturday at noon
The mackerel comes to me,
And she takes my laily head
And lays it on her knee,
And combs it with a silver comb,
And washes it in the sea.

"Seven knights have I slain
Since I lay at the foot of the tree.
And if ye were not my ain father
The eighth ye should be."

* Lowly.

He has sent for his lady
 As fast as send could he:
 "Where is my son
 That ye sent from me,
 And where is my daughter,
 The Lady Maisrie?"

—"Your son is at the king's court,
 Serving for meat and fee;
 And your daughter's at the queen's court,
 A maiden sweet and free."

—"Ye lee, ye ill woman,
 Sae loud I hear ye lee!
 For my son is the laily worm
 That lies at the foot of the tree,
 And my daughter, Lady Maisry,
 The mackerel of the sea!"

She has taken a silver wand,
 And struck him strokes three,
 And he started up the fairest knight
 Ever the world did see.

She has taken a small horn,
 And loud and shrill blew she;
 At that blast shrill and loud
 All the fish but the mackerel proud
 Came to her by the sea:

—"Ye shaped me once an unseemly shape;
 Ye shall never mair shape me!"

He has sent to the wood
 For hawthorn and fern,
 And he has taken that proud ladie,
 And there he did her burn.

What is to be noted first is the instinct for pure form; the stern poetic taciturnity; the pregnancy of every line. Nothing is said but what tells the tale; which indeed tells itself, and there is no teller to it. But there are vistas in every silence between words and lines. We know the form it takes elsewhere: "Once on a time a knight and his lady had two children," etc. It covers several years; narrates in full the death of the mother, the second marriage; the witch-stepmother's jealousy; the transformation of the children; the deception of the father; the misery of the two transformed; their periodical meetings, when the sister, the elder of the two and the stronger character, mourns over and comforts her brother — whom, no doubt, their mother had left especially in her charge. Then, the meeting of the transformed boy with his father, and the *dénouement*.

But here an extraordinary creative fire and compression have been at work; and marvelously rescued the unities, so that the characters may speak for themselves, and the balladist need but play Chorus here and

there to supply the links of explanation. There is no prolog to tell what has gone before: the curtain is rung up, and the laily worm begins to sing his pitiful monotonous song — to the knight his father, as we are to learn when the song is nigh sung. There are four verses to this; and rather than step on the scenes to explain, the balladist will sacrifice his taciturnity by repeating them intact. Thus he reveals the mental blight and restriction placed on the transformed boy, who has that much he can say, and no more, we are to gather: those four verses are all his life, all his consciousness, and he repeats them word for word, by rote; as the mindless through suffering will sometimes go one-phrased through life. The serpent's nature has been put on him, as well as the serpent's form —

Seven knights have I slain
Since I lay at the foot of the tree;

and yet there is the human nature dim and struggling behind it —

And if ye were not my father
The eighth ye should be.

He has but rescued that much, and his own and his sister's story, from the ruin of his human intelligence.

It is all so concrete, as poetry must always be. The sister and brother do not meet periodically, or once a week, but "every Saturday at noon"; and we are not told that they mourn together, or rather that she mourns over and tries to comfort him; but that she

takes his laily head,
And lays it on her knee,
And combs it with a silver comb,
And washes it in the sea —

all that she can do; either through the limitations of her own consciousness or abilities — she retains her compassion, her elder sisterly care — or through the limitations of his, which can receive no consolation but what is physical. There is nothing abstract about it; but the concrete terms are all living symbols; all things abstract are shown forth in them; and we know perfectly well the meaning, mental and emotional, of the combing and washing. And the Lady Maisry, who only appears once, and then in the distance, and speaks but two lines, is a living character: compassionate in her helplessness, proud in the midst of her sorrow and degradation: the breath of life is in her. —All this tells itself, and the Chorus, the balladist, wastes never a word of his own in the telling.

Perfection of form, certainly, you say; but wherein is the form divine or basic: in what sense is it a symbol? —Think for a moment of the story of the Soul of Man: in its proper essence royal, divine; but transformed

and enchanted here in these bodies: in oblivion, under the sway of evil: bewitched by that Stepmother-enchantress, Nature as the 'Great Illusion.' Think of its present duality: a higher part, which we sense feebly in the glimmerings of intuition, and the lower part, the brain-mind or intellect; both balked of their true estate; separated, but for occasional reunions — *every Saturday at noon*, says the ballad; the one enspelled almost wholly, so as to partake of the evil nature in which it is clothed — *Seven knights have I slain*; the other enchanted indeed, kept out of its heirloom, but retaining its divine nature: still proud — *Ye shaped me once an unseemly shape: Ye shall never mair shape me* — still compassionate, and concerned always to alleviate the fate of its younger and far more estranged companion. Think of the duality of Nature herself, the "Mother, foe and lover": in her diviner aspect the beneficent Mighty Mother, but the Great Ensnarer in her darker; first the loving mother, then the cruel stepmother. Think of the Over-Soul, the Supreme Self or Human Spirit, symbolized by the knight father, to whom or to which appeal is possible from these submerged enchanted selves of a divinity that we are; — think of all this, and you will see that simply because that old balladist knew how to tell his tale with supreme art — to reach through his art perfection of form, he was enabled to embody for us a divine form, a symbol of the Soul; and that his creation is a crystal window through which we may look in upon the Soul; and we may read in it the whole tragic history of ourselves.

But, you will ask, is it suggested that the balladist knew of these Theosophical teachings? By no means! For one reason, because we only say "the balladist" for convenience; there was no balladist; there never was a single author to any of these ballads, in all probability. It was not one mind, but the poetic sense of a countryside, shaped them. Who then put into them their occult wisdom? We are forced to confess the reality of the Soul of Man, which seizes its opportunities. The creative or formative pressure, the poetic sense, of the peasants, was actually the Human Soul. Their collective perception of rightness of form: the perception that caused them to add a little here and take away a little there until perfection was attained: was simply the wisdom — the occult or Theosophic wisdom — that is innate in the Human Soul. They built vastly greater than they dreamed. The end they aimed at — and even that unconsciously — was an artistic perfection of form; the point is that when that is reached, you have a Theosophic Symbol. And now you will note that at the culminating point especially, at the place where the dignity of the Soul is indicated — in the Lady Maisry's lines — there is a certain air of grandeur, of absolute utterance, evidence of Matthew Arnold's "recasting and heightening under a certain condition of spiritual excitement":

At that blast shrill and loud
 All the fish but the mackerel proud
 Came to her by the sea:
*"Ye shaped me once an unseemly shape,
 Ye shall never mair shape me!"**

That is the Grand Manner, the language of the Soul, defeated but unsubduable, superior to all the wiles, the enchantments, the delusions that oppress and thwart it. It is the same note Milton struck when he said:

What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost — the unconquerable will. . . .
 And courage never to submit or yield;

and when he said:

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat; descent and fall
 To us is adverse.

*In the original, thus:

An a' the fish came her tell
 But the proud machrel,
 An she stood by the sea:
 Ye shaped me ance an unshemly shape,
 An ye'se never mare shape me.



THE Japanese home is an excellent training ground for discipline. All must obey the Head, but he is bound also by custom and many religious regulations. The atmosphere is almost always one of kindliness, gentleness, and good manners. Children are not allowed, in Japan, to go to school until the March or September after they are six, but when that important event takes place they are already disciplined little human beings, with great respect for learning and some thirst for knowledge. They have already done some small share of the work of the home, they have been taught something of the history and literature and religion of their country, they are expert in manners, . . . All this education has been given them in their home. A true conception of a Japanese home is necessary for any clear knowledge of the Japanese nation, and explains many things, *e. g.*, the fact that workhouses, old-age pensions, school-attendance officers, a cane in the schoolroom, and a truant school, are unnecessary and inexplicable to the Japanese people. — *Exchange.*

SOCIETY MANNERS: by R. Machell .

WELL, my dear, I hope you are satisfied with our little party." "I think it went off very well. There was not a single pause in the talk, and everyone seemed pleased with himself, so I suppose we may count it a success. I think you are a very good hostess, and the dinner was all right."

"Well, if you are satisfied, I am not going to complain, but I'm glad it doesn't happen very often. It certainly is a strain."

Yes. That is just about what it is; a strain. To entertain a few friends and send them home feeling pleased with themselves, that is a feat that calls for more self-restraint, more tact, and more resourcefulness than most people are able to display without a very decided strain upon their resources. And why? Surely it should not be such a terrible ordeal. There must be something amiss with our social system if we are not able to meet together socially, enjoy the intercourse, and feel refreshed by it, without making an effort that is almost painful. Yet it is certain that there are few successful hostesses who are not relieved when an entertainment is over; and there are many guests who go to a party reluctantly, who do not enjoy the occasion, who go home feeling that they have endured an infliction at the call of duty, and who give a sigh of relief when they get out of the house of their dear friends.

Yet these same people will feel deeply injured if not invited to their friends' houses at regular intervals.

It certainly looks as if our civilization were very much on the surface. Well-bred people can meet and show pleasure at meeting their acquaintances, but few there are who are not perfectly conscious of their own insincerity as well as of that of the people they are meeting.

Society manners are acquired by education, but the system of education takes no account of sincerity. So society manners are more or less artificial, and whereas all well educated people are expected to behave in this way in society, none are supposed to keep it up all the time. The result is that they naturally relax when at home, and relapse into a different manner, when the eyes of the outside world are not upon them.

It is obviously right to show by one's manner that one appreciates the occasion, whatever it may be, and that one wishes to act in the way that is fitting to the occasion; and this will naturally entail a change of manner adapted to the changed circumstances. But this should not involve any insincerity. Seeing that society manners are designed to be pleasing to others as well as creditable to the individual, the relapse into a more natural manner means a revelation of a nature that is at least indifferent to these considerations, and which has not been made more pleasing in itself by the acquisition of a pleasing manner. The education

has been wholly concerned with the manner, and not at all with the character of the person.

Herein is the evil of the system.

Politeness is not to be despised because there is nothing behind it to support its pretensions, but it is the lack of real quality in the character itself that is despicable and regrettable. It is not uncommon for a rude person to excuse his rudeness to himself by admiration for his own sincerity, with an unavoidable reflexion on the hypocrisy of more polite people. Yet he is poorer than they in that while all alike share the tendency to rudeness (or indifference to the feelings of others) he has not even the power to hide his internal ugliness for a short time while in society. His sincerity in fact is but an aggravation of his defect; for he deliberately offends the feelings of others by a display of his own selfishness.

But if education were directed to the building of character instead of to the inculcation of manners, then the most perfect politeness would be but a natural expression of genuine feeling; for the kindness and good will, that politeness is designed to imitate, is in truth natural to the soul of man, can be easily evoked in early life, and can be confirmed and established by training and education.

People trained in this way need never fear to fail in politeness in any society, for it is natural to them; and they will have no inclination to hurt anybody's feelings or to offend anyone in any way at any time. While their home manners may be less formal than their society manners, there will be no relapse into rudeness, for there will be no rudeness in the character, nor any lack of consideration for others. These unpleasing qualities are not natural to the higher man, and they can be eradicated by right education, which calls out the real nature and establishes character on higher lines. This right education of the character is Râja-Yoga.

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IN our times that is the Christian religion which to know and follow is the most sure and certain health. But that is not the name of the thing itself; for that which is now called the Christian religion was in fact known to the ancients, and it was not wanting at any time from the very beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh — from which time the true religion which had previously existed began to be called Christian. — *St. Augustine, 2nd century*



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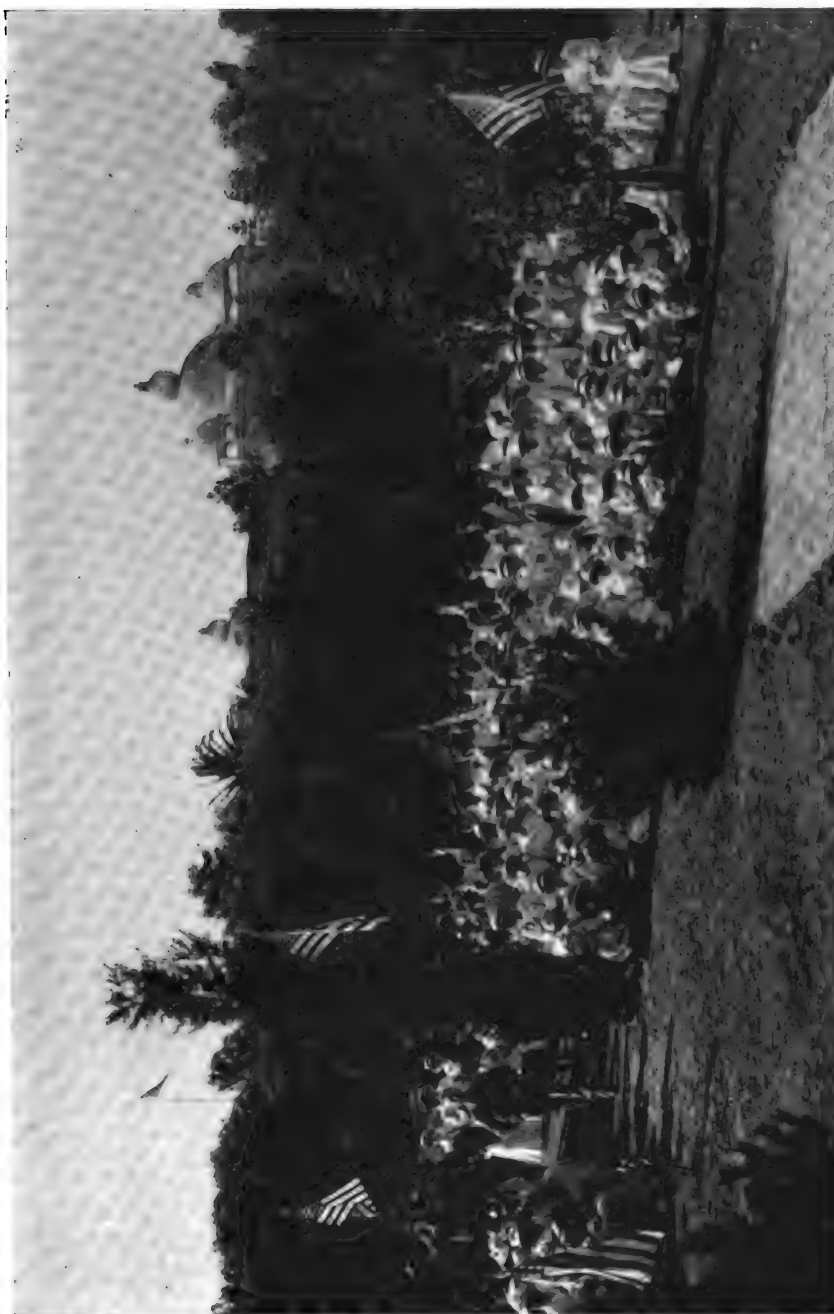
A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH: SOME OF THE OFFICERS, RESIDENT MEMBERS AND GUESTS
BEING ENTERTAINED BY THE RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS ON THE OCCASION OF THE BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY, JULY 6, 1917



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

'A FEW OF OUR VISITORS'

One of the interesting numbers on the 'Birthday Program' was a burlesque in which were featured a few of a certain class who visit the International Theosophical Headquarters in search of 'wonders' and 'phenomena,' only to go away disappointed.



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

**"WHO COMES HERE?" A GROUP OF RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS, INCLUDING SOME OF THE YOUNGEST
AWAITING THE NEXT FEATURE ON THE PROGRAM**


In the distance are the domes of the Raja-Yoga Academy



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL" ('THE MIKADO')
ONE OF THE VOCAL NUMBERS ON THE 'BIRTHDAY PROGRAM'

THEOSOPHY AND SELF-CULTURE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

 **QUESTION:** *What has Theosophy to say on the question of self-improvement, methods of physical or mental self-culture, the development of concentration and of will power, and such-like matters?*

ANSWER: These are not to be regarded as ends in themselves, but as means to an end; and that end must be that which Theosophy holds in view. The same methods are susceptible of being used as means to other ends, and herein lies the necessity for caution in recommending them. A man may proceed far in self-development before he arrives at that crisis in his life when he has to make a definite choice between good and evil, between the path of duty and that of selfishness. This truth has been expressed in the statement that the right and lefthand paths follow the same course in their beginnings.

Harmonious, even, balanced development is what Theosophy inculcates. It is possible that, in seeking to cultivate certain features of our character, we may neglect other features that are more important, and thus achieve a top-heavy lop-sided development that will prove a hindrance rather than a help. It would be futile for a man to try and develop muscle if his arteries and breathing apparatus were defective; his muscular system would merely pull his constitution to pieces. Some men develop their mental powers in advance of their bodily health, and end by losing both. Even though the bodily powers should be developed evenly, and the mental powers also, and there should be a proper balance between the two — still the moral nature might be deficient, and the result would be an accomplished villain or a selfish genius. All sides of the nature must be developed; and the moral character most of all, because this is the main interest of the Theosophists, and because the moral character is the *center* of stability around which all else moves.

When we see announcements about the cultivation of will-power and concentration, it is generally personal qualities that are referred to, and morality and character are not considered at all. Obviously Theosophy can have no interest in teaching people in general how to succeed merely selfishly in their business or how to acquire power merely to influence for selfish ends other people. The contrary is true — that Theosophy would naturally discourage such a course, as being likely to promote that selfishness that is the chief obstacle against which Theosophy strives. The case of the advertisements offering to teach concentration and will-power for purely personal ends is an extreme; and in considering other cases of self-culture, we must bear in mind that there are many shades and degrees, making it difficult to lay down a general rule. But the question of motive enters into all cases as the really important touchstone of their value.

An illustration may be of service here, to show the difference between self-development when it is done in a solitary and personal manner, and when it is done in a spirit of fellowship. A man may fasten up an apparatus of strings and pulleys on his bedroom wall, for the purpose of developing his muscles by pulling, or he may lie on his back on the floor and kick his legs in the air; but yet, if he is asked to turn out of doors before breakfast and give his aid to some effort for the common good, wherein others are taking part, he may find himself a most inefficient recruit with a strong instinctual spirit of rebellion incarnate in all his joints. This proves that personal inclination and judgment are not altogether trustworthy guides in physical development, as they omit many things which a whole-hearted effort for the common good brings out. Again, a man may have the power of doing excellent work as long as he works alone, but find himself unable to work harmoniously in co-operation with other people; and here again we have incomplete, lop-sided development. Applying these illustrations, we find that any kind of self-development may labor under the same fault of solitariness, and thus result in rendering the individual cranky and narrow and one-sided.

Keeping in mind the question with which we started, we repeat that Theosophy favors self-culture in so far as this term covers what is conducive to the ends which a Theosophist must have in view; and that if, in following any path which seems to be a path of self-culture, the Theosophist finds that he is being diverted from his main road, then he will naturally forsake that bypath. This, of course, is but an instance of the familiar situation wherein some lesser and private aim interferes with the pursuance of a larger and co-operative aim. A Theosophist residing among a large group of colleagues engaged in work such as is carried on at the International Theosophical Headquarters, would not find his circumstances favorable to the pursuance of such a bypath of solitary self-culture, as he would thereby isolate himself from the active work and from sympathetic association with his co-workers. But he would find no check whatever, but great encouragement rather, for such self-culture as serves to give self-mastery and efficiency as a worker in the Theosophical cause.

Thus it is clear that self-culture is a colorless term which derives its meaning from the motive that inspires it — whether a personal desire or ambition, or whether a wish to become a worker for Theosophy. A good Theosophist has no desire to be able to swallow a towel and bring it up again, like some fakirs in India, who are not otherwise particularly holy or useful; nor would the ability to stand unflinching while a match burns on his bare arm be considered serviceable in itself, so long as this fortitude was accompanied by human frailties of a much more serious nature. The power to control others would be useless, because Theosophy dis-

countenances any such interference with another's free will; and no doubt there are Theosophists who find that they have already too much power to interfere with others, and who are trying to get rid of some of it. The getting of money by the exercise of secret mental powers over weaker and trusting natures would be considered (as it in fact is) as an act of black magic, fraught with much trouble and hindrance to the operator himself.

It is undoubtedly the experience of some people that systems of bodily self-culture, apparently quite harmless or even beneficial, may in certain cases defeat their own object by causing the defects against which they are directed to reappear elsewhere and in some other form. To try and save energy by economizing the movements of the body and practising a sort of lounging, may result in damming up a waste-pipe for nervousness, and thus making the person more nervous than before. People may say, "Power through repose"; but it is conceivable that I may find more repose in walking about than in sitting still; while there may be cases in which a pickaxe or a tennis racket will be found conducive to the kind of repose desired by the jaded nerves. In this case, what is called 'relaxation' — flopping into an armchair and imagining yourself to be a wet rag — would be hard work, exhausting to the nerves. Yet this is not intended to disparage the method altogether; it is merely a way of saying that even the best medicines are not serviceable in each and every possible case.

It was said just above that the term 'self-culture' is colorless in itself, and derives its color from the motive that inspires it. But this is true only when the word 'self' is used in the ordinary vague way. Theosophy bases much of its teachings on the distinction between Self and self. The latter — spelt with a small initial — applies to the personal self, which is regarded as an illusion; the former — spelt with a capital initial — designates the true Self. Thus true Self-culture means the cultivation of the real Self, and therefore implies the subordination of the fictitious self (or rather, selves). In other words, Self-culture becomes synonymous with Spiritual culture and implies self-sacrifice and the practice of the 'fruits of the Spirit' as these are defined in the Christian Bible (*Galatians*). It is said that "he who works for self, works for disappointment;" and the reason is that he pursues that which is transitory and local, instead of that which is permanent and universal; wherefore the invariable law of change leaves him stranded. It is the real Self, immortal throughout the cycle of rebirths, who is the actual liver of the life; and its purposes override the fleeting desires and ambitions of the false selves which from time to time occupy the stage of our life's drama, and which masquerade before our deluded fancy as the real Self. If self-culture means the development of any one of these passing and limited phases, then we must stand ready to

abandon such self-culture at any moment when the interests of our permanent nature demand.

Both individuals and communities pursue their goal not by sailing straight before the wind, but by a process of tacking, which leads them, now to the left, now to the right, of their course. And each new tack, necessary at first, ends by carrying the ship too far to one side, and thus necessitates a tack to the other quarter. A veering in the direction of individualism and the assertion of personal rights can be traced in recent history, and is manifested in utilitarian philosophies and in a type of religion which emphasizes personal holiness and personal salvation. But still more recently a reaction has set in; and similar alternating phases are traceable in individual life-histories. The desire for self-culture is associated specially with the age of youth; while a more advanced age is apt to bring with it a realization that these aims do not constitute the real object of life, but are merely subordinate and subsidiary thereto.

Some people perhaps are disappointed when this realization comes; but wiser and stronger natures accept the fact and apply the right interpretation. Though our ambitions and loves may *seem* to have failed, the apparent failure is due only to our mistake in regarding them as ends instead of means; in truth they should be regarded as successes, in that they have fulfilled their real purpose — that of providing a temporary experience, or of conducting us along particular bends in the road of our life.

The man who has 'made himself' by assiduous devotion to a utilitarian policy, but who finds himself in his old-age equipped with a starved nature that cuts him off from many of the amenities of social life, is often held up as a type and an example. In the larger field of view compassed by Theosophy, extremer cases of this type may be discerned. It is possible to cultivate to excess, not merely the faculties that win material prosperity, but also many that are usually called virtues; and thus to become a solitary saint or a man sitting aloft on the tower of his own perfections. And when the fact of Reincarnation is taken into account, we are enabled to see how a character may pursue paths of self-culture through successive lives until an extremely self-centered and unsocial type is produced. Further, the path of personal self-culture leads on into the realms of the occult towards the goal of the sorcerer and black magician — an individual who has mastered some of the forces of his lower nature, not by subordinating them to the higher nature, but by intensifying the personal will. This, the 'left-hand' path, must either bring great trouble when it is abandoned and the work of undoing begins; or, if obstinately clung to, can end only in Spiritual death, as with Margrave in Bulwer Lytton's *A Strange Story*.

What shall be said of what is broadly known as 'New Thought'? Here again it is impossible to lay down a definite ruling. Breakfast foods have

not an absolute value; they are indicated in particular cases. Thorough mastication of food is good, but there are other roads to heaven. One man's meat is another man's poison; and what is one man's meat today may be the same man's poison tomorrow. 'New Thought' may give a man a leg up just when he needs it. Also it may lead him far astray. Possibly it may tend to a state of self-satisfaction, of a rather hide-bound and impervious kind, likely to prove troublesome when the man tries to escape from it. Let us apply the touchstone: is the satisfaction of the personal self the chief aim? Do we say that, by helping ourself, we shall be enabled to help others; or do we say that, by helping others, we shall help ourself? If there is risk of accentuating the personal self at the expense of our finer nature, we are on the wrong track. A time may come when we shall yearn to abandon all our perfections and become a man among men. Some people find themselves already endowed with an acquired propensity to personal (or selfish) self-culture, which stands in their way; others again may really need some true self-culture; there is no rule for all; the touchstone must be applied.


The worst thing a man can do for himself is to try and make occult powers subservient to personal desire. And this applies even to cases where the personal desire is latent and not manifest to the man himself. In fact it applies to the case of the well-intentioned but ignorant and inexperienced man. Hence the indiscriminate practice of 'concentration,' 'will-culture,' etc., is fraught with such risk that it is always the subject of disapproval and warnings in Theosophical teachings. Its effect is to intensify the forces of desire in our lower nature, and to awaken other forces of desire that were dormant; and thus the experimenter is thrown off his balance. The instances of this are numerous and should serve as warnings. This is *not* self-culture; *it is lop-sided development*. It must either fail disastrously or else start the practitioner on the left-hand path. William Q. Judge, the successor of H. P. Blavatsky as Leader of the Theosophical Society, has dealt with this in his pamphlet, "The Culture of Concentration"; and H. P. Blavatsky has treated it in "Occultism and the Occult Arts." Any system of self-culture that leads in this direction must be viewed with disfavor.

The disciple who has the power of entrance, and is strong enough to pass each barrier, will, when the divine message comes to his spirit, forget himself utterly in the new consciousness which falls on him. If this lofty contact can really rouse him, he becomes as one of the divine in his desire to give rather than to take, in his wish to help rather than be helped, in his resolution to feed the hungry rather than take manna from Heaven himself. His nature is transformed, and the selfishness which prompts men's actions in ordinary life suddenly deserts him.— *Light on the Path*

FREEMASONRY'S PRESENT OPPORTUNITY:*

by J. H. Fussell

Two things are essential to the realization of the progress we seek: the declaration of a principle and its incarnation in action.—MAZZINI

ITUATED as we are it is inevitable that our vision into the future will depend upon our experience of the past, and the philosophy of life which we hold. One of the most significant signs of the past century has been the rise of many fraternal organizations, some of which have been inspired by, if not to a degree patterned upon, our own Ancient Fraternity of F. & A. M. This has taken place in response to the new viewpoint of the thinking portion of mankind in regard to human relationship and the necessity of bringing about a wider recognition of this basic relationship, which is that of the Brotherhood of all men. The teaching of human Brotherhood is as old as the ages, and if we study the most ancient literature we find that it was held as a self-evident fact in the earliest ages, and that indeed its realization was the glory and seal of the Golden Age of Mankind.

Such a viewpoint, based as it is upon one of the fundamental facts of human nature, must inevitably bring with it not only opportunities, but responsibilities; and surely no intelligent man can ignore these, or hold any other position save that the future welfare of mankind depends upon the putting of this basic principle into practice.

Not all men, however, have reached that point of enlightenment where they realize these facts. There are many who accept as an intellectual proposition the interdependence of all men, who intellectually give their assent to it, but who have not the will or the desire to act upon it. In other words, they are still ruled by *selfishness*, and the desire for *self-aggrandizement*, many even to the point of inflicting hardship and suffering upon others in their desire to gain possessions for themselves.

One of the greatest fraternal organizations of the present day; one which has attracted the widest attention not alone on account of its teaching of Universal Brotherhood, but also because of the philosophy of life which it inculcates, is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, of which Mme. Katherine Tingley is the present Leader and Official Head, with International Headquarters at Point Loma, California. This Society was founded originally by Mme. Blavatsky in New York in 1875; after her death William Q. Judge succeeded her as Leader and Teacher, he in turn leaving the direction of the work to his successor, Mme. Katherine Tingley. By her the Society was reorganized and enlarged, its full title now being, since 1898, the Universal Brotherhood and

*From *The American Freemason* (Storm Lake, Iowa, U. S. A.) April 1917.

Theosophical Society. Its constitution declares that it is "part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages"; it declares that "Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature"; that the Universal Brotherhood of all men is not based upon *sentiment*, or dependent upon the *recognition* of man, *but that it is a fundamental fact* from which no one can escape. Men have long been accustomed to regard the human race as constituting one great family, but — so far as I know — until the formation of the Theosophical Society there has been no organized effort with the avowed object of teaching *Brotherhood as a Fact* and of making it "*a living power in the life of humanity.*"

There have been and there are many organizations which recognise the Brotherhood of those who enter their ranks or subscribe to their rules or doctrines, but human Brotherhood must go further than this. It must recognise that all men of whatever race or nationality, or of whatever creed, or station in life, are brothers in fact, and that we have a duty to them as such.

And it is because the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has as its main object "to demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature" and to make Brotherliness "a living power in the life of Humanity," that mention is made of it here. Mme. Katherine Tingley has also said that "unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age"; and if we accept this, which a little reflexion will force us to do, we surely can see, then, that the only remedy for this insanity and for the fearful problems which are confronting the whole world at the present time, and have plunged more than half the world into the horrors of war — the only solution, we must acknowledge, is an accentuation of Universal Brotherhood and the practice of of Brotherliness.

Brotherhood is the basic principle of our own great Fraternity of Freemasonry, and every one among us who has faithfully held to the principles of Freemasonry and sought to fashion his life in accordance with those principles on the lines of straightforward dealing and justice and honor, must have felt the truth of this and gained strength and help from the harmony that exists among all true Masons. In fact the realization of any truth can be known only through the endeavor to put it into practice.

It surely follows from the foregoing that a double responsibility is placed upon Freemasons as well as upon all members of other fraternities at the present time. Strife cannot exist among true brothers; the only remedy for war is Brotherliness; the only basis of true peace is Brotherliness.

Let us ask then, what do we mean by Brotherliness? All men are *brothers in fact*, as said above; all are brothers by virtue of our common life, our common suffering, our common hopes and joys, and more and

fundamentally by virtue of the essential Divinity which is in the heart of each; and this whether we recognise it to be so or not. But *Brotherliness* is *Brotherhood in action*. This is the test of our recognition that we are brothers. What then do we mean by Brotherliness, by true fraternity? Does it mean that we shall be so weak as to condone the faults of a brother, or be strong enough to point out those faults? If a brother does wrong, how can we help him? Is it by shutting our eyes to the wrong, or by firmly and at the same time compassionately pointing out to him the wrong that he is doing; not condemning him, but holding out to him a helping hand and encouraging him to take a new stand in the path of right action? For who of us can say how far back are to be traced the seeds of heredity which have finally culminated in his, and *our*, misdeeds — perhaps all growing from one selfish thought, perhaps his own, or our own, in a long-past incarnation, continually fostered and growing from life to life instead of being faced and conquered?

It may be our own blood-brother that is doing wrong, and the wrong may be injuring hundreds, perhaps thousands; but *they also* are our brothers, and we owe a duty to *them* as well as to *him*.

True Brotherhood (that is, Brotherliness) therefore, cannot exist apart from duty and justice, which we owe not only to the one, but to the many — to all men. True Brotherhood means that we shall not only hold to what is right, but that we shall protest against error and wrong; that we shall protect those who have been sinned against. To take any opposite course would be hypocrisy. A true Brotherhood, or Fraternal Organization, will not only hold to its own teachings, but also will resist and protest against false teachings and defend itself from the attacks of those who are trying to destroy its work. So long as there exist injustice, vice, and cruelty, so long is there need of protest against these from all who truly love their fellow-men, for true Brotherhood brings with it responsibility not only of right example but of protection and help to all men, and particularly to the youth and the oncoming generation.

The true Fraternity or Brotherhood will ever be devoted to the championship of truth and right, and to the resistance of error and wrong, and will regard it as one of its chief duties to protect the innocent and relieve the oppressed.

That view is a narrow one which regards any Fraternal Organization as existing for itself alone. It is true that there is a special tie between all our brothers, all Freemasons, and that the distress or misfortune of any one of our Fraternity lays a special obligation upon us all to relieve that distress or misfortune. It is true also that our first duty as Masons is to the brethren of our own Fraternity, but neither our duty nor our obligation ends there. We have a wider duty to humanity. Let us but take the first

step by being true to ourselves, our higher selves, and true to our Brethren, true to Masonry, and we shall rise to that point of discernment which will enable us to recognise the whole world as one Great Fraternity. Our duty would be plain, for we should learn, as was taught by all the Sages of the past, that Humanity is One, and that all men and women are our brothers and sisters.

So above all at the present time we have a duty to speak the word of Brotherhood to all men; to call upon not only every member of our Fraternity and ourselves, individually — which indeed should come first — to act in the true spirit of Brotherhood in all the affairs of life, but to appeal also to every true man and woman throughout the world, that they may also recognise the tie that binds all men and women together — the tie of our common humanity, one Universal Brotherhood.

The whole world is groaning under the weight of woe that has been brought upon it by the strife and horrors of war. Millions of men have lost their lives, but more terrible than that is the suffering that has been brought to millions of women and children and aged folk. Never has the call to all who believe in Brotherhood been so urgent, so appealing, so pathetic, that they should stand by their principles as at the present time. There is no hope of salvation for the human race *save through those who believe in human Brotherhood*, and who are determined to make it the rule and guide of their lives. No other teaching, no other doctrine, no other principle can save the human race; it must be by the inculcation and the actual practice of Brotherliness; and therefore it is that Freemasonry has its part to play in the present and in the future. If we are determined to act up to these principles then we can look forward with hope and confidence, and we can hold out our hands to all others who believe in Brotherhood and who recognise that the human race is one great family.

Reference has been made to the Golden Age in the far past of the history of the world. In spite of all the horrors of war and the unrest and turmoil of the world, we look forward to another Golden Age in the future. Save by the recognition of human Brotherhood and the determination that Brotherliness shall mark all our actions with our fellow-men, what other way is there to usher in the new Golden Age?

"The world is my country, and to do good is my religion," said Tom Paine, one of the greatest and noblest of the men of modern times. Can we not take this as our motto and look to a universal citizenship of the world in which all men are brothers and take as the mark of our religion to do good to all?

And another of the great thinkers of modern times, Robert Ingersoll, said: "If abuses are destroyed, *man* must destroy them. If slaves are

freed, *man* must free them. If new truths are discovered, *man* must discover them. If the naked are clothed, if the hungry are fed, if justice is done, if labor is rewarded, if superstition is driven from the mind, if the defenseless are protected, and if the right finally triumphs, *all must be the work of man*. The grand victories of the future must be won by *man* and by *man alone*."

But what conception of man is implied in this? To go on as before, holding to the conception, not taught by Jesus, but by theologians, that man is a 'worm of the dust,' a 'miserable sinner,' with no other guide save blind faith, or brain-mind intelligence with its faulty and imperfect reasoning, no innate strength, no spiritual power? We know in our hearts that man is more than that. Let us go back rather to the ancient conception of man: a child of the Immortals, one of the Immortals himself, though he has wandered far and often lost his way, yet with Divinity at the heart of each; let us go back to the time when life was lived more simply, when humanity was nearer to the heart of things and felt the sublimity and the grandeur of Nature, worshiping that Light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

It is the spirit of Devotion that needs to be re-awakened in the heart of Humanity; that pure devotion that was felt by primitive man whose first aspirations were toward the Great Mystery which he felt in all Nature and also in his own heart. For, as Mme. H. P. Blavatsky declares: "It is the only one which is natural in our heart, which is innate in us," as the feeling of a child for its mother. To quote her own words:

This feeling of irrepressible, instinctive aspiration in primitive man is beautifully, and one may say intuitively, described by Carlyle:

"The great antique heart, how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the earth; making all the earth a mystic temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men. . . . Wonder, miracle, encompass the man; he lives in the element of miracle. . . . A great law of duty, high as these two infinitudes (heaven and hell), dwarfing all else — it was a reality and it is one: the garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all times and all eternity!"

And what said the Nazarene? "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

The teaching of the essential Divinity of man—that man is a spiritual being — is the basis and ground of Brotherhood and of the practice of Brotherliness, and was taught throughout all Antiquity and in the most ancient of all literature that has come down to us from the past. Listen, then, to the words of some of the earliest Sages, Saviors, and Teachers whose spiritual instruction guided humanity in those long bygone times.

Krishna, the Hindû Savior, 3000 years before Christ, speaking as the Divine Spirit, the Logos, declared:

I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings.

He also declared:

There dwelleth in the heart of every creature the Master, Íswara, who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with Him alone with all thy soul; by His grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place.

Among the precepts of the Prasanga School of Buddhistic philosophy are the following:

To live to benefit mankind is the first step. To practise the six glorious virtues is the second.

One of the old Chinese Sages said:

Be kind and benevolent to every being, and spread peace in the world. . . . Ah, how watchful we should be over ourselves!

In the *Yajur-Veda*, one of the oldest Scriptures of the world, is the following: "In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of Spirit?"

Listen also to Manu, the great Indian Lawgiver:

It is He, the Most High Eternal Spirit, who pervading all beings . . . causes them by the gradations of birth, growth and dissolution, to revolve in this world, like the wheels of a car, until they deserve beatitude. Thus the man who perceives in his own soul the Supreme Soul present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all.

W. Q. Judge's interpretation of the last phrase is: "understands that it is his duty to be kind and true to all."

All Freemasons acknowledge the G. A. O. T. U. and have taken their obligations upon that book which is to them the V. S. L. In Christian lands this is invariably the Bible, which all Christian people accept, and which they proclaim as embodying the rule and guide of life. All are familiar with the words of the great Teacher: "Love one another"; and "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"; "Love your enemies"; "Blessed are the peacemakers"; and the words of another great Teacher, Gautama the Buddha, are also well known: "Hatred never ceases by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love."

Shall we characterize Jesus and Gautama and the other great Teachers and Sages of the past who taught the Law of Love, Brotherhood — shall we characterize them as weak sentimentalists, impractical dreamers; or was their teaching true? Is our religion only a name, a cloak; is the

Volume of the Sacred Law which says: "Thou shalt not kill," a mere scrap of paper?

Do we not need a higher conception of life than that which is current today, a higher conception of the dignity and nobility of manhood and womanhood to inspire the half-hearted and the doubting? Can Freemasonry give this, or must we, as Masons, face the unwelcome fact, if fact it be, that we cannot interpret the sublime teachings of Freemasonry, or have not the moral strength to put those teachings into practice and demonstrate them by the example of our lives?

The future of the world depends upon the lives and deeds of the men and women of the present, and especially does it depend upon those organizations and orders which have Brotherhood as their basic principle. If we are true to ourselves and to the principles of Freemasonry we cannot fail to be true in our relations to all other men, for as Shakespeare said:

This above all — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Therefore let us be true to the principles of our Freemasonry; let us be true to ourselves, and let us extend the hand of Brotherhood and Good Will to all men and women in the world, and particularly to those who, like ourselves, are striving to base their lives upon the idea of Universal Brotherhood. Has Freemasonry reached its pinnacle of attainment in our lives that we should be satisfied?

The Masonic Fraternity is world-wide; a Mason, as such, holding to and following the principles of our Ancient Fraternity, can speak *on the level* with any true Brother, assured of a sympathetic hearing. It is as a Mason I speak then to my brother Masons, and also as a man I speak to all my fellowmen. Let but all Masons speak the word of Brotherhood — verily in one sense the Lost Word we are in search of; let us but speak that Word in all sincerity, first to all other Fraternal Organizations, and then with added power to all men, and who dare say, if we speak it from our hearts and begin to act it in our lives, it shall not prevail?

"Man's extremity," it is said, "is God's opportunity." Yes, it is the opportunity of the Divinity whose holiest shrine is within the heart of man. Where else shall we find Divinity if we find it not there? Shall we then refuse to give voice to that Divinity, or shall Divinity itself speak through us the magic word, the Lost Word of the Brotherhood of all Men and to all Men?

THEOSOPHY AS REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR OF CURRENT THOUGHT: by H. Tavers, M. A.



HETHER H. P. Blavatsky forecast or predetermined the future — or to what extent she did both — are interesting questions. Every true prophet must have some share in causing the fulfilment of his own prophecies.

The following are some signposts indicating the trend of current thought along these lines.

OVER-SPECIALIZATION IN EDUCATION

In illustration of this point, which has often been discussed in Theosophical writings on education, we may quote from the mirror of current thought some remarks on over-specialization, which, though in this case restricted to the field of business, are none the less of general application.

The writer (William Maxwell, a partner of Edison's), in *Collier's* says:

Nowadays we have engineering experts, factory experts, efficiency experts, financial experts, advertising experts, letter-writing experts, accounting experts — all of them specialists. Most of them, though, are working for men who don't claim to be experts or specialists at anything. When all the non-experts and non-specialists are gone, I wonder who there will be to give employment to our vast army of experts and specialists. Perhaps some of the latter will desert the ranks of specialization and become plain business men in order to provide congenial employment for deserving business and industrial specialists.

The one saving grace in modern fads is that there are so many of them that they neutralize each other. Here we have people devising and laboring to establish systems of highly specialized education; and at the same time people inveighing against that very thing. Amid the multiplicity of errors, the truth must ultimately emerge. Specialization has its place, and that place is in subordination to an all-around efficiency. In any other place, specialization is out of place. We do not need electricians, but *men* who are electricians. There is no such thing as a *mere* electrician; he has to be a man first. He has a body and a mind and must be able to use them. Consequently he must be trained to use them. A real man can easily be made into anything necessary; but it is hard to make a specialist into a man, if he is not one already. The whole problem of education is summed up in the art of finding the true center of our being, taking a firm stand there, and grasping the whole nature firmly. This is the Râja-Yoga ideal of education, taught and practised at Point Loma.

NIETZSCHE

In reference to one of the numerous articles on Nietzsche, in which it is said that he believed that the perfect individual is to be self-contained,

a law unto himself; and that he strove vainly to realize both theoretically and practically how this ideal could come about — it is well to recall the following passage from *Light on the Path*:

Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is only so when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will recognises this individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality.

The passage beginning, "but only when," is very important. Some restless yearners seem to imagine that every man is a law to himself *unconditionally*. There would be a good many laws in the world at that rate. Man is a law unto himself, only when he has subordinated the manifold cravings of his personal nature to the harmony of the higher Law of human life. Then, and then only, his desires will not conflict with the interests of humanity, nor tear the man himself to pieces. It does not follow that, because a writer was forceful and had found the ear of a large public, therefore he had found the true way of life and was competent to teach. He may have been a wanderer, though one able to make himself heard among many non-vocal ones. His life is certainly not an example to follow; it does not recommend his philosophy (if indeed he ever succeeded in formulating a philosophy). Besides, if we copied him, we should be spurning his own advice, which was that we should copy no man. Raging discontent is not the mark of the strong man. The strong man masters his circumstances in silence.

THE HUMAN MIND AND THE ANIMAL MIND

The futility of attempting to represent the human mind as derived by any possible process from the animal mind is more generally recognised among scientists now than it was at the time when H. P. Blavatsky wrote *The Secret Doctrine*; and we find more frequent reflexions of the views and arguments she there presents. For instance Dr. G. Frederick Wright, in *Story of My Life and Work*, says:

The average human brain weighs three times as much as the average brain of the gorilla. The average brain-capacity of the earliest prehistoric skulls yet discovered is equal to that of existing races.

The upright position of man; his free and shorter arms; with the delicately adjusted thumb and fingers upon the extremity; his well-developed lower limbs, and the broad-soled foot with the stiff projecting big toe; the absence of a hairy covering, together with the mental qualities enabling man to make a fire at will, to construct instruments of stone and bone and wood, create spoken language and means of perpetuating his thoughts by hieroglyphics and alphabetical characters; especially his powers of inductive reasoning, by which he learns the courses of the stars and studies the history of the earth in its rocky strata, and through a variety of sciences learns the history of man in the past and forecasts his future both in this world

and the next — such a combination of bodily and mental characteristics could not have been produced by piecemeal. Without the mental characteristics those of the body would be disadvantageous.

All this, of course, and much more to the same effect, has been familiar to students of Theosophy for thirty years; but it takes time for it to work into the wider channels of thought. We must be content here to refer to Theosophical writings on evolution. The fact of evolution has to be accepted, but is not understandable unless we postulate that life and mind enter the material organisms at various stages and promote the evolution of those organisms. If science chooses to start with a universal 'matter' and 'energy', Theosophy starts with universal Mind. Mind is present even in the smallest atom, and is the cause of the properties possessed by that atom. Mind is the cause of those activities which are described under the names of energy, attraction, mass, etc. In the mineral atom, mind is mostly latent, only a few of its powers being manifested. The vegetable kingdom is built upon the mineral kingdom; but before a vegetable organism can be made out of the materials of the mineral kingdom, something has to enter. This something is a spark of the universal life — called a Monad in Theosophical terminology. Similarly there are classes of animal Monads. This process of natural evolution is capable of producing the most perfected animals, but cannot produce man. The self-conscious mind of man is something of its own kind, and cannot be produced step by step or from the animal mind. To speak of the gradual development of self-consciousness from the animal non-reflective consciousness is absurd. And, as the above writer points out, the theories of adaptation and natural selection will not work in view of the fact that man's physique is not adapted to secure his survival against natural forces, *unless* he has his intellect to help him; which implies that his physique followed upon the acquisition of his intellect. As *The Secret Doctrine* says:

Owing to the very type of his development man *cannot descend* from either an ape or an ancestor common to both, but shows his origin from a type far superior to himself. And this type is the 'Heavenly man' — the Dhyân-Chohans, or the *Pitris* so-called, as shown in the first Part of this volume. On the other hand, the pithecoïds, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee, *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do*, descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal — whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality — which lived in the Miocene age. (II, 683)

IS THE CELL INTELLIGENT?

In a monthly review we read that a biologist has put forth a theory that the cells, of which our bodies are composed, are intelligent beings — complete animals in themselves, with a directing center answering to a head, and other organs needed for their special functions. Cells, in their

turn, are composed of smaller units, also intelligent, to which different biologists have given different names, such as gemmule, microsome, or bioplast. We are told that heretofore the theories have stopped short of the attribution of intelligence to these units, the chief reason being an uncertainty as to what is meant by intelligence. But, if intelligence means the power to perceive, to form decisions, to act, and to store up in the memory the impressions for future use, then these cells and their smaller components certainly have it.

Of course the idea is not new: see *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky, published 1888, and authorities cited therein. Blavatsky, however, extends intelligence even to the atoms of so-called inorganic matter. It may well be asked on what grounds we should divide natural phenomena into the two categories of intelligent and non-intelligent, and whether *any* manifestation of energy can be unintelligent. Careful critics of scientific philosophy have shown up the habit of some scientific writers in making mental abstractions do duty as causative agents (Edward Carpenter's *Civilization, its Cause and Cure*; Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics*; etc.). Mass and energy have been shown to be such abstractions, having no real and independent existence. These arguments conduct us inevitably to the conclusion that intelligent beings, of innumerable grades and orders, are responsible for all phenomena. But we must avoid falling into the error of thinking that the larger beings are merely the sum-total of their lesser components. If that were so, there could be no co-ordination among the cells. The man exists beforehand as a single being, and the organs and cells are his servants. It is a capital error to imagine that organic wholes are built up fortuitously of their parts. Man himself is a unit, an Ego, ruling over various parts, such as his animal vitality, his mind, his passions; and each of these again is subdivided into indefinite complexity and minuteness. But Man is not a mere congeries of parts; his intelligence organizes and directs them all.

The external study of nature is useful for the discovery of practical applications, but does not carry us far in a knowledge of realities and causes. For the latter, internal study — study of our own self — is the right road; for, to know what *mind* is, we must study our own. Control of the lower nature through the higher nature is the key to health and mastery; any investigation along ordinary experimental lines simply confirms what we arrive at by self-study. We can find no way of explaining cell activity but by the postulate that cells are intelligent beings. They execute the laws set for them by the higher orders of lives in the organism, which latter in turn obey their superiors, and so on till we reach the general manager's office. The lesson is one of self-control all through.



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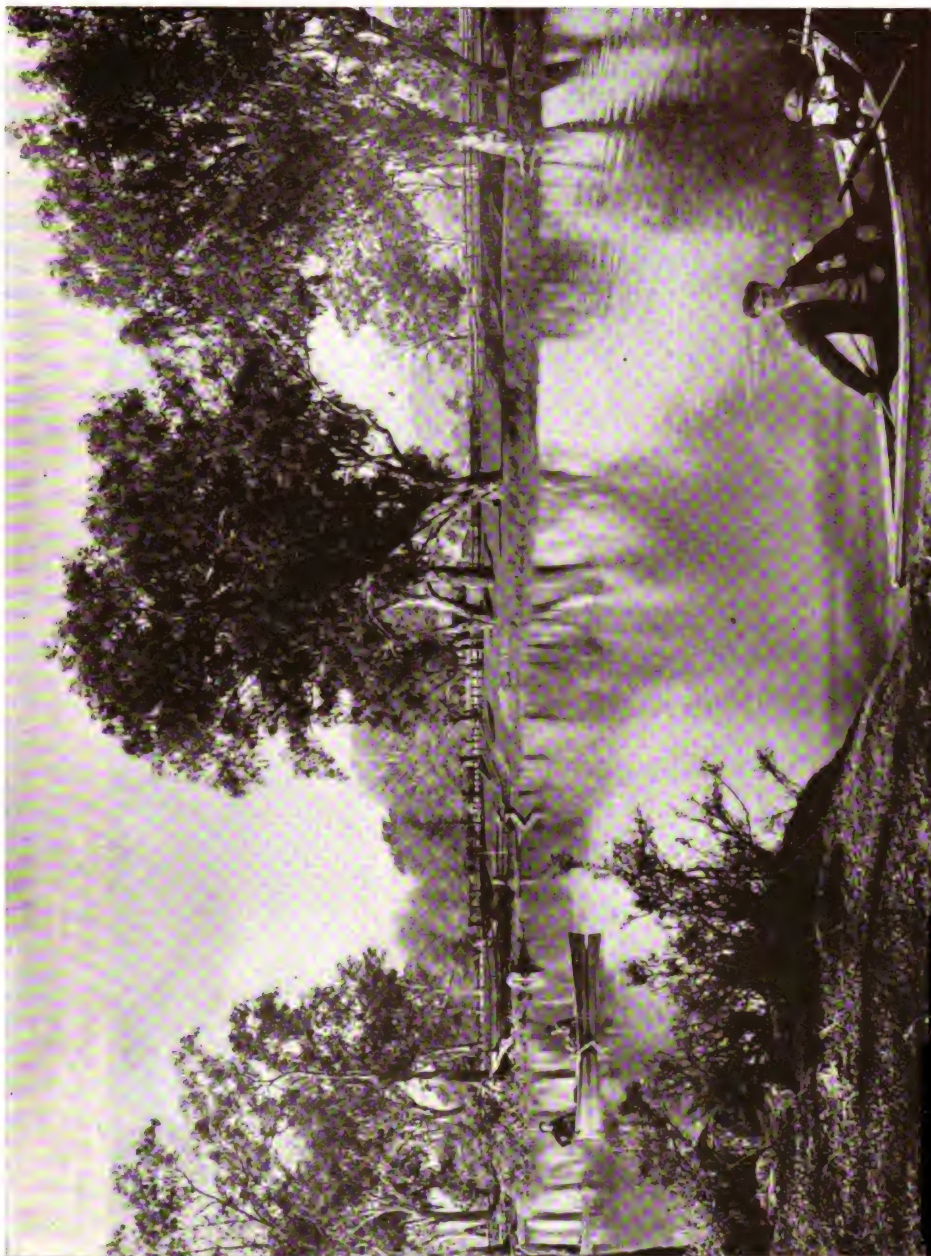
RIVER AT FEDERAL CAPITAL SITE, CANBERRA, N. S. W.



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EVERGREEN FARM, NEAR TAMWORTH, N. S. W.



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TUMUT RIVER IN FLOOD, NEAR TUMUT, N. S. W.



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NEAR BATEMAN'S BAY, SOUTH COAST, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA

THE SPIRIT OF CHINESE POETRY: by Kenneth Morris

IF every race come alternate periods of creation and rest; they have come to the Chinese, whom we have thought permanently stagnant and unprogressive. In their great ages, this people produced a wonderful literature, for the most part still to be revealed to the West; and certainly, the more it becomes known, the more it will be admired. Especially their poetry; of which, indeed, the revelation is strangely in process. That part of Young America which is interested in writing verse is more and more looking to Ancient China for inspiration. More and more of our younger poets — and their name is Legion — are feeling that the old sources, mainly Greek, are running dry; and that in Chinese poetry new fountains are being opened, not less wonderful, and as well-defined and distinctive in spirit and atmosphere. The only trouble is that they do not, perhaps, as a rule understand those basic ideas of religion and philosophy which made the world so wonderful to the great poets of China in the days of her glory.

One can but hope, in a short paper such as this, to give the merest sketch of the growth of Chinese poetry, and to indicate, by a few examples, some two or three of its peculiar characteristics. In these examples, let me say, the object has not been literal translation; it has been rather an inner than an outer fidelity: to give something of the spirit and color of the originals, not an exact rendering of their words. In reality, this is the only fair thing to do.

We must begin with Confucius; in whose days, as now, Chinese culture was at a low ebb. It had been declining for several hundred years. China lay all within the Hoangho Valley in the north; just as at the present time, she was a weak nation surrounded by a number of strong nations, all very jealous of each other and anxious to exploit poor China. The Chinese, then as now, were an unwarlike, home-loving, agricultural people much fought over by their neighbors; with traditions of a great past, of which they had become somewhat unworthy. But instead of having, as now, a vast and magnificent literature and a long and well attested history, they had only vague memories of their ancient glory and a large body of popular poetry, mainly perhaps unwritten down.

Among many other things Confucius was a collector of this folk-poetry. He gathered together all the ballads he could lay hands on; edited them, excluding all he deemed unworthy of a permanent place in literature, and published the rest in a volume known as the *Shi King* or Canon of Poetry, which consists of three hundred and five 'odes,' as they are called; a better term would be *ballads*. This book is held by native critics to be the root of the tree of Chinese poetic literature.

The ballads are nothing if not simple. There is no deep vein of poetry in them; probably the fact that they were the first Chinese poems to become at all known in the West, produced the idea that the Chinese are without poetic imagination. They deal with the surface of life: the doings of virtuous and wicked princes, from which the moral is duly extracted; the relation of the tillers to the soil they tilled; the short and simple annals of the poor. Now and again they rise to a certain degree of lyrical beauty in telling of personal joys or sorrows, chiefly sorrows. They express the lives of a home-loving, peace-loving peasantry with a *penchant* for virtue, untroubled with deep thoughts or imaginings. They differ from more familiar ballad literatures mainly in two respects: where other peoples have exalted war, they present it as a thing altogether loathsome. The home is their temple and source of light; family life appears to them the most sacred thing in the world. Secondly, they abhor impropriety. Love may be dealt with, but not debased. And here it may be remarked that, according to every authority, this is true of all Chinese literature. Judged from this standpoint — the attitude of their poetry to this matter — the Chinese are the civilized and we the barbarians. Nothing would be called poetry, or counted literature at all, that contained one line, one word or suggestion to offend. The most drunken rascal of a poet understood that his art was for other purposes.

The Shi King ballads are for the most part set to music and intended to be sung on ceremonial occasions; and I imagine there is a certain wistful music in the words, in the original, that redeems them from the utter baldness and flatness that appears in the translations one generally sees. Mr. Cranmer-Byng has dealt with them, in translating, more kindly and tactfully than most; they come from his hands with at least the grace of quaintness and the air of being, what they are, natural growths. From his version we may take, as a specimen of their quality, this little song of an exile from Honanfu, the capital of the Chow Dynasty, in the time of Confucius waning to its fall:

Cold from the spring the waters pass
Down by the waving pampas grass.
All night long in dream I lie;
Ah me, ah me, to awake and sigh,
Sigh for the City of Chow.

Cold from the spring the stream meanders
Darkly down by the oleanders.
All night long in dream I lie;
Ah me, ah me, to awake and sigh,
Sigh for the City of Chow!

Confucius, in selecting and canonizing these ballads, bequeathed them to posterity. Of all that existed in his time — over three thousand, — not one that he rejected has come down; those that he saved reflect his mind: there was something in their spirit that appealed to him intensely. For him, the basis of all religion, of all public morality and good government, lay in the home and family life. The State was a greater family; the emperor, the head and high priest of the national household. War was abhorrent, if for no other reason, because it assailed the quietude and continuity of the family life; immorality was a blasphemy against the altar of the home. And these ideals, certainly, came to be reflected in the poetry of after ages; which we may say was, on one side at least, a natural growth from the ballads of the Shi King. So that Confucius is to be called an ancestor of Chinese poetry; to say 'the father' would be going much too far. There is nothing in his system to account for the delicate imagination, the brilliant harmonies of color, developed in later centuries.

Nothing, for example, to account for a note struck even as early as in the poems of Chu Yuan, the first of the major poets. The warlike states that surrounded China in those days, had acquired a measure of Chinese culture; their royal houses were of Chinese descent; their erudite spoke and wrote Chinese. Chu Yuan was prime minister to the king of Tsu, a country lying south of what was then China Proper; he was banished by his master to regions southward still, the wild Yangtse Valley, then beyond the pale of civilization altogether. He spent his exile roaming among the lakes, forests, and mountains, gathering the larkspurs in the valleys, and writing a longish poem called the *Li Sao*, which means 'Falling into Trouble.' Here are a few lines from one of its songs:

A spirit, robed in ivy and wisteria, roams among these mountains; a genius of august bearing, smiling mysteriously. His car is drawn by leopards and tigers; azalea-crowned, and decked in orchids, he goes; his banners are of cassia-bloom. Trailing behind him the sweetness of all flowers, he leaves a blossom of dreams in the heart of the one he visits, to haunt the memory forever.

There is here a feeling for the beauty and mystery of wild nature, of which we find no seed in Confucianism; but which we may trace without scruple to the teachings of Laotse, who, far more than Confucius, was the Father of all that is beautiful and wonderful in Chinese Poetry. These teachings collectively are known as Taoism; which one finds nearly always described as a wild and degraded superstition; but which in reality is a high and lovely mysticism packed with poetic inspiration. Its central idea is that which is conveyed in the word *Tao*, which can be translated in a thousand different ways. It is Universal Deity; and the

Way to That: the Way, the Truth, and the Life. One is tempted to borrow a word from popular slang for it, and say it is IT — the finality, the grand Ne Plus Ultra. It is to be known, or attained, said Laotse, by *self-emptiness*: by the simplicity that has divested self of all desires, passions, affectations, opinionatedness, lies. It dwells within, and yet without, the Human Soul. It lies behind all visible forms; the vision unobscured by egotism may behold it as an inward Beauty inflaming and sustaining and singing through the skies, the trees, the soul, the waters and the mountains; it is the Good and the True, and also the Beautiful. "The knowledge of it is a divine silence, and the rest of all the senses"; the emptied of self shall behold it; the pure in heart shall see God. Laotse's teaching, working upon the Chinese genius, taught the poet and artist a certain penetrating impersonality of vision; they learned from it to

See, beneath the common things of day,
Eternal Beauty wander on her way.

It is the opal of religions, the pearl: all whiteness and simplicity without, but with strange fires of marvelous color burning in its heart. — I speak, of course, of its and China's days of glory; not of present degradations.

I think that this magical Taoism had touched the eyes of Chu Yuan a little; as, after the lapse of centuries, it was to touch the eyes of so many others, but it did not come to its own in poetry until the seventh century A. D., when the Dragon-boat Festival, held yearly to commemorate Chu Yuan's death by drowning, had twinkled on the rivers of China upwards of nine hundred times. Meantime the Chinese Empire had been formed: conquered and united by one of those semi-barbarian kings: had flourished and decayed during four centuries under the great House of Han; had gone to pieces early in the third century of our era before invasions of Huns and Tartars; had seen civilization reborn, in the fifth century, in the Yangtse Valley; had been reunited at the end of the sixth and had passed, in the early seventh, into the Golden Age of the great Dynasty of the Tangs.

From the period between Chu Yuan and the Southern Renaissance little poetry comes down to us. A few of the poems of Su Wu and Li Ying, of later Han times; about nineteen poems by lesser or unnamed writers: they seem mainly Confucian in their tendencies, and are generally (to judge by the specimens I have seen) marked by a profound sadness. Simple as the 'seamless robe of heaven,' to which a critic compares them, they are yet filled with deep human feeling. Perhaps they give no greater revelation of beauty than do the ballads of the Shi King;

but Confucius' teaching had deepened the natural tendencies, the domestic devotions, of the Chinese; and the poems reach a level in purity and pity that gives them the right to be called art. Almost always you can hear the human heart beat in them; their burden is generally the pity and sorrow of war. An old man, driven off in his boyhood to fight the Huns, returns to the site of his fathers' home; his memories have grown uncertain; he asks a peasant standing by, where the house stands or stood; and is led to it:

It was overgrown with grass, and desolate; a startled hare ran from her form in the kennel; pheasants flew from the carved ceiling-beams at his approach.

Where once the well-tilled fields had been, he gathered grain that had long run wild; he gathered mallows by the well in the courtyard, as he had so often done in his childhood.

He made a little fire, and cooked the food he had gathered; then, because there was none to share it with him, rose, left it untasted, and wandered away towards the east, weeping.

Just such a case as this old soldier's was that of the poet Su Wu; he too was driven off by the recruiting sergeant, to be captured by the Huns, enslaved, and only to return in his old age. Here — a very famous poem — is his *Farewell to his Wife*, composed on the night of his departure:

Wife, we have been one-hearted all these years; our chief thought has been to give and receive love. Now our springtime has passed; our hearts must be pierced by grief. I cannot sleep, for counting the passing moments.

Dearest, awake; the stars have set, and we must bravely meet the sorrow of parting. Ah me, the long marches weigh upon my mind! I shall fight; I shall show nothing but bravery to the foe; and yet we two may never meet again.

As you take my hand, unless I let these tears fall my heart would break, to hear you speak so tenderly of our love.

But courage! Let us think of the first days of our union. It will bear me up on the way; it will help you to endure your solitude.

And there may be for us the joy of meeting again; or it may be that Fate has decreed that only in the spirit I shall be with you forever.

It is very human; not one whit lifted above the common levels of human feeling; it says, in the simplest possible way, what millions are thinking and feeling in sorrowful Europe today. But it is of a humanity very much unspoiled. There is a dignity, a restraint, a balance; you are to respect that Chinaman and his wife. I do not quote it for its poetic values; but because it indicates so perfectly the average Chinese ideal of marriage and home life. We have perhaps been wont to contrast our own 'magnificent enlightenment' in these respects, with their supposed 'oriental barbarism.'

The Southern Renaissance of the beginning of the fifth century gives us one noteworthy name: that of Tao Chien, or Tao Yuen-ming, who died in 427. He was something of an Epicurean by philosophy, but there

was a very noble side to him; also a side of great importance in the evolution of Chinese poetry. Called from his farm to take office in the capital, he hymned by the way the delights of country life; and showed the genuineness of his hymning by soon relinquishing office and returning to his dear elms and orchards, his hills and his poultry, and "the dog barking in the lane." Not a great poet himself, perhaps, he yet did prepare the way for great poets to come; like Wordsworth in England, he called on his race to go to nature, and seek inspiration in the simple country things.

For a couple of centuries civilization was gaining strength. Pilgrims, returning from India, brought back to Nankin, the southern capital, wonderful inspirations; the Yangtse was opened to the commerce of all southern Asia, and quickening influences, mainly Buddhistic, poured in. Buddhism reinforced and systematized the Taoist tendencies in the Chinese mind; though the two religions were often in keen rivalry, it is easy to see how by their mutual reactions they affected the racial genius. The grand flowering came in the seventh century. In 627 Tang Taitsong, the greatest of all Chinese sovereigns since Han Wuti, came to the throne; and presently the glories of his reign were being reflected in a splendor of poetry worthy of them. The Chinese eye became, as never before or since, alive to the flaming beauty of the world; perhaps there has never been a greater age of poetry anywhere in historic times.

It found its culmination in the reign of Tang Hsuentson, in the first half of the eighth century; at whose court both Li Po and Tu Fu, the greatest of the Chinese poets, — the two brightest stars among many scarcely less brilliant — figured; but it did not cease until towards the fall of the Dynasty in the beginning of the tenth century. It would be useless to reel off names; but those two, Li Po and Tu Fu, must be remembered. There were few professional poets, in the western sense; poetry was an accomplishment essential to every gentleman. Such and such a major poet, we read, was "an official at the court of Hsuentson," "prefect of this or that district," or "a minister under Tang Sutsong" — who in his spare time composed poetry. They were the Roosevelts, the Gladstones, or the Kitcheners of their time. Chinese ideals were all for the balanced life, a splendid poise of the faculties.

Yet these Tang poets devoted themselves with ardor to the art of poetry, evolving new rules of composition directed towards the attainment of a wonderful perfection of music and form. One must not suppose, because Mr. Ezra Pound and others are fond of translating them into 'free verse,' that they would have permitted themselves such formlessness. On the contrary, their forms are highly and exquisitely arti-

ficial; our English verse forms are generally ill-adapted for translating them, because too free and formless. The old French forms: the *rondel*, the *ballade* and the *triolet*: are more appropriate, because of their intricate rhyme schemes and haunted melody. As to the productiveness of this age: Wang Jao-chi, a couple of centuries ago, served literature well by compiling a Tang Anthology; in which he found it necessary to include, in nine hundred books, about fifty thousand poems. And this Wang Jaochi, was no incompetent critic: as the following from his preface shall testify:

"Beauty," he says, "was born with the Heavens and the Earth. The sun, the moon, the mists of morning and evening, illumine each other; there is no pigment with which they are dyed. All the phenomena of the world, when set in motion, bring forth sound; and every sound implies some motion that caused it. The greatest of sounds are wind and thunder. Listen to the mountain storm racing over the rocks: as soon as it begins to move, the sound of it makes itself heard; not, indeed, actually in accordance with the laws of music, yet having a certain rhythm and system of its own. This is the natural or spontaneous voice of heaven and earth, the voice caused by the movement of the great forces. So too in the purest mood of the human heart, when the fire of the intellect is at its brightest, the Soul, if it be moved, will bring forth sound. Is it not a wondrous transformation, that out of this should be created literature? Poetry is the music of the Soul in motion."

Of all the definitions of poetry one has ever heard, one remembers nothing better than this: *Poetry is the music of the Soul in motion.*

The Chinese have had no epic poets. Like the French, they "have not the epic head." Their poetry is all lyrical. Some poems run to a few hundred lines; but as a rule the idea was, the shorter the better. As their artists sought to give, as they said, in a square foot of silk, a thousand miles of space; so the poets aimed at a glimpse of the infinite beauty in twenty or so syllables of rhyme. One of their favorite verse-forms was the 'short-stop'; in which, said they, "the words stop, but the sense goes on." The nearest thing to it I know of in Western verse is the Welsh *englyn*; which, with ten more syllables than the short-stop, is also, in the hands of the greater poets, made the vehicle of a thought, picture, or emotion that does not end with the words. An example of the spirit of the thing may be found in the dying poem of a great statesman and patriot of the troublous age of the Sung Dynasty in the twelfth century, who had seen the empire brought near ruin through neglect of his advice; it is this: "My personal self may ascend to heaven, but my Spirit will remain on earth in the form of rivers and mountains as a defense for the Throne." — Than which, perhaps, it would be diffi-

cult to find in a few words a finer revelation of the grandeur of the human soul.

There are many short-stops scattered through the mass of English poetry: magical bits that Keats and Wordsworth, in particular, embodied in longer poems. The Chinaman was wont to give the jewel and leave out the setting. His was an art of severe reticence and wizardly suggestion. He could paint you a little picture, pregnant with the soul of a mood; would touch the visible world with an enchanter's wand, so that you should see through for a moment into the infinite mystery. Sometimes that mystery oppressed and terrified him; often it filled him with delight; but always there is the reticence, the suggestion. One can sense it, I think, in this little poem, by Kao Shih, one of the earlier Tang poets, which I have shaped into three modified englyns; that the foreignness of the meter may contribute to that exotic feeling which a translation from the Chinese should have. It is called, prosaically enough, *Impressions of a Traveler*.

Frost, and Autumn on the waters; night-time
 Death-cold, star-clear.
 He that's in the boat can hear
 Trembling beside him, cold Fear.
 Far across the jade and foam of waste waves,
 O'er lone crag and pined height,
 Fear and Autumn fly through night
 With the wild geese in slow flight
 Fear and Autumn fill my heart; my dreaming,
 Like dead leaves, goes drifting;
 Or like wild geese on the wing,
 Or like ghosts, wind-blown, moaning.

Here is a little poem by Yuen I-shan, whose lyricism, I think, remains audible through the bald prose of the translation: a poem packed with that natural magic, that blending of the human with Nature consciousness, which is so wonderful a characteristic of so much of Chinese poetry. It is called *The Lament of the Ladies of the Siang River*; who, it should be explained, were the wives of the Patriarch-Emperor Shun, a half-legendary figure from the dawn of history, twenty-two centuries B. C., who stands for all that is good and wise in sovereignty. Shun's grave is among the Kiue Mountains in Hunan. This is the poem: —

Sweet-scented are the hills where the roses and the orchids bloom; clouds fly towards the shores of the north; though a thousand autumns pass, our Lord will not return.

Drift the clouds across the heavens; slowly over the waters blow the winds of autumn; ghostly mists creep up the river; moonlight is sifted down over stream and woodland.

On the Kiue Mountains the gibbons wail through the long nights; tears fall from the bamboo branches. Though a thousand autumns pass, our Lord will not return.

— As who should say: "It is unfitting for us, mere human beings, to mourn the death of one so august. All Nature is a funeral pageant for him; heaven and earth are grouped about his mountain tomb."

There is much in this minor key; often and often the poets were preoccupied with the different phases of human sorrow; but they brought to it a fathomless compassion. There is little or no distinctively religious poetry; perhaps because the Chinese have not made religion a thing apart, as we have; but it remains true that Buddhistic compassion, and the magical vision of Taoism, are the chief keynotes of their poetry. Nature is lit up from within: the seat of a vast and wizard consciousness whose motions may be guessed at, hinted at, felt; but never put into the language of science. Of all the English poets, Wordsworth, in his diviner moods, was the most Chinese, the most Taoist; he, too, sought in self-emptiness, in supreme simplicity, the pearl of spiritual insight; and often found it. Chang Kiuling expresses the Taoist idea in a little poem called *Reflections*:

It is Eternal Beauty itself that puts forth in Spring in the petals of the lotus, in autumn in the cassia flowers.

Then hearts are stirred to joy, and deep thoughts arise in the mind: the outward beauty of God woos the beauty of God within.

Who would not be as the blooms and green things of the forest and the mountain? They hear the music of the spheres, and breathe the joy of the Eternal.

The soul of the lilies is above desire and ambition. Though the fairest woman in the world plucks them, it adds nothing to their joy.

— *Consider the lilies of the field*, said another Master Poet, true Taoist as he was in his teachings: *they toil not, neither do they spin*.

Taoism taught its poets to hunger after the great beauty and mystery of the world. Chang Chih-ho had held office under the Emperor Tang Sutsong, and for some reason was dismissed; presently, finding that matters went none too well without him, he was invited to return to court and reassume his ministerial functions. But the former minister had become the "Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters," and knew, as they say, a trick worth two of that. He sent his Emperor the following reply:

Nay, I'll go seek Cloud-cuckoodom
And Seagull Town, and Mystery!
Since in the boundless privacy
Of this my dragon-wandered home
Whose rooftree is the empyreal dome,
The bright Moon, friendlike, dwells with me,
Here will I seek Cloud-cuckoodom
And Seagull Town, and Mystery.

What! Quit my mountain brothers? — roam
 Far from my bosom friend, the Sea?
 In that dull world wherein ye be,
 Quench my ethereal self in gloom?
 — Nay, but I'll seek Cloud-cuckoodom,
 And Seagull Town, and Mystery!

— And the Emperor was too much the man and the poet to cut his head off.

Of this thirst for the great and lovely mystery of things, Tu Fu, called the God of Poetry, gives us a noble example in a poem called *The Waters of Mei Pei*: it is a haunted and mysterious lake, only half in China, half in other worlds. He sets forth, with two adventurous friends, on its waters, and passes, with the passing of the day, out of all realms where ordinary happenings may be expected: —

Southward, the mountains are mirrored clear; eastward, the Great Peace Temple, hanging in the clouds, is glassed on the darkening waters.

The moon, rising, floods the Lan-tien Pass with silvery beauty; idly from the boat we watch the peaks trembling on the quivering surface of the lake.

They tremble; they break; a sudden ring of silver ripples out; the Lilong Dragon, rising, strews a shower of pearls.

Ping-i, the God of Waters, drumming, summons the dragons of the deep, and they come. The Daughters of Yao descend from heaven, the Spinning Maiden of the Stars leading them.

They dance and sing to branching instruments of gold adorned with jade and sapphires; moon-rainbow radiances play about them.

A-sudden the lights fade; awe comes swiftly on. Far off the thunder peals, and lurid clouds form, lined with lightnings.

The waters heave; dreadful unrest has taken them. The air is filled with shadows of the dead; the Spirits of the Universe draw near, and we cannot guess their intent.

This Tu Fu was indeed a great and versatile genius. He could pass from such tremendous Taoism to a Dostoevsky-like realism and compassion; as when he describes the visit of the recruiting sergeant to a desolate village, already war-bereft of its men; or the conscript gang, amidst the wailing of women and the deep curses of the old, hurried away to the wars, to die in the frozen north—and, as a grand advocate of peace, makes us feel the whole pity and sorrow of war, and the vileness of imperial ambitions;— or when he describes the feelings of an old peasant whose thatched roof has been blown away by a gale:

The wind drove it whirling and scurrying across the river; here tufts blown up and caught in the treetops; there patches falling in the ponds and the furrows.

The village boys, delighted, make mock of me; they steal my goods, and run away grinning.

I drive them off, and hobble back, but to find no shelter. Wintry is the night that draws on; worn and hard is my bed, and nothing but a wadded quilt to cover me; I cannot sleep for misery. . . .

The rain drips through the rafters, through which I watch the drifting sky; the whole place is damp and wretched.

I wish there were a mansion of delight, with a hundred thousand fair rooms in it, to shelter the poor of the world, and give them the happiness of security.

One sight of it would make me content to lose my cottage; and my life too. . . and my life too!

— Or, turning from these moods, he can paint a little picture infused with beauty and quietness like this of the Lake of Kouen Ming, on whose waters in the second century B. C., the great Han Wuti, a kind of imperial Chinese Arthur or Charlemain of romance, was wont to hold festival: —

Oh, gay these waters shone of old,
 When, streaming o'er their moon-bright blue,
 The lanterns flashed vermeil and gold,
 Azure and green, the fair nights through,
 When loud the pageant galleons drew
 To clash in mimic combatting,
 What time Han Wuti's banners flew
 Over the Lake of Kouen Ming.
 Now there is no one to behold
 Where the lone wave runs rippling through,
 And wakes the stone sea-monsters cold
 To tremble in the moon-gemmed dew;
 None to behold, and none to rue
 The desolation; none to sing
 How once Han Wuti's banners flew
 Over the Lake of Kouen Ming.
 The Spinning Maiden, as of old,
 Dreameth in stone; the waters blue
 Lap at her feet; her beauty cold
 The moaning winds of autumn woo.
 Drifts the light kumi seed; the dew
 Gleams on the lotus withering
 Where once Han Wuti's banners flew.

L'Envoi

Nought sees the eagle from the blue
 But some old angler loitering
 Where once Han Wuti's banners flew
 Over the Lake of Kouen Ming.

—Or again, as court poet, he could sing of a Night of Song in the magical Garden of Teng-hsiang Ting, where Tang Hsuentson, that most luxurious, exquisite, and poetic of all emperors, held court:

Shadowy waters mutter and steal,
 Dreaming down through the lily places;
 Stars in their dragon pageant reel
 White through the soundless spaces.
 Hushed the breeze where the dim trees loom;
 The moon hath taken her magical wings;
 We and the white magnolia bloom
 Wake, and the lute's soft strings.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

II

Hush! Night's filled with spirit-singing;
 Subtle tunes our fancy chimes to,
 Flamey words like fireflies winging,
 Jewel thoughts to set our rhymes to.
 Now 'tis two-edged swords are clashing;
 Pride and pomp and valor swelling;
 Now the cups like red stars flashing,
 Now young love his passion telling.

III

Breathes a strange, sad air from of old,
 From the turquoise mists on time's horizon. . . .
 Suddenly passion hath grown a-cold;
 Song is reft of the wings it flies on;

Muteness lies on
 The lutes of jade and the lutes of gold.

Tu Fu was a painter as well as a poet; and the connexion between the two arts was very strong in Tang China. Continually we come on little vignettes that shine with soft and lovely color — even through the clumsiness of a translation. Here is Wang Changling, another of Tang Hsuentson's poets, on *Maidens gathering Water-lilies*:

One pale shimmer of green on the nenuphar
 leaves in the lake and the maiden's dresses;
 One rose glow on the lolling nenuphar
 blooms and the laughing maiden faces;
 Under the willows the luminous hues
 and the lines are blurred and run together:
 You cannot tell the silk from the leaves,
 the girls from the nenuphar blooms they gather,
 Save when their voices suddenly swell
 to a coo and tune-soft chatter.

And here is Li Po, counted the greatest of them all — Li Po, the "Banished Angel," that swaggering, swashbuckling, merry, melancholy Irishman of old China — on the Lady Tai Chen, Tang Hsuentson's love:

She leans out in the moonlight pale;
 The moonlit mountains with wan grace
 Grow eerie; over the lattice-place
 The red rose and the white rose frail
 Echo her face;
 Her white silk robes, the clouds that trail
 Ghostly through space.

Fall, you delicate dew of night!
 This Plum-branch, with white bloom tender,
 Blooms and branches lovelier white
 Over-gemmed with your diamond splendor;
 Glittering bright
 Till the Spirit of Snow cries: I surrender
 To the Lady of Light!

Summer with all his murmurous story
 Of iris and peony, rubiate rose;
 Autumn, haughty with pale, sad glory
 Where the queen chrysanthemum golden blows,
 Nor winter hoary
 With his wan blue mists and his wondrous snows,
 Such loveliness knows!

I am fain to quote one more picture from the Banished Angel; exiled from court now, he seeks refuge with the old wise *Priest of Tien Mountain*; and tells of his waiting on the mountainside below the temple, for the noon-day bell to give him the signal that he may enter:

Gurgle of hidden waters near;
 Faint sounds of barking far away;
 The morning sun makes diamond clear
 The raindrops on the peach-bloom gay;
 Deer, from their forest haunts astray,
 Are grazing round the temple; soon
 Within the courtyard lichen-gray
 The temple bell will tinkle noon.

I wait. —The cascades, falling sheer
 Adown the peaks, flash white with spray
 On the emerald green; I hardly hear
 Their drone drift down the quiet day.
 Here 'neath the pines soft shadows play,
 And drowsy winds their ballads croon.
 I have ten years of things to say
 When that faint bell has tinkled noon.

I wait. — In this soft light so clear,
 Down in the vale some breeze astray
 Sets the bamboos to change and veer,
 To change and veer, and drift and sway
 Like soft clouds on a summer's day
 O'er skies of faintest turquoise strewn.
 Oh, I could almost kneel and pray
 To hear the Priest's bell tinkle noon!

L'Envoi

The shrine has fallen in decay,
 A hollow ruin 'neath the moon;
 The wise Priest's soul is fled away. . . .

Chang Chien of the polished philosophical Taoist vision; Ssu Kung Tu, the subtle mystic; Su Shih, great philosopher and teacher of a later age, that of the Sung Dynasty: Wang An-shih, its impetuous reformer: I wish I could give specimen pictures from these and many more; but I must end with a serene Taoist bit from the divine Po-chui, whose words are as rubies and sapphires flashing. His great poem, *The Never-Ending Wrong*, is exquisitely translated by Mr. Cranmer-Byng, and to be found in the latter's little volume called *A Lute of Jade*; — I shall

not quote from it, however: but give this prose rendering of his *Peaceful Old Age*. Here now see Po-Chui, an old, old man, waiting for death quietly in his garden, meditating still upon the Tao, the Supreme Spirit:

Swiftly sinks the sun; the blue sky deepens into night. Tao is that which lies behind all these beautiful changes.

Tao gives me this toil in manhood, this repose in old age. I follow It, and all the seasons are friendly to me; only should I turn from It might I meet with grief.

No sorrow can find habitation in me; the Spirit of the Universe thrills me through; as a cloud I am, borne on the wind of It; as a random swallow, free of the airs.

As I dream beneath my mulberry tree the waterclock drips on; day has dawned; a new day on my wrinkles and gray hair.

If I should go today, it would be without regrets; I am in love with life, but without fear or anxiety. Lives and deaths follow each other in their cycles; how then should I cling to the days that remain to this body?

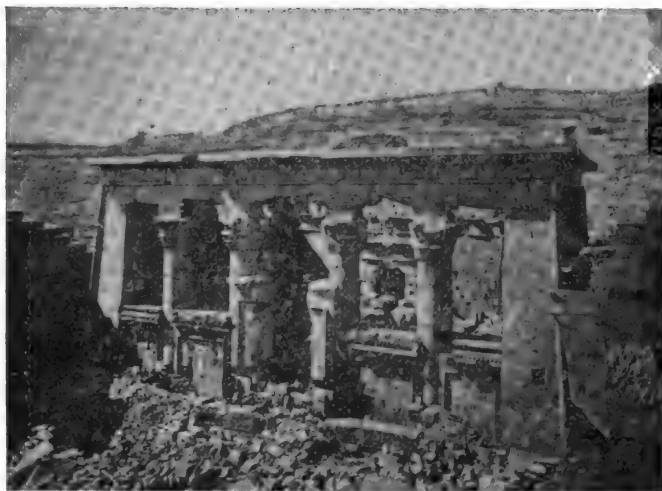
Here, waiting for death, I am, as I shall be, One with the heart-beats of Eternity.

NOTE: The verses in this paper, as also the prose versions of Chinese poems, are my own. But they are by no means taken from the Chinese originals; they are as it were 'translated' into verse (or prose) from the translations either of Mr. Cranmer-Byng in his *Lute of Jade*, or of Mr. Charles Budd in a book published some years ago I think by Trench Trübner in London. From the former I quote directly the little Confucian *Ode*; and nearly directly the poem by Wang Changling. If I have ventured to reduce some of Mr. Byng's work to prose, and then recast it in verse, my excuse is that he clings rather closely to the forms and traditions of English verse, which do not and cannot render the spirit of the Chinese poets or their intention: the atmosphere is too different. Since the paper was written I have come on a little volume by Mr. Clifford Bax of London, *Twenty Chinese Poems*: it contains many specimens that seem to me perfectly to render the Chinese atmosphere; and at least one reason of this success is, that Mr. Bax has used original or unhackneyed metres, and has permitted himself any unconventionality in the rhyme-scheme, etc., which, while remaining musical, shall contribute to the *surprise* Chinese poetry ought to cause in us. I count this element of greater importance than the matter of the poem. K. M.

THE sceptical laugh at faith and pride themselves on its absence from their own minds. The truth is that faith is a great engine, an enormous power, which in fact can accomplish all things. For it is the covenant or engagement between man's divine part and his lesser self.—*Light on the Path*

PICTURES FROM EGYPT: by Carolus

THE small temple of Kalabshe, in Nubia, was built by Rameses II and is an interesting example of one of the greatest ages of Egyptian architecture. While the front part of the building is constructed in the usual manner, the sanctuary and other chambers are carved out of the solid rock. This method is never found in Egypt proper, but frequently occurs in Nubia, and it is a very successful combination. The excavated chambers have an air of mystery and imperishability hardly



TEMPLE OF KALABSHE, NUBIA

to be obtained in a constructed building, and yet the outer courts and porticos present the ordinary appearance of a temple.

The great Temple at Luxor is hardly inferior in its magnificence to the famous Temple of Amen at Karnak with which it was once joined by an avenue of sphinxes, now in complete

ruin. It faces the Temple of Karnak, and not the river Nile, which is the usual custom. One of the great obelisks, eighty feet high, which stood in front of it, was removed to Paris in 1831 and now stands in the center of the Place de la Concorde. Though Rameses II, the Great, was not responsible for the principal part of the Temple of Luxor, there are many traces of his building activities. On the wings of the entrance portal there is a remarkable series of carvings of his campaign against the Hittites, in which his victories are glorified. The campaign was not a complete triumph for Rameses however. The result was satisfactory to both parties; Egypt's northern frontier was protected and firmly established, and a friendly treaty signed between the Egyptian and Hittite rulers. This treaty is a striking record of the humanitarian spirit of the age and it appears to have been strictly adhered to. In one of his battles against the Hittites Rameses greatly distinguished himself by personal valor. For a while he was cut off from the main part of his forces, and but for his desperate exertions in holding back the enemy till his own followers came to the rescue he would have been killed or made prisoner.

Some descriptions of the magnificence of the Temple of Luxor have come down to us from antiquity, and they give an impressive picture of the almost incredible richness and beauty of its decoration. Gold, silver, the rarest woods and precious stones were used lavishly. We can probably not imagine the full effect of the finest Egyptian temples; the ruins,



A PART OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR

while impressive from their size and dignity, the beauty of the general design and their hoary antiquity, and the charm of the sculptured decoration, have lost so much that was essential to the conception of the builders that they are hardly more than the unclothed skeletons of what they were in their prime.

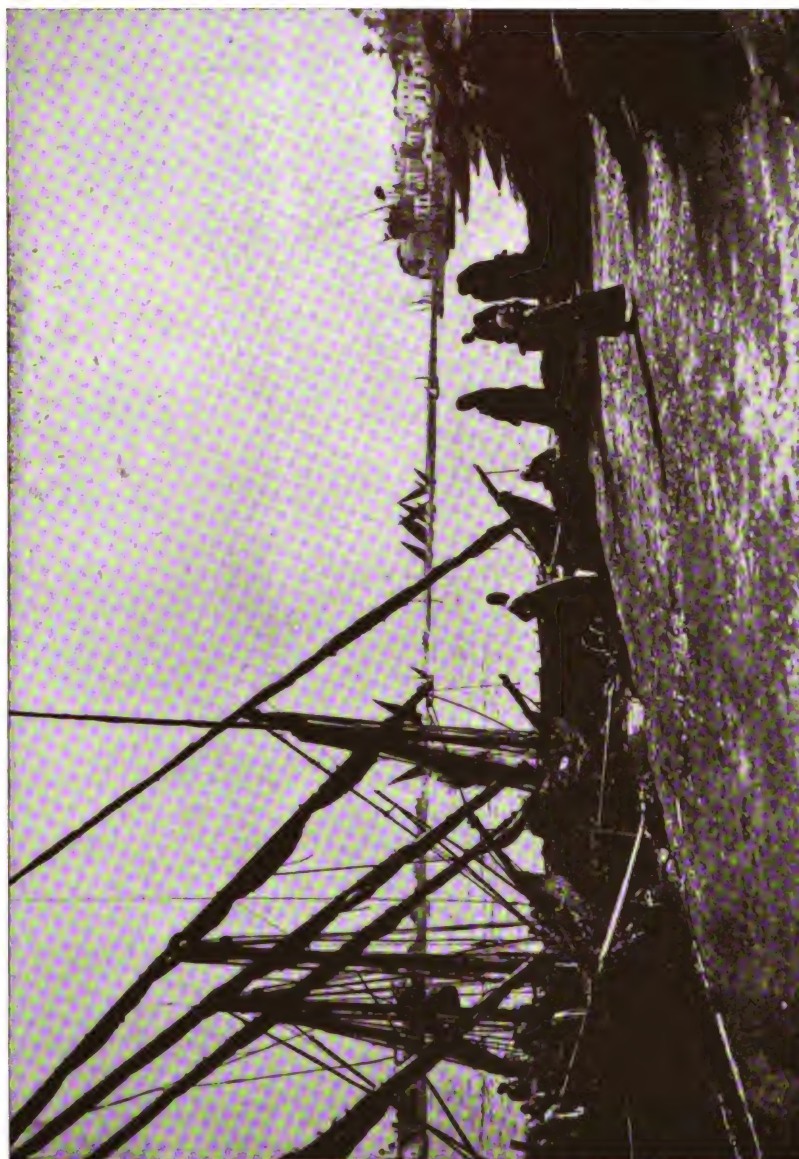
Abydos is famous for its two great temples erected by Rameses II and Seti I, his father, and above all for the recently discovered building called Strabo's Well, a mysterious structure of an order of architecture differing from every other Egyptian style except that of the equally mysterious Temple of the Sphinx near the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.



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EGYPT: RELIEF FROM TEMPLE OF ABYDOS

Seti I kneeling in the presence of the Gods



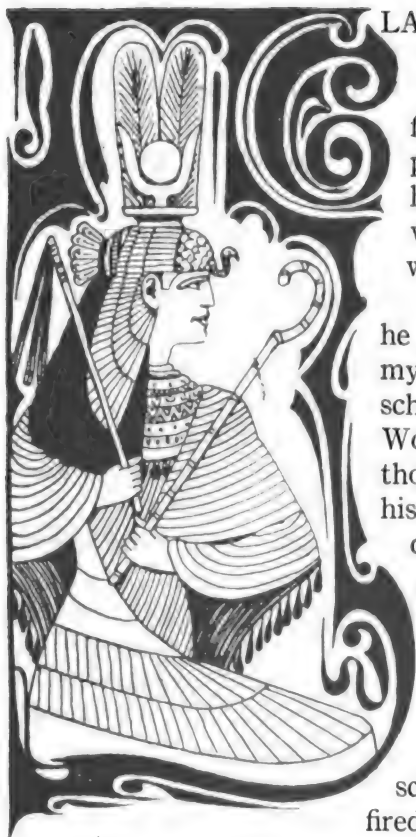
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EGYPT: A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE NILE

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)

CHAPTER V



LARA MARTEL had gone away, after the sale of her father's library, and had left no address. Martin made no attempt to find out where she had gone; she was a part of the past. The future now claimed his attention, and the present was filled with preparations for the great work that was to bring him to the notice of the world.

He felt that Egypt was to be his field; he was ordained to be the revealer of its mysteries; Egypt the ancient, the mighty school of antique wisdom, the Lamp of the World, whose light had burned brightly thousands of years before the dawn of modern history, and whose glory still remained undimmed when European civilization was in its infancy.

But while Egypt still fascinated him and held his imagination, it was a different Egypt in which he now sought subjects for pictorial treatment. Formerly it was the mystery of the sacred science and the occult philosophy which fired his soul; now it was the 'pomp and circumstance' of the temples and the pageantry of the court life that appealed to him. The solid facts of archaeology seemed to him now more attractive than any speculative investigations along the lines of religion or philosophy. His point of view had changed almost without his being aware of it. His vanity would have repudiated the suggestion that he was psychologized by a strong-willed woman, and yet it is a fact that he now saw with Julia's eyes, and Julia was no mystic.

She had caused him to be supplied with all the latest literature on the subject, and to please her he had become a reader rather than a dreamer, a scientist rather than a seer. The field was rich enough to satisfy an even more diligent investigator and he became a frequenter of museums, seeking material for his art.

This was a life-work that he saw before him, and it fired his ambition. He had no fear of falling short of money now, for he imagined his success in portraiture would never fail him, and that he could just paint enough

portraits to replenish his exchequer as the need arose. Young people always think the smiles of fortune once experienced can be recalled at will; the old can tell a different tale, to which no young man would pay attention perhaps, having to learn life's lesson for himself.

One day he was at work upon a brilliant composition when a knock came at the door, and for a moment his mind went back to that day so long ago when he was in despair for want of a model for his 'Cleopatra.' Now he was not in want of anyone, and yet the sound stirred his imagination and he rose eagerly to see who it could be. And when he saw, he suddenly became aware that he had been waiting for her ever since he came back and felt the emptiness of the studio.

She laughed, and gave him her hand so frankly pleased to meet him again that he put no restraint upon his own genuine delight at the 'surprise,' and even went so far as to declare that he had been listening for that knock for months. At which she smiled, and said:

"That, I suppose, is why you never wrote to tell us how you were getting on. Well, no matter; we will forgive you. I know you have been busy. Oh! that is grand!"

She planted herself before the easel in delight and became all absorbed in studying the composition.

Seeing this, he turned another canvas round and several panels, arranging them in order; and the critic turned to them silently. She went from one to the other slowly and without a word, while he looked on, appreciating the flattery of her evident interest in the work. At last she said:

"Yes, this is your work. Oh, what a field! But you must have a studio in Egypt. You cannot paint these pictures here."

She looked around disapprovingly.

"Of course you may want a studio here too, but it must be one in which you can feel the atmosphere of Egypt about you. I have great faith in having the right conditions for work. Now you must come and say 'How do you do' nicely to my dear Mother, who is waiting for me in the carriage at the door, and she will perhaps invite you to dine with us to-night. Will you come?"

"Will I?" he said, and smiled, so that she almost blushed, and hastily rising, went to the door.

"Oh, come as you are, that coat is all right, we understand. This is a surprise visit. Another day perhaps we will come for a visit of ceremony; then you may put on your best bib and tucker, and give us tea."

So they went down to Lady Marshbank, who did invite the artist to dinner just as Miss Julia had prophesied. And he accepted, also as foretold. He had no inclination to fight against destiny. But when he went back to the studio he looked across at the little window, recalling the pic-

ture of the Path that he had seen there, and he smiled somewhat scornfully to think how his imagination had fooled him with that old-fashioned allegory of the path that leads through dark and dangerous places, when all the time the straight broad flower-bordered way is open to the one who is really called by destiny. A faint light glimmered through the curtain that hung before the window, and again his fancy went to work and made him see two big brown eyes that looked at him reproachfully and faded from his sight. He turned impatiently to the canvas on the easel and shook off the uncomfortable suggestion of the eyes. He had grown somewhat intolerant of visions, since he took up the scientific study of his subject. He said that what he wanted now was facts, not dreams. But what are facts, and dreams?

The facts in his case seemed to nullify the warning of his dreams, which told him that 'the Path' would lead him through a wild and barren land. A barren land? What were the facts? Simply that every difficulty that he had foreseen was proved by facts to be a dream. No more. Or was it that the darkness of the first stages of the path was past, and that now he stood upon the mountain and looked down into the 'El Dorado' of his dream, which opened welcoming arms to him as to a child of destiny? He smiled contentedly, and thought that unsuccessful men said hard things of destiny, when all they had to blame perhaps was their own unjustified presumption in attempting enterprises to which they were not called by anything higher than their own ambition. This thought was very comforting, and he dressed for dinner in a state of complete self-satisfaction.

Julia was radiant and full of the Egyptian trip. She had got everything laid out, and Martin had nothing to do but to accept the blessings that the Gods showered down upon his path. He felt himself acknowledged as their agent, who was to make revelation to the world of secrets that the archaeologists had failed to unravel. He now saw how he had first been called, then tried and tested, and now stood approved and chosen as the artistic interpreter of Egypt to modern European civilization. And they, the Gods, had sent him a companion to help him in his mission.

He told her something of this charming fantasy, and found a most sympathetic listener; for though Julia was not a mystic she was romantic, and had a keen sense of the dramatic aspect of antiquity. As to the Gods, they meant nothing at all to her, except as accessories to a fairytale. Her own religion was a fairytale; her faith was simply the Joy of Life; and Life meant more to her than physical existence, but how much more, it might have been hard to say. She herself never inquired into the mysteries of her own nature; she took life as she found it, and she found it beautiful.

This talk about his mission came on the occasion of a flying visit to the studio, which lasted so much longer than the five minutes allotted to

it, that a visit to the dressmaker had to be omitted from the program for the day, and as everyone knows how long a visit to the dressmaker may last, there is no need to inquire how long the conversation in the studio continued; but it was not time wasted, for a matter of some interest was discussed and settled, whereby the future of the two explorers was simplified, and Lady Chalmers was relieved of the necessity of chaperoning her ward upon this, to her, rather alarming expedition. Young married people need no chaperon.

Winter in Egypt, and spring in Paris, and a picture in the Salon to show that they had not been idle. Then to England; visits to the family and friends, and back again to Paris to a luxurious studio filled with Egyptian curios and oriental rugs, rare books and bronzes, ancient embroideries, and modern furniture made on the best antique models. Certainly there was an Egyptian atmosphere; but the word Egypt covers a vast and varied field of human aspirations as well as of human passions, plots and infamies, spiritual mysteries and the basest perversions of high rites degraded to the vilest superstitions, high-souled initiates ruling divinely, who in their turn gave place to politicians masquerading as the agents of the Gods; kings who seemed almost more than mortals, and sovereigns lower than ordinary men. All these and countless other contradictions and incongruities are covered by the one word 'Egypt,' and who shall say that the atmosphere of the luxurious Paris studio was not Egyptian?

But it was so in the sense in which one might have said the sordid attic in the Rue Baroche seemed like some columned temple of the Nile. There were no oriental rugs or incense there; and yet at times there was a 'presence,' and one that was of a different order from that which presided now in unquestioned sovereignty here in the large and sumptuous *atelier*.

Julia was Queen, and wife, and comrade, critic and counselor, ever willing to help, capable, active, industrious, and very practical. But in her presence no veils were lifted and no visions came, no star shone in the darkness nor glowed mysteriously in the full light of day. Before her, mystery was veiled. She represented actuality, she was the present personified. She was the joy of life. She was Success. Can a man want more? Man is not always reasonable, perhaps, and as an artist he may demand the moon; he may be plagued with yearnings for the infinite, the unattainable, being an artist and irrational. Ingratitude comes naturally to the artistic temperament. But Martin had found his El Dorado, and gloried in it. Yet there were moments even now when he was conscious of a chill. The Path was bathed in sunlight, and in the distance lay a golden city, where a throne waited for him when he should care to claim it. Such was his dream; but though it was certainly a pleasant kind of vision it left him

wondering what was lacking. And then he felt that strange uncomfortable chill, which he had never experienced in the old days.

Under the guidance of his clever wife, he did not plunge rashly into great undertakings unprepared to carry them through successfully, but felt his way cautiously with works of moderate size and scope. Each was



a marked success, and soon he found his reputation rising. And when at last he launched an ambitious composition, it came to port in triumph amid the applause of artists and the most flattering notice from the press. But in the crowd that gathered at the Salon round the picture on the opening day to compliment the artist and to congratulate his charming wife, Martin caught sight of his old friend Talbot turning away as if he had no place among the admirers, who were so eager to claim acquaintance

with the hero of the hour. He felt hurt that his old friend did not congratulate him on his success. It was a success, of that he had no doubt. The work was excellent in every way; there was erudition displayed in archaeological features and accessories, and there was originality both in the conception and in the execution of the design. Yet Talbot turned away because he could not find the flattering words that were expected from him, he who had seen such promise in the first 'Cleopatra' picture, which had been generally ignored. He saw the merit of the work; but what he saw even more plainly was its soullessness, its total lack of inspiration. As science it was no doubt interesting; as Art it had no existence in his eyes.

Martin was perhaps unreasonably sensitive, and felt as if he had received a stab from one whom he remembered as a friend of former days, and would have liked to have among the little coterie of admirers who made life pleasant to him on this bright spring morning.

A little later in the day he met a collector of pictures and prints, who was anxious to make his acquaintance, and who said he would like to show him his collection the next time he was in London. The man was full of his own affairs, and really wanted to get an opinion on some doubtful canvases that had come into his possession as works of various notable painters: in particular he mentioned a couple of Fromentins, for which he had given a large price, because they were not generally known to collectors of that master's work; and he was in some doubt now as to their authenticity. Martin inquired where he had got them, and was told they came from the gallery of a well-known London dealer, who was credited with many doubtful transactions, but who being now defunct could not be called to account for imposing spurious works on credulous customers. Martin excused himself saying that he was not often in London just now, and turned to other friends. But his mind went back unpleasantly to the pictures he had painted for Chalmers in the style of Fromentin; and he had little doubt that he could identify the questionable canvases alluded to by this new acquaintance. It was another jarring note in the general harmony of the day, and served to recall more than he cared to remember of the days before he tasted his first success. He could feel the rustle of the crisp bank-notes that was so refreshing and invigorating then when his pocket was empty and his credit nil. And that recalled the foolish fancy of his day-dream, when he saw the star in the little window veiled by a curtain that assumed the aspect of a Bank of England note. And instantly a pair of dark brown eyes seemed fixed upon him reproachfully.

Why should these foolish fancies come to spoil his satisfaction now? Was Fortune jealous of his well-deserved success? Had he not worked for it and won it, by means which seemed to him proper and right?

His wife was chatting gaily to a group of men, but she was conscious of a *contretemps*. She felt his changes of mood almost as soon as he did; sometimes she seemed to anticipate them and to ward off unpleasantnesses. But now something, she felt, had hurt him while she was off guard, and she reproached herself, as a mother would if she let a bee sting her baby.

But Martin was beyond her reach, for she knew nothing of the things that were now tormenting his sensitive vanity. It was essential to his peace of mind that he should forget all that was in any way derogatory to his artistic honor or his personal dignity; and there was something about that matter of the pictures which Chalmers had commissioned him to paint that had not been altogether satisfactory to him at the time, and which would have caused him to decline the task if it had not been for the immediate need in which he found himself. That was the thing that galled him now. He felt as if he had been guilty of a dishonorable act under the pressure of want. His code of honor was more to him than his religion, in fact it was his creed. Now, looking back from the position of prosperity and success, that incident seemed mean and pitiful enough, and yet significant. Suddenly the picture of the banknote in the window shutting out the vision of the star enshrining those deep eyes became a symbol whose interpretation shocked him painfully. It seemed to mean that he had sold his 'vision' to feed his body and relieve himself of personal discomforts — an interpretation that he resented as unjust, although it came from his own imagination. He thought those big brown eyes gazed at him in reproach, and he was deeply wounded by the implication of weakness and failure under temptation, which he read into their strange glance. Those eyes had seemed to him lit by a mystic fire that was not of the earth; and since that time he had seen nothing that had the power so to stir the depths of his imagination. Clara Martel had passed out of his life as suddenly as she had entered it, and he had almost forgotten her until this moment. He looked around him, fearing to see her standing in the crowd and holding him under the spell of those unusual eyes. At one time he would have taken the mental impression to be a response to an inner warning from some higher power, but now he instinctively associated it with the bodily presence of a personality. His mind had almost unconsciously resumed the materialistic attitude familiar to him in his home-life in England, before he went to study art in Paris and dreamed of Cleopatra.

His archaeological researches had kept him interested in the facts of life ancient and modern; and his desire to become recognised as a great artistic authority on Egyptology had closed his mind to all those finer forces and more subtle suggestions, that had at one time seemed to him to

be the essential elements of Egypt as he loved to think and dream of that land of mystery.

Once spiritual forces seemed actual realities, now he relied on facts, rejecting undemonstrated causes as mere speculations.

Once dreams and visions were full of significance, and to them he looked for inspiration and instruction; now he referred to books, and inscriptions, dubiously interpreted, but strictly scientific.

In those days the Gods seemed near, though fortune and fame were very far away. Now he was prosperous and happy, and success already smiled upon him; but the great Gods had faded into the limbo of 'mere sacerdotal superstition,' and the ancient mysteries had ceased to inspire him with awe and reverence. They too were antique traditions, to be scientifically investigated and criticised. The Great Queen herself was honored as a supreme intelligence and as a mighty ruler, but not as an emissary of those higher powers, that formerly he seemed to recognise as the true rulers of the world and the divine Guardians of humanity. In those few years he had gone far upon the downward path of mere materialism. He had discarded faith in visions; but yet here he was upset and most unpleasantly disturbed by the mere memory of a dream.


Meanwhile the conversation all around him flowed on unceasingly, and he made some pretense of taking part in it; but the pleasure of the morning had suddenly changed to weariness, and he wished he were home again in the studio.

His wife, watching him as she talked, caught something of his thought, and promptly proposed that they should go for a drive through the Bois, to get rid of the dust they had inhaled in the crowded galleries. He caught the suggestion eagerly, and thanked the Gods who had given him Julia. She never reproached him. He never felt mean or pitiful with her to encourage him. He felt she understood him and he was not ungrateful to her.

(To be continued)

INDEED, we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who therefore is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty — that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him; he is not yet the great artist. —SIDNEY LANIER, *in a lecture to the students of Johns Hopkins University.*

A MISTAKE IN THE MAIL? by Floyd C. Egbert

 UNSET time, and a gray-green dusk in the olive-woods: on which soft gloom not yet had the star-flame of the fireflies begun to wander and twinkle. Yonder a pool, left by the rain, flames sudden saffron and vermilion where the sun-rays shine in slanting through a break in the sage-gray roofage to the west. The place is heavy and sweet with the scent of narcissus; their white blooms star the wood-floor dimly. From the Hotel Oesterreich, half a mile or so away through the terraced woods, floats the sound of German singing; one distinguishes only the swaying chorus, *Ja, ja! Ja, ja!* But in this part of the world one may hear song or speech at any time in almost any language in Europe; and United States also is common. In the English church, of a Sunday morning, they pray regularly for "Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, Humbert King of Italy, and the President of the United States of America"; within a mile, prayers will doubtless be going up simultaneously for Kaiser Friedrich, the king of Sweden and Norway, the Czar of Russia — for everyone, in fact, except M. Sadi Carnot. One does not pray much, in the churches, for the President of the Third Republic.

Here in the olive-woods, also, prayers are ascending; but of a widely different kind. They are addressed to the *Santissima Madonna*; but that is because it is no longer the fashion to petition the Cyprian by name. *Speed her coming!* — there you have the burden of them all. Someone has suggested that there must often be confusion and jealousy on Olympus, which no celestial Post Office can obviate: prayers come addressed to the *Santissima Madonna*, that be intended, some for Venus, some for Lucina, some for any of the ladies of the pantheon. They arranged these things better in pagan times, distinctly. Mistakes occur; did in the present instance, I incline to think, or this story would never have been told. However——

The one that prays is Giordano Farfalla, known commonly in artistic circles as *Il Botterfloy*: the name that suits him best. Many good critics believed him chief rising star in the firmament of Italian art; and of his genius none doubted. But then, there were always those butterfly wings! "In good time, *caro mio*; in good time! When the moment comes, I shall begin to work on my masterpiece, my *Diana the Huntress*. Ah, then you shall see; the world shall see. Already it is, in part, conceived — ah, *bellissima!* And when it is painted — *Madre mia, come sarà bellissima!* In Rome, yes; and in Paris, London, Vienna — but in America — everywhere shall I exhibit it; I shall submit it to the judgment of the world. Meanwhile, *pazienza!* there is time, there is time." He was one of those people, however, for whose boasting you only like them the better. . . .

In fact, he was the life and soul of society, native and foreign; and foreign of all camps and races. He would permit no one to be on terms other than the most cordial with him; and in this, had all the gifts necessary for success. Dr. Eastman, of New England, puritan and most learned divine, put aside a native prejudice against Italians and Roman Catholics only in his favor. He was secretly adored by the faded and quite unhumorous Miss Larsen, of Norway; he was the bosom chum of the elderly and ugly Mrs. Lorraine, called *Il Capitano* among the artists and Bohemians. Eke he was *persona grata* in the circles of Lady Philippa Fitzpatrick, who loathed Bohemianism, and gathered about her lights of the Church of England. In Lady Philippa's drawing-room he was strictly *Signor Farfalla*; she did not encourage, though she could not suppress, his excursions into English. He was likewise always welcome when the Baron took him round to the Oesterreich; though I doubt he knew as much German as to say *ja* for *si*. Indeed, his linguistic capacity was strictly limited; we spoke of his excursions into English, which was the only language, other than his own, that he would converse in. And in that he knew but the one word *Botterfloy* — but could make that go far.

Mrs. Lorraine was among those who believed in his genius; and her opinion was worth something. Watercolor was her medium, and in it she did flaming justice to the Italian skies. She had a religion of her own: it was that an artist must paint, and do nothing to hinder his painting. Ah, but she was original, *Il Capitano*: a vigorous spirit! After five minutes you forgot that she was the ugliest woman alive, and remembered only that she was the most charming. Old enough to be Farfalla's mother, she held that she alone among the daughters of Eve, for the present, had proprietary rights to his homage. She intended to marry him some day — to the right person. But it must be someone to whom she might bequeath him without fear of results; and meanwhile she must marry him firmly to his painting. It was she in fact who had taught him about half he knew; especially in the matter of painting with fire and light for pigment. Certainly she was the one serious influence in his life; for you could not count Padre Giacomo his confessor. And she wielded her influence with banter of the kind that does not sting; with criticism of the kind that counts; with the infection of her religion of work. "Yes, that's very good, my dear; now go and paint it again." So in the days when, a boy, he began haunting her studio. She had no atom of mysticism in her being, and believed in nothing, she said, that she could not see; — that, however, one took with a grain of salt. At any rate, she was at no pains to conceal her unbelief; hence her unpopularity with Lady Philippa Fitzpatrick's Anglican set. Go to church — when she might be painting? On a dull Sunday morning perhaps. — But if ever that dull Sunday morning came, it found her too busy with

something else; and our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, Humbert King of Italy and the President of the United States of America had to be saved with no aid of intercession from her.

Another believer in Farfalla was *Il Barone* — Von Something — an artist who spoke Italian and English Germanly. These three were the trinity of the local Bohemia; their three studios were held in common, though mostly they foregathered in the Villa Lorraine when there was need or whim to work in company. The baron was a painter of solid merit, though a meek and meager little man; the antithesis of Mrs. Lorraine in many ways: sober and painstaking where she was brilliant and daring. At the Villa, too, they drank afternoon tea with some regularity; so did most of the artists of the place, and others who found Lady Philippa Fitzpatrick's a little dull. At those teas the relative claims of Shakespeare, Dante and Goethe to supremacy were discussed in English, Italian and German; one also heard French there constantly, and even Russian and Spanish sometimes.

"What has become of the Butterfly?" said *il Capitano*. "This is the third time this week—"

The Baron groaned. "It is *la Tiamante*," said he. "Mine friend, I am afraid — so; I am afraid. He is young, *und auch* he is beautiful; *und der plood*, mit these Italians, it is so warm, *nicht wahr?* The great art, it goes not mit Tiamantes."

And in fact, the Baron was right. He might tearfully implore, and the Capitano might banter and harry; but there stood Farfalla's big canvas at his easel, as it had stood now for several weeks: so many square feet of silvery grey-green and romantic gloom — moonlight in the olive-woods — daubed on for a background, and Diana the Huntress — not. And littered about were sketches by the dozen — in crayon, in charcoal, in watercolor, in oils — of a divinity of quite another order: plump and retroussée, coquettishly wearing a white silk shawl starred over with little blossoms in green and red. And the Botterfloy had lost his gaiety, except in desperate fits and starts; and the Capitano forebore to make fun of the Baron when he inveighed against "*la Tiamante*"; she herself called down, in private, no blessings on that young person's head.

Farfalla was Italian, and therefore Catholic-Pagan; his father, a Nizzard, had worn the red shirt in his day; had possessed Garibaldi's confidence, indeed, and been a man after that lofty idealist's own heart. So there was good blood in the veins of our Botterfloy, and a capacity to dream high dreams; he was made for much better things than *la Diamante* and her tribe. So much the more Mrs. Lorraine lamented his enmeshment. "Hearken, *Giordanino mio*," said she more than once; "there are other things to paint beside white silk shawls, although one treats them

with talent." A love affair — *tut*, that was nothing; but this was of the kind that spoils genius.

And now, here he was in the olive-woods in the glamor of the evening; there was the gold and scarlet lighting the surface of the pool a dozen yards in front of him; all around, the light was growing dim and dusk, and the fireflies were beginning to dart and shine and wander. And between the puffs of endless cigarettes — "too many of them, these days, *caro mio!*" as Mrs. Lorraine had remarked only that morning for the fiftieth time — he was praying with fervor: "*Santissima Maria, speed her coming!*" "Her," need I say, was *la Diamante*.

The light died from the pool, and it became a faint glimmer under the sky in the midst of the firefly-lit darkness; and still no one came. Farfalla was artist, as well as lover; and the beauty of the night began to invade his mind. The moon rose, and he watched the pool over-silvered; and remembered Diana the Huntress, even while continuing his prayers. He bethought him of old dreams and creative ideals: how his heart had swelled and his vision ran out to far horizons of the spirit, when first the conception of *la Diana* had come to him. *Ah, bellissima, bellissima!* Pure, cold, intent, majestic, eager: a silver presence, yet more radiant than silver or gold — the highest dream, the utmost and farthest — passing starry through the woods. That was how he would have painted her. Would have? — would! The little glade where the pool was, and the moonlight on the water: that was the background for her! The rich, soft Italian moonlight; the deep, over-silvered blue of the Italian night-sky; the sweetness of the olive-woods, langorous with narcissus scent — all this sensuous softness, with its suggestion of latent passion, should be startled with a vision all whiteness, all beautiful strength and grace. Purity? — ah, it was not only the saints of the church that possessed the secret of that! — And still he prayed: *Ah, Madonna, speed her coming!*

"See, Carlo mio, he prays, that devout one. Let us advance, thou and I." So *la Diamante*; who had arranged her coup, and was to strike that night, win or lose, for the soul of Farfalla. "Not for nothing is he so named," she considered. "He shall find me with the little Carlo Agnelli; there shall be grand romance; then, if he shall have behaved —"

They came forward. Farfalla heard footsteps, rose from his knees, and dashed off past them in the direction of the town. "*Buona notte, signorino! Ah, but why this haste!*" He lifted his hat, said his "*Buona notte, signorina!*" and was gone.

"*Ah, che diavolo, quegli!* The beast, the pig, the ingrate!" *La Diamante* flamed and trembled. — "Adored one, what has happened?" said Carlo. "As an angel affronted you appear to me. It was merely, I

think, Giordano Farfalla — he that paints with the German and the Englishwoman. But listen thou to the pleadings of thy worshiper!" — So he addressed her in the language she understood, and achieved soothing her presently. As for the Botterfloy, heaven knows whether he was so much as aware who had spoken to him.

Mrs. Lorraine came into her studio next morning uneasy of mind, and found no relief in her work. Her prie-dieu (easel and campstool) provided now no refuge devotional, as of old. She admitted she had been worrying about Farfalla; which was sinful, because you can't paint and worry. This morning the trouble was acute, and no inward wrestling would dislodge the demon. By eleven o'clock she could stand it no longer, and laid down her brushes with a sigh. She would put on her hat, and go forth in quest of news.

First she went to the Baron's, who knew nothing of Farfalla's whereabouts. "But I haf mineself been anxious too; ja, most anxious; and already I would go there up to his house." So the two of them wended their way towards the *città*, and sought Farfalla's studio. "You see, he is not there," said the Baron; "there is no song." Always, if the Botterfloy were at home, one might expect to hear *Con che cuor, Moritina, te mi lasce?* or something as classical, when one came to the foot of the stairs. "All the same I'm going in," said Mrs. Lorraine; with an inward shiver of apprehension. It never occurred to her to knock or to call "*E permesso!*" — either he was absent, or —

She went in, and, holding the handle of the door, came to a stop. Farfalla was wrapt, agile, covering the bare canvas furiously. He neither heard nor saw her. She beckoned to the Baron outside, and put a finger to her lips commanding silence. They stood in the doorway and watched. "Ko-loss-al!" murmured the Baron; and "Sublime!" said she. And they were right — even at that stage. Not a word would they speak to him; both knew better than that. After a while they shut the door quietly, and went down into the street. Mrs. Lorraine pulled down her veil. "No, go home; I don't want you to accompany me," said she. "I'm going to blub."

As for what had wrought the change, there is no evidence for it but that of Farfalla himself. So you must take or leave what follows, as your preference may be. It was the explanation he gave to Mrs. Lorraine, when *Diana the Huntress* had gone forth to conquer Europe. Not till then would he speak; although quite evidently marvels had been on foot. And he succeeded in convincing her that at least he believed what

he was saying; she even believed it herself, I fancy; except when you challenged her habitual unbelief by questioning her about it. There was the evidence of the picture!

He had, then, thrown down his last cigarette, and forgotten to light another. The beauty of the night had taken hold upon him; as if his assignation had been with *la Diana*, not with *la Diamante*. The woods — can you not believe? — were filled with whisperings and mystery: haunted with immemorial rustling presences out of Mediterranean pagandom. Every gnarled over-branching olive-trunk seemed alive, silent, intense with expectancy. *Oh, Santissima, speed her coming!* Hush, what was that? A white hart, shining like the silver edge of a cloud, broke out of the silence and shadow, and gleamed across the glade. “But not along the ground, Signora; in the air; so high; *ecco!*” A quiver ran through the gray foliage; a whisper through the wood: a cold breath of wind, infinitely suggestive of purity. — Two hounds? — yes, but never the hounds of a mortal hunter shone silvery like these, nor so came streaming through the haunted air. . . . They were gone with the hart into the shadow. “And then . . . she appeared . . . for an instant gliding in mid-air through the glade; above the pool, whereon her shadow was as if it had lightened. *Ah, bellissima!* . . . The bowstring stretched tight, drawn back to the shoulder . . . a queen in faint blue and silver: a goddess, a visitant from celestial spheres! As you see her in the picture, Signora; but — yes, I swear it — a million times more beautiful even than that. . . . White gleamed the pool, celestially white beneath her celestial passing; for an instant she shone; for an instant only; but even before she had vanished I was kneeling to her, and my arms flung forth in a gesture of homage, of adoration!



WHAT is needed to elevate the soul is, not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature — not that a man should become an encyclopaedia; but that the great ideas, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. . . . A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men, who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. . . . The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

PALACES IN SPAIN: by C. J. Ryan

THE long period during which Spain was an Oriental nation, prosperous and cultured in the highest degree — an extraordinary contrast to the rest of Europe — accounts for the indescribable fascination and charm that yet exists. It is amazing to find the light and fairy-like architecture of the Saracens so near the shores of the Atlantic. Constant efforts have been made by the Christian rulers to blot out the traces and records of the Moslems, but unsuccessfully. The folklore



GRANADA: THE 'COURT OF THE LIONS' IN
THE ALHAMBRA

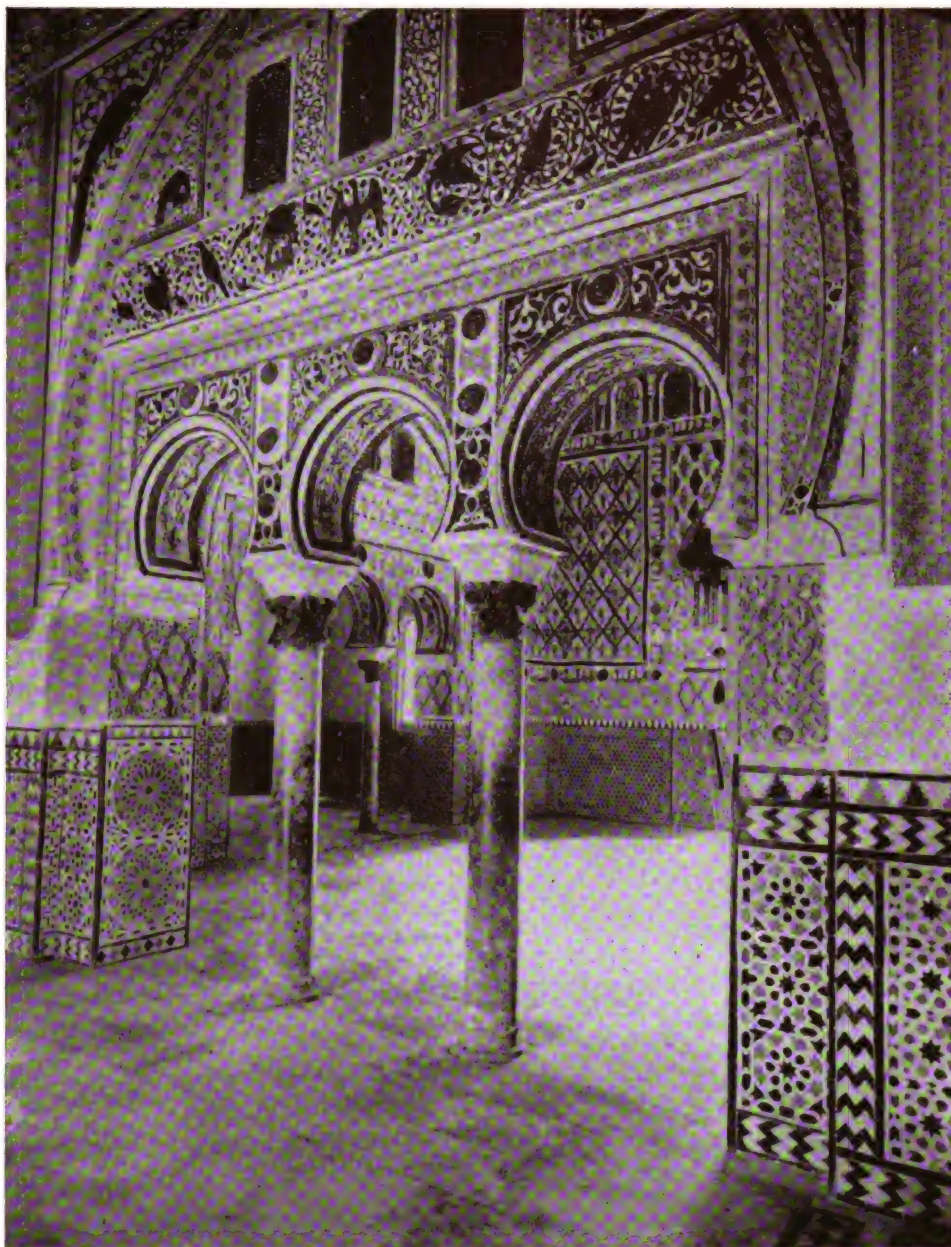
of the people is filled with romantic legends of Moorish and Christian chivalry, the Gothic and Renaissance architecture is deeply marked by Saracenic characteristics, and the former centers of Mohammedan rule still possess glorious relics of Moorish palaces or mosques. In the South, where the Moors held sway the longest, the people have less of the proverbial dignity and sternness that we associate with the colder and more barren North. Seville, the one-time greatest city in Europe, the chief city of the Visigoths, the Moors, and finally of Christian Spain, is the most perfect embodiment of what is in the minds of Northern Europeans when they speak of the gay and sunny southern climes.

The Alcázar, Seville, is the principal relic of the Moslem dominion left in the city, and, though inferior to the Alhambra at Granada, it is marvellously beautiful in spite of numerous restorations. It was begun in 1181 during the rule of the Almohades, and it has been associated with many strange and terrible deeds. Pedro the Cruel made many alterations and additions in the fourteenth century, and he is the most conspicuous person in the history of the palace. It is difficult to harmonize the fearful deeds of this monster with the exquisitely graceful and refined architecture of the palace in which he lived. The 'Court of the Maidens,' with its richly patterned walls and cusped arches, occupies the center of the building; around it are grouped the other halls and dwelling rooms. The 'Court of the Ambassadors,' the finest of all, opens from it.

The Alhambra, at Granada, begun in 1248 by Mohammed ben Al-hamar after his expulsion from Seville, while not in its original condition, is far more perfect than the Alcázar at Seville; it is the finest example of the Spanish Mohammedan style in existence. It consists principally of two large oblong courts, the handsomest, the 'Court of the Lions,' being one hundred and fifty-five feet long by sixty-six feet wide. This was built by Abu Abdallah in 1325-1333, and it receives its name from the twelve conventional lions surrounding the central fountain. Sculpture of this kind is extremely rare in Mohammedan work on account of the religious prohibition against making any graven image, and it is difficult to understand how these lions were permitted. They are very clumsily carved and offer a curious contrast to the exquisite refinement of the wall decorations and the elegant carving of the capitals of the pillars. The Alhambra, with its lightness and almost ephemeral grace, exhibits a totally different element in architecture from that which impresses the mind in the ancient Egyptian, with its solemnity and permanence. Its materials are flimsy, chiefly wood covered with plaster, yet the result is perfectly satisfying. Fergusson says with justice:

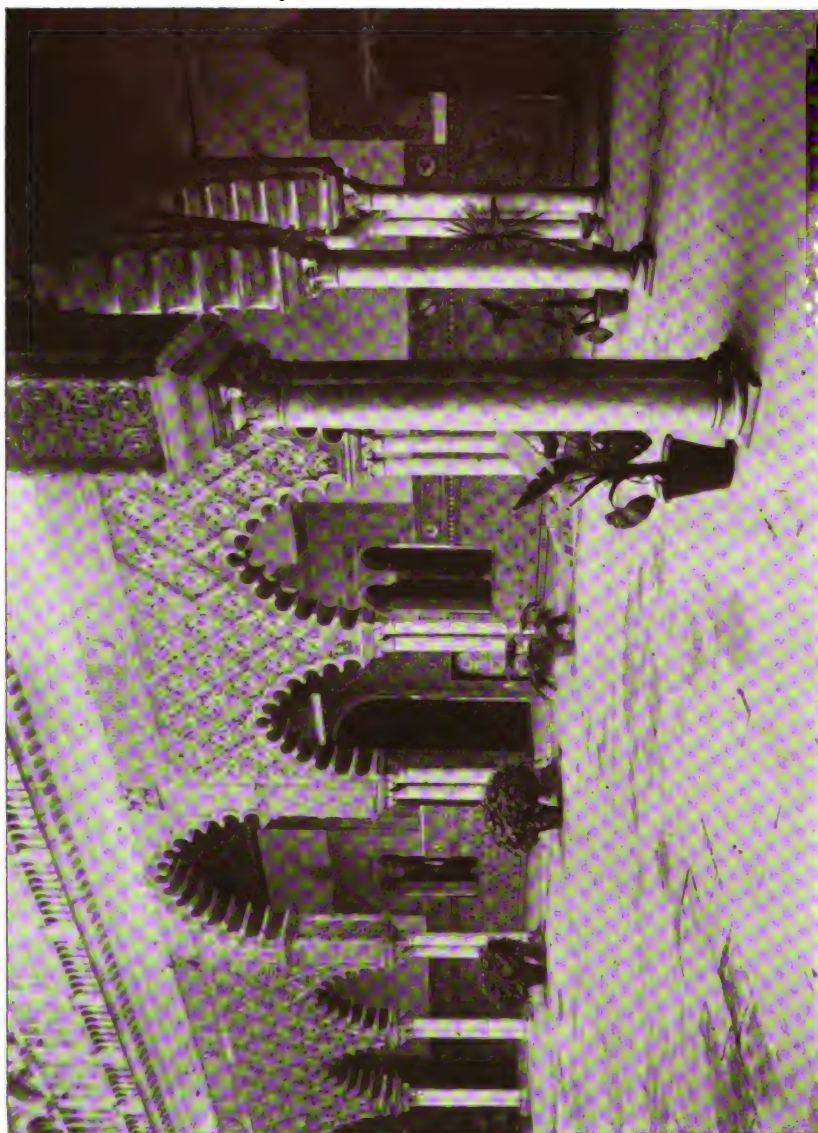
The arcades which the columns support are moulded in stucco with a richness and beauty of ornament that is unrivalled. There is in this no offense to good taste; indeed work executed in plaster *ought* to be richly decorated, otherwise it is an unsuccessful attempt to imitate the simplicity and power that belongs to more durable and more solid materials. It should therefore always be covered with ornament, and was never elaborated with more taste and consistence than here.

There is a very perfect copy of the Court of the Lions in the Crystal Palace, London. Every detail and dimension is identical with the original except for a slight curtailment in the plan. The brilliant color is also faithfully reproduced, but of course the vivid sunshine, the semi-tropical vegetation and the picturesque environment are not present.



Lemaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SEVILLE: THE 'COURT OF THE AMBASSADORS' IN THE ALCÁZAR



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE 'COURT OF THE MAIDENS' IN THE ALCÁZAR

THE TURN OF THE TIDE: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

ARE we, as physical beings, alive? Does the word *alive* mean anything special? Or is *aliveness* merely some particularly complicated play of the forces at work in the matter we call 'dead', the stone, the solution of salts in a test-tube? Is the actual kitten a mere mechanism, differing only in complexity from the one the child buys at the toy store and winds with a key?

No one really believes that. No one really thinks that life is anything but *life*, not to be resolved into anything else.

But the modern physiologist *thinks* he believes it, and when he writes a textbook that is what he explicitly or implicitly teaches, dwelling wholly on mechanical reflexes and reactions, making it appear to the student that they will cover the whole ground, and keeping out of the student's sight (and even his own sight) the central piece of ground they *will* not cover.

That is the fashion of the day. But the tide is turning. A physiologist and biologist here and there is refusing to disregard the *live* key that starts the mechanisms agoing and superintends their moving.

One of the foremost English physiologists, Dr. Haldane of Oxford, in his recent address before the *Harvey Society* in New York, began with a little historical sketch of successive opinions about this question.

The last great turning-point in physiology was about the middle of last century. Up till then it was generally held that in a living organism a specific influence, the so-called 'vital force,' controls the more intimate and important physiological processes. Inspired by the rapid advances of physics and chemistry, the younger physiologists of that time broke away from vitalism, and maintained that all physiological change is subject to the same physical and chemical laws as in the inorganic world, so that in ultimate analysis biology is only a branch of physics and chemistry.

The subsequent progress of physiology has shown that all, without exception, of the physical and chemical hypotheses then advanced in explanation of intimate physiological processes were far too simple to explain the facts; but the general conclusion that biology is only a special application of ordinary physics and chemistry became firmly established, and is still what may be called the orthodox creed of physiologists. It may be truly said that most physiologists look upon this creed as something which has been established for all time, and they would be inclined to regard any deviation from it as harmful scientific heresy. Nevertheless I think that we have again reached a turning-point, and that a new physiology is arising in place of the physico-chemical physiology which has held sway for so many years.

And, speaking of the physiologists who last century led the revolt against vitalism, he says:

To them it seemed that there were probably simple physical and chemical explanations of the various physical and chemical changes associated with life. The progress of experimental physiology since that time has effectually shown that this was only a dream, and physiologists are now awakening from the dream.

Vitalism is the doctrine that there *is* some special force at work in living organisms, distinct in kind from and controlling the ordinary phy-

sico-chemical forces at work as well in inorganic as organic matter. Professor Haldane's paper was a study of this activity, a study of what life does. Whether anything can be said as to what it *is* he did not then discuss. Perhaps he did not wish to scandalize physiologists by talking metaphysics.

But to metaphysics they will have to come. For to make anything of the doctrine life must be regarded as intelligent and purposive and therefore conscious. And so, of course, a metaphysical force; for if not *meta*-physical it is physical; which, by the definition it is not, nor measurable in mechanical ways. It occupies the position of the superintendent of works, who, not in this aspect a physical force himself, supplies the directing ideation for men who are.

The directing hand or will, as Professor Haldane shows, (these are not his terms), manifests throughout every living organism and every organ and cell of it by the persistent maintenance of a *normal*, both of function and composition, in the face of ever changing conditions. In the inorganic world there is a different normal for each different set of external conditions. The thing is passively and mechanically played upon by the conditions. But in the organic, living, physiological world, the normal is maintained for life purposes (or the steady attempt is made to maintain it) *against* the change of conditions. In the failure of the attempt disease and then death occur.

As one of his selected types of a 'normal' Professor Haldane takes the composition of the blood. Blood bathes all the cells of the body and there is an intimate and ceaseless give-and-take between these and itself. It is by the close and moment-to-moment regulation of this give-and-take that the "almost incredibly constant" composition of the blood is maintained. Its deficiencies are instantly met, its superfluities instantly removed. The normal is constantly preserved in the face of constantly changing conditions of food, temperature, quality of air, work of each organ and activity of the organism as a whole.

If we regard this condition as simply a physical and chemical state of dynamic balance, it is evident that the balance must be inconceivably complicated and at the same time totally unstable. If at any one point in the system the balance is disturbed it will break down and everything go from bad to worse. A living organism does not behave in this way: for its balance is active, elastic, and therefore very stable. When a disturbance affects its structure or internal environment it tends to 'adapt' itself to the disturbance. That is to say its reactions become modified in such a manner that the normal is in all essential points maintained.

Where necessary, however, the blood will alter its composition so that that of the cells which it bathes and feeds may be maintained.

That Anglo-American expedition of which I was a member studied, on the summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado, adaptation to the want of oxygen which causes, in unadapted persons, all the formidable symptoms known as 'mountain sickness.' As adaptation proceeded the blueness

of the lips, nausea, and headache completely disappeared, and then it was found that the lung epithelium [the lining membrane of the lungs composed of flat cells fitting closely together] had begun to secrete oxygen inwards,

that is, into the blood, so that, in spite of the rarefied air, enough oxygen should still be supplied. The oxygen-carrying ingredient in the blood (haemoglobin) was also increasing in quantity; the liver and kidneys were effecting the necessary changes in the alkalinity of the blood so that it might liberate its waste carbonic acid better, and the depth and frequency of respiration were augmented.

The organism had so adapted itself as nearly to compensate for the deficiency in oxygen supply, just as a heart gradually compensates for a permanent valvular defect.

Another example of this persistent recurrence to a normal is found in every acute disease. Micro-organisms, sometimes of a sort to which the blood is entirely unaccustomed, multiplying rapidly in it, poison it by their excretions, the substances known as toxins. As if working in a chemical laboratory the blood cells as rapidly as possible analyse the nature of these products and prepare the chemical antidotes, anti-toxins, in quantities gradually increasing to sufficiency, whilst also producing other materials of various kinds for the direct destruction of the germs. The whole process ends in the re-establishment of the normal.

All such doings, necessitating the balanced co-operation of the various bodily tissues, (Professor Haldane enumerates a number of others), cannot be understood or explained as mechanism. "One cannot get round the fact that the mechanistic theory has not been a success in the past and shows no signs of being a success in the future." They mean *life*.

The idea of life is just the idea of life. One cannot define it in terms of anything simpler, just as one cannot define mass or energy in terms of anything simpler. . . . Physiology is therefore a biological science [*bios*: life] and the only possible physiology is biological physiology.

So we are therefore permitted, and by a foremost physiologist, to live, not required any longer to regard ourselves as mechanisms.

The new physiology is biological physiology -- not bio-physics or bio-chemistry. The attempt to analyse living organisms into physical and chemical mechanism is probably the most colossal failure in the whole history of modern science. It is a failure, not, as its present defenders suggest, because the facts we know are so few, but because the facts we already know are inconsistent with the mechanistic theory.

How the directive energy, in its preservation of the normals against conditions tending to change them, does its directing: that is, how it gets the necessary controlling touch upon the physical and chemical agencies, is of course not yet within our physiological knowledge.

We have not as yet the data required in order to connect physical and chemical with biological interpretations of our observations; but perhaps the time is not far off when biological interpretations will be extended into what we at present look upon as the inorganic world.

Progress seems possible in this direction, but not in the direction of extending to life our present everyday causal conceptions of the inorganic world.

In other words *everything* may be living; but in the inorganic world at so slow a rate that we do not perceive those processes which in the organic are so immeasurably swifter as to be capable of our study. The motion of planets we can see. The stars were till recently thought unmoving. The stone is 'dead'; the ant crawling over it, alive. But if we looked at the stone seeingly enough, and with a look that was maintained for time enough, there likewise would be life.

✽

LOMALAND---LIGHT OF THE WEST

A TRIBUTE

By O. W. Kinne *

WARMED by the winds of the ocean that circle thy vine-clad borders,
 Whisper their soft salutations, recite their subdued refrains,
 Breathing calm benedictions surcharged with unspoken blessings,
 Thou art the favored recipient of Earth's most puissant gains:—
 Kissed by the sunbeams of heaven, embraced by Pacific breezes,
 Soothed by the murmuring billows that sing of the boundless deep,
 Sing of the things undiscovered, the treasures unclaimed, uncounted,
 Waiting the world's benefactor awakened from aimless sleep.

Wisdom is wafted to thee on the silvery wings of Morning,
 Borne on the pinions of light that embellish the templed East —
 Borne from the Orient shores that have slept in the arms of Ages,
 Slept while the symbolized Soul was a stranger to man and beast.
 Truth is enshrined on thy hills, is embosomed within thy valleys,
 Broods in thy verdant enclosures and loiters along thy ways:—
 Truth, the prime mover of measures, the mentor on each occasion,
 Angel that stands at attention, the Spirit that never strays.

*The writer of these verses (originally published in the *Buzz Saw*, San Diego, a G. A. R. publication) Mr. O. W. Kinne, is a veteran of the G. A. R., and was one of many veterans recently entertained by Katherine Tingley and the officers, professors, and students of the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California,

Beauty, twin-sister of Love, stands arrayed at thy shining gateway,
 Offers her garlanded hand and directs to the spacious halls;
 Opens the rose-curtained lattice that leads to the terraced gardens,
 Charms the attentive beholder who notes where her footstep falls.
 Music, divinely enthroned, breathes a message that seems immortal,
 Message that ministers life and delight to the waiting soul:—
 Music is rich with reward — the superlative balm that healeth —
 Saves to the uttermost, leads to the worshiper's promised goal.

Justice, in classical garments, reveals her impressive features,
 Speaks with harmonious sentence, as done in the years of yore.
 Knowledge o'erarches the byways, is blended in shade and shadow,
 Proffers the listening stranger examples of precious lore.
 Nature and Art are in league, introducing in silent language
 Tokens of time and eternity — lessons that stand supreme:—
 Art is the handmaid of Nature, embellishing Earth and Ocean —
 Gilding the walls of Creation with facts that forever gleam.

Washed by the shimmering harbor, regaled by perennial breezes,
 Lomaland, regal, romantic, arises — a realm of Peace! —
 Realm of external advancement, domain of intense endeavor,
 Region of rare constitution, empowered with rich increase.
 Savants have come from the tropics and sages from farthest islands,
 Seeking the key of Existence, the light that ennobles life.
 Watchwords to them were imparted — long lost in the line of causes,
 Words that are pregnant with truth, with infallible meaning rife.

Lomaland, Light of the West! — consecrated to living issues:
 Home of unselfish devotion; where purity buds and blooms;
 Eminence blest by the Muses, enhanced by celestial currents,
 Vibrant with voices triumphant, where kinship dispels all glooms.
 Brotherhood broods in thy temples, appears in thy perfumed alcoves,
 Roams in thy beautiful vistas, and walks in thy leafy lanes.
 Brotherhood hopefully dreams of the morrow when Love shall gladly
 Open the doors of Compassion — where God in his glory reigns.



Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Prominent On June 13th, George Fleming Moore, Sovereign
Freemasons Grand Commander of Scottish Rite Freemasonry,
Visit Southern Jurisdiction, U. S. A. (the Mother Supreme
Lomaland Council of the world); Perry W. Weidner, Sovereign
Grand Inspector-General for Southern California and

Arizona, and other Illustrious Scottish Rite Masons from Southern California and Arizona, were received by Mme. Katherine Tingley and officers of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and Professors of the Râja-Yoga College, at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The guests were received in the Temple of Peace, where a short program was rendered by some of the students of the Râja-Yoga College, including selections by the Râja-Yoga Orchestra and Chorus, and the symposium, 'The Little Philosophers,' given by a group of the youngest pupils. At the conclusion of the program, Mr. Fleming Moore responded:

"I wish to express my appreciation for the opportunity of being present this afternoon at these beautiful exercises. It is certainly a great pleasure to me to observe the training of these young people, and to hear the sentiments of Brotherhood which they have uttered; because I am sure that they meet with a response from every Masonic heart and every heart devoted to the uplift of humanity, here or elsewhere. I was glad also to hear this classical music and to know from you that the students here not only make music, but that they understand the theory of music; for I remember very well that the ancient philosopher Pythagoras, and after him Plato, said that *no one could thoroughly understand any subject unless he understood music.*

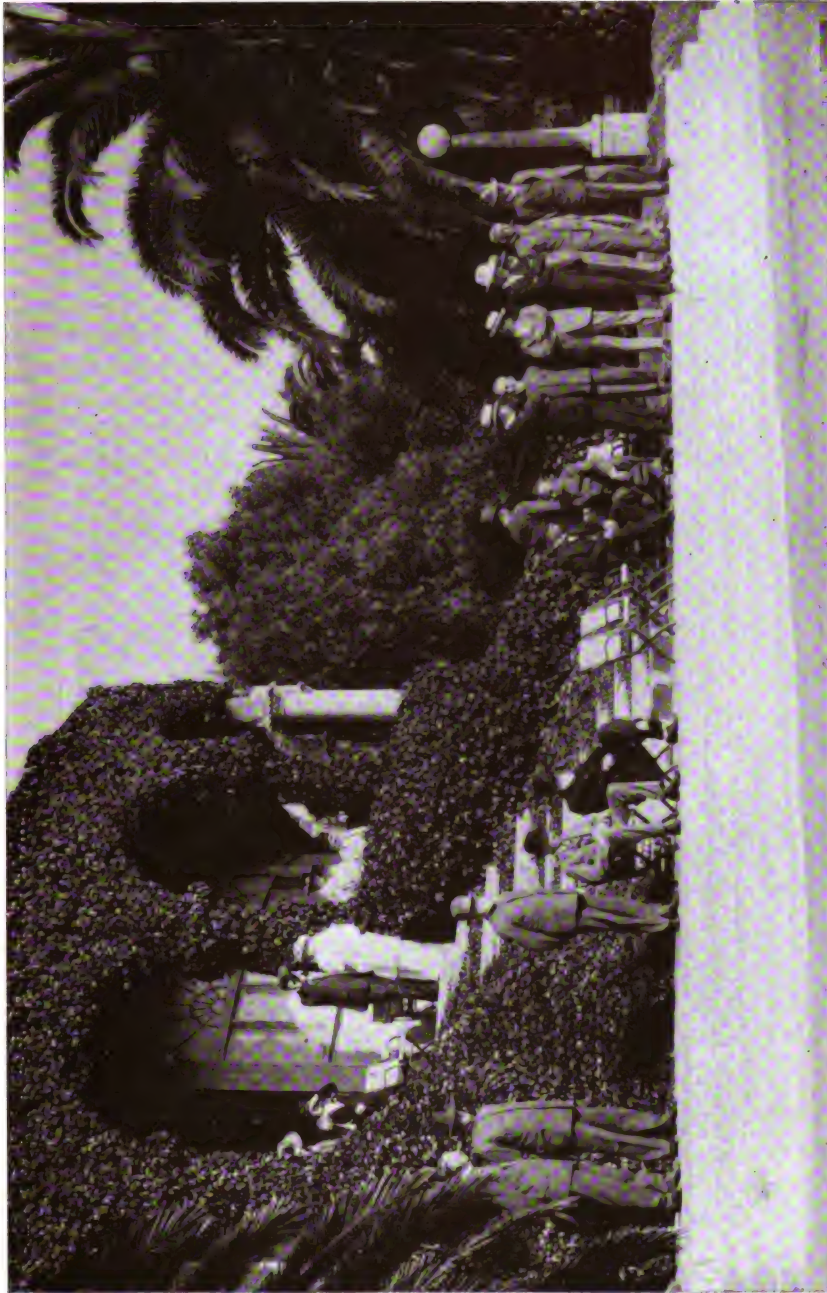
"I am sure that I speak the sentiments of all Masons who have studied their own system of philosophy and the objects of our Order, when I say that we will find nothing here that is in the slightest degree in conflict with our Masonic teaching; but on the contrary, it serves to support our teaching."

Mr. Perry W. Weidner also spoke briefly:

"I have been here frequently enough to feel somewhat at home, and I know that this visit has only heightened my high regard for your splendid work. I hardly see how it could help being a pleasure to be with you in this beautiful blending of colors and flowers and sunshine and knowledge. I know you must be developing a splendid work, especially along educational, moral and spiritual lines; and it is a particular pleasure on this occasion to be privileged to accompany such a distinguished gentleman as our Sovereign Grand Commander."

Judge William Rhodes Harvey of Los Angeles said:

"I would like to add just a word of gratitude to what Brother Moore and Brother Weidner have said. I appreciate the opportunity of coming here and visiting you, enjoying the beauty of your surroundings, and listening to these young students. I have greatly enjoyed the publication — THE



Lowland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ON THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE

After a reception, June 13, 1917, by Mme. Katherine Tingley and other officers of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to George Fleming Moore, Sovereign Grand Commander; Perry W. Weidner, Sovereign Grand Inspector General for Southern California and Arizona; and other Illustrious members of Scottish Rite Freemasonry, Southern Jurisdiction, U. S. A.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

NEW ENGLAND HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, SYMPHONY CHAMBERS
246 HUNTINGTON AVE., BOSTON, OPPOSITE BEAUTIFUL
SYMPHONY HALL, THE LEADING CONCERT HALL OF BOSTON

The New England Headquarters consists of a large suite of rooms including
a Lecture Hall, Reading Room, and Library, which are open daily to the public



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A COMPANY OF THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY PRECEDING THE LONG LINE OF SOLDIERS
AS THEY PASSED THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE ON THEIR WAY TO ENCAMP
UNDER THE TREES OF 'LOMALAND,' DOWN BY THE SEA



Lomeland Photo. & Engineering Dept.

LEADING THE HOMEWARD MARCH: THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY LEAVING THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS FOR THEIR ENCAMPMENT AT BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

THEOSOPHICAL PATH — that is issued from this institution. I have been here before and know more or less about this work. I can understand some of the reasons why Madame Tingley feels kindly towards Masonry; and I am sure I know many of the reasons why Masons — those who know about it — feel kindly towards this institution; and those who do not know about it would feel kindly towards it and the work that is being done here, if they did know: — the work for the brotherhood of man, the work for the benefit of humanity. . . .”

At the request of one of the guests, Mme. Tingley spoke briefly, saying that while the Theosophical Society and the Masonic body in many ways in their outward expression were different, “yet I cannot conceive how or where the inner spirit of brotherhood which ages ago the Masons of the greater knowledge possibly accentuated, can be as well expressed as in the Masonic body and — if you will permit me — in the Theosophical Society. I think the idea of making brotherhood an actual, living factor in the life of the human race would adjust so many of our difficulties; and it is because the spirit of brotherhood has not been properly accentuated and recognised in modern times, that we have these differences and dividing lines in God’s great family.”

Mme. Tingley spoke about her grandfather, a very prominent Mason, holding some of the highest offices in his State, and how she had her first lessons of reading and spelling out of some of his Masonic books; and also that all through her life, many of her closest friends had been of the Masonic fraternity. She also spoke of the opportunities and responsibilities that confront the Fraternity at the present day. “I think the unity of the human family depends to a very large degree upon Masonry. Of course we place our philosophy where it belongs; but Masonry having been so long organized and having so many opportunities, the greater is the duty, the responsibility, of Masons to the world’s children.”

After visiting the Greek Theater and other parts of the grounds, Mme. Tingley received the guests at her residence.

Isis Theater Meetings

The principal topic dealt with by Mme. Tingley at the Sunday evening meetings in July — at which special seats were reserved for soldiers and sailors — was entitled, ‘The Enemies of our own Household.’ She holds that a great and wonderful change will soon take place in this country and in the world.

“So many different aspects of life will change, that we shall marvel. All our systems of education will seem in a moment to have been turned upside down; new methods will be established in response to the demands of the people. That is why liberty of speech is so sweet to me; that is why I love America — because of these privileges that have been given us through

our Constitution; so that we need not be bound down by religious bondage, dogmas and creeds, and can speak out and declare ourselves, and work for the establishment of the principles of the Republic; so that it will stand before the world as something that never can change except always for the better — constantly growing as man grows to the higher life.

“And as he advances and fortifies himself on paths of right action and duty, so will the Republic grow and become a power among the nations; and all nations shall follow its example, and feel the greatness of its life. And in the twinkling of an eye, almost, all these controversies and conflicts will pass away. How quickly they will pass away!”

“The foes of a man’s household are within himself, and so are the foes of a nation. We must begin to study human nature from a new standpoint, remembering at the same time that opportunities are not always realized. We must have the higher teachings of life and the science of life applied early, if we are to save our loved ones, if we are to strengthen our nation and purify our civilization.”

Mme Tingley made a vivid word-picture of the foes within each one’s household, more dangerous by far than any foes without. She illustrated the points of her lecture mainly with descriptions of experiences in her own dealings with the unhappy victims of these inner foes, pleading that more compassion be shown toward these unfortunate ones. Ignorant of their nature, their destiny and the divinity within, they drift into mistakes, fall under the influence of the lower psychological forces of life, and at last meet with experiences which it is agony to think of, finding themselves prisoners, perhaps, even outcasts.

The lecturer pleaded for more knowledge of life’s divine laws on the part of fathers and mothers, that they might not encourage in their children qualities not recognised at first as foes, but which later may wreck the life — qualities of selfishness, vanity and the rest. “To have mothers imbued with the idea that they must be ever vigilant, that they must take their children into their hearts in a different way, pointing out to them the mysteries of life and bringing home to them the fact of the divine resourceful part of their natures — oh, what a royal thing that would be! It would make this great civilization of ours a school of prevention.”

Simplifying the truths of Theosophy, which throw so much light upon one’s duty to oneself and upon the mysteries of human nature, Madame Tingley touched upon the development of the youth, showing how easily a few simple ideas, such, for instance, as the duality of man’s nature, the “two in one,” have sufficed again and again to turn the course of drifting natures from an accentuation of the lower side to the higher. She urged mothers and fathers to probe the hearts of their loved ones, and their own hearts as well; to find the great, pulsating, resourceful part of their nature,

that they might build higher ideals and bring into life the sweetness and the happiness that belong to it, and so save their own from mistakes and unhappiness before it is too late.

"Regret won't straighten the matter up; promises won't do it; prayers won't do it. The only thing that will turn one away from the enemies within is the knowledge of the divinity within, the feeling of divine companionship, of its nearness and reality. It is continuity of right action that we must have, not spasmodic efforts. Do you believe we should have so many boys behind the bars if this philosophy which is so simple, this science of life, had been brought home to them in early childhood?"

"If we meet the question honestly and without criticism, we must admit that physically we are a diseased race, that mentally we are sick, and spiritually we are asleep. We must clear away the rubbish from our brains, the rubbish of preconceptions, prejudices, bigotry and criticism; we must cease to hold aloof from the man or woman who makes a mistake. We must invoke our higher selves, the divine part of our natures. Then we shall arrive at these glorious and superb truths which will give us the power to vanquish the enemies of our household and to build a citadel of magnificent nobility in the human heart and in all life."

"If we had lenses fine enough to enable us to look into human life and see conditions just as they are, we should find that the terrible war in Europe would pale in comparison; that even this brutality and fiendishness would seem mild. But fortunately the good law does not permit us to see humanity as it really is, with all its limitations, self-imposed in many ways.

"We are not following the path of the great teachers. We think we are, but the fact is that we are not doing the things that we think we are doing. We are not growing spiritually, nor is our nation; the great human race is off the track. We cannot approximate any idea of happiness as long as we hold to violence or to force of any kind, such as the world accepts today.

"Violence belongs to the lower nature of man, to the animal side; it has no part in the soul-life. If we are to lift the veil and remove the stumbling blocks from human life today, we must learn to meet life with more tolerance — remembering that every expression of truth must manifest itself in a practical way before we can hope to find the happiness our hearts crave."

Referring to the courageous work of Madame Blavatsky, Mme. Tingley said: "It would be absurd for us, considering the limitations of our minds, to attempt to advocate the finality of religion. The moment we think of this we realize how intolerant, unbrotherly and un-Christian-like is any doctrine that condemns another. Here is the inspiration of Theosophy, the message that Madame Blavatsky brought. In all her writings, in her every utterance she taught that Theosophy was based upon the essential teachings of all religions, which had their roots in the old Wisdom-Religion."

**The Tremper
Mound, Ohio**

An extensive exploration of what is known as the Tremper Mound in Ohio, recently undertaken by the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, led to the finding of large quantities of pottery and copper artifacts of unknown age. Many of these interesting pottery relics consist of pipes of various designs, each embodying a skilfully modeled effigy of one or other of the following creatures: crow, kingfisher, bluejay, bob-white, bufflehead duck, wood-duck, sandhill crane, great blue heron, screech-owl, saw-whet owl, long-eared owl, barrel owl, great horned owl, paroquet, hawk, eagle, toad, box-turtle, snapping turtle, squirrel, rabbit, mink, deer, beaver, opossum, porcupine, wild-cat, mountain lion, black bear, Indian dog, gray fox, gray wolf, raccoon, otter — some of them being repeated in widely differing attitudes among the specimens.

The report says that the finding of large fireplaces, showing evidence of long-continued use, and significantly located with respect to the communal deposits of ashes and artifacts, "seems to indicate the use of sacred fires, so important an adjunct of ceremonial and religious observances among the early peoples of the old world.

It also says: "No primitive people has shown such perseverance and skill in wresting from nature the raw materials needed for their purposes, nor such versatility in fashioning these materials into finished products. The most striking phase of this perhaps is the manner in which, with only the simplest of tools, the stone for their making was quarried from the hills, and the realistic portrayals of bird and animal life, sculptured in full relief and finished in minutest detail, were effected. In the record preserved in the mound we find a vivid picture of the strength and persistence of the forces underlying human development, and urging it against all odds, toward a higher plane of activity."

Here have we not again the good old (modern) dogma of a straight-line ascent, notwithstanding the evidence of Egypt and elsewhere emphatically pointing to the need for a far wider hypothesis? Which of course has been frequently pointed out in Theosophical literature. The Tremper Mound, instead of preserving the vestiges of an advancing civilization in that particular location, will ere long be better recognised as but a landmark of a remnant of a civilization of far-past ages, whose energy has long ago passed on to other climes and races, taking further reïmbodiment in these.

Or again, with regard to the Serpent Mound in Adams County, Ohio, does it follow because remains of later races were found — necklaces, weapons, stone and copper urns, etc. — that therefore the Serpent Mound was *originally* an ancient tomb? Its design in reality is that of the Serpent — the cycle of Time — swallowing Kosmos, the egg. Here is profound symbolism of a kind that argues metaphysical knowledge far ahead of anything even suspected in Europe since the time of the Gnostics and Neoplatonists (who guarded some of their knowledge); and which hardly agrees with that lack of philosophical intelligence usually assigned to 'primitive man.'

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for September

will, as always, be rich not only in material along specifically Theosophical lines, but in articles of interest for the general reader. Particularly valuable for those inquiring into or already interested in Theosophy will be

PROGRAM OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

by **H. T. Edge, M. A.**, who has had the privilege of being a direct pupil under all three of the Theosophical Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

The program of the Theosophical Society is eminently practical. . . . We are all concerned how we shall order our lives. . . .

The Theosophical program includes "an actual, practical demonstration of human life properly lived; a demonstration of some of the possibilities that can be realized in human life by the direct application of the principles embodied in Theosophy. . . ."

The policy of the Theosophical Society "must necessarily be international, unsectarian and non-political, nor can it specially favor religion or science or any other mental department. But its principles can be applied to all. Their application to education is seen in the Râja-Yoga school system."

The writer also discusses marriage, the home, and other problems of human life as interpreted in the light of Theosophy. "Theosophy aims to re-establish health and harmony in all the affairs of life."

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF DON QUIXOTE

by **Fortescue Lanyard**, is another of the fascinating stories for which THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is justly becoming famous — such as one finds in no other magazine; and not merely stories, though they fulfil all the requirements of a splendidly-told tale. They are pre-eminently good literature, touching the deeper springs of the spiritual heart-life of humanity. It begins in this way:

Cide Hamete Benengeli relates this; though I cannot tell how he came by it. Indeed it would be hard to say. All else he wrote was attested by numberless witnesses; but who could give testimony as to this?

HUMAN BIOLOGY, by **H. Travers, M. A.**,

is an important contribution discussing the views presented in a recently published work *Darwinism and War* by Chalmers Mitchell, F. R. S. That Mr. Travers is a strong believer in testing science in the light of intuition and common-sense, is evident from the following:

We would rather intrust our child to an experienced nurse than to an experimental biologist; and further, we harbor a conviction that the experiments of the biologist would, in the long run, but succeed in confirming the intuitive knowledge possessed by the nurse, just as an expensive commission to inquire into the effects of alcoholism results finally in endorsing the opinion of the man in the street.

ART AND RELIGION DURING THE RENAISSANCE by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D.

Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm, Sweden.

As a lecturer Dr. Sirén is well known, not only in Europe, but in this country, having delivered several courses of lectures at Harvard, Yale, and other universities. He is also the author of several standard works on the History of Art, and has in particular made a study of the Art of the Renaissance. The present article is a most valuable contribution to that subject.

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY---Part III Style: Before Milton, by Kenneth Morris

This series of articles by the Welsh poet and writer Kenneth Morris is a noteworthy contribution to the study of English literature, and is not only of the greatest value to the student, but full of fascination for the general reader.

A race and its language have to undergo a long preparation before the coming in of Style. Racial Soul has to struggle for ages with racial brain, before the forms of speech are evolved to the point at which the lofty words may be spoken. Poetry is so much more a matter of racial, and even of universal, than of individual utterances.

Other articles will be *CALUMNY, THE SPIRIT OF EVIL* by William A. Durm; *SCIENCE AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD: IS VIVISECTION SCIENTIFIC?* by J. H. Fussell; *SHADOWS ON THE WALL* by M. and *WHAT IS PRINCIPLE?* by R. Machell; also verse *DIRGE OF THE WAVES FOR DYLAN EILTON* (Welsh Legend) by Kenneth Morris.

Under the SCREEN OF TIME will appear interesting news items regarding the activities of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, reports of Mme. Tingley's lectures at Isis Theater, work of the International Brotherhood League for soldiers and sailors at its hall in Balboa Park and at the Isis Theater Lecture Hall, etc., etc.

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SEPTEMBER 1917

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

"SIR, he who is perceived in the water, and he who is perceived in a mirror, who is he?"

He replied: "He, the Self, himself indeed is seen in all these."

"Look at yourself in a pan of water, and whatever you do not understand of yourself, come and tell me."

They looked in the water-pan. Then Prajâpati said to them: "What do you see?"

They said: "We both see the Self thus altogether, a picture even to the very hairs and nails."

Prajâpati said to them: "After you have adorned yourselves, have put on your best clothes and cleansed yourselves, look again into the water-pan."

They, having adorned themselves, having put on their best clothes and cleansed themselves, looked into the water-pan.

Prajâpati said: "What do you see?"

They said: "Just as we are, well adorned, with our best clothes and clean, thus we are both there, Sir, well adorned, with our best clothes and clean."

Prajâpati said: "That is the Self, this is the immortal, the fearless, this is Brahman."

They both went away, satisfied in their hearts.

And Prajâpati looking after them, said: "They both go away without having perceived and without having known the Self, and whoever of these two, whether Devas or Asuras, will follow this doctrine will perish."

—An extract from a dialog of the *Chhândogyopanishad*, viii, 7;
translation by Max Müller.

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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF SOME OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS AT THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

At the right is seen the dome of the Temple of Peace; in the center the dome of the Rāja-Yoga Academy building; and at the left is one of the Student's residences.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII

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NO. 3

THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite, and changeless spirit of Love, Truth, and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, having a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE PROGRAM OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IT should be stated, for the information of the inquirer, that the Theosophical Society spoken of herein is that body whose official designation is 'The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society,' whose International Headquarters are at Point Loma, California, and whose present Leader and Official Head is Katherine Tingley. This organization is the direct lineal successor of the original Theosophical Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875; and it preserves the teachings of the foundress intact and works to put them into practice. By comparing the present principles and practice of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society with the published writings of the foundress, H. P. Blavatsky, as also with those of her successor, William Q. Judge, the inquirer is enabled to convince himself that this organization is in fact what it claims to be, and to distinguish it from any other body which, though using the name of Theosophy, does not, either in teachings or in practice, represent the original Theosophical Society.

The program of the Theosophical Society is eminently practical. This circumstance is as welcome as it is necessary in times when theory and speculation have run such riot. We are all concerned with the great problem of how we shall order our lives for the future, both as individuals and as a great human commonwealth; but we realize more and more clearly as time goes on that the mass of speculation serves rather to complicate than to elucidate the problem, and that the only

thing which is any good is an actual practical demonstration. Demonstration of what? Demonstration of human life properly lived; demonstration of some of the possibilities that can be realized in human life by the practical application of the truths embraced in Theosophy.

This is of course a work of time and must pass through many stages of growth, beginning with H. P. Blavatsky's seed-planting. But enough has already been accomplished to attract the attention of the world and to vindicate the claims made for Theosophy.

Yet Theosophy alone, without its organization, would be like a spirit without a body; and results are not achieved by philosophies alone, however excellent, but by people who translate those philosophies into practical work. Organizations have leaders, and it is impossible to speak of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society without reference to its Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley. Such a leader, by self-identification with the principles of Theosophy, unswerving loyalty thereto, and the great ability which comes from that devotion, is enabled to fulfill the arduous functions of the position and to unite all the resources, human and otherwise, which Theosophy and its society affords, into an efficient and harmonious instrument. The outcome has been a demonstration that Theosophy, under faithful and competent management, is able to solve practical problems over which the world is vexing itself in vain. Thus, instead of pointing to the credentials of Theosophy, as an inducement to people to follow it, we can adopt the opposite and more effectual method of pointing to the results as a reason why people should inquire into the credentials. When people see what Theosophy can do, they will want to know the source of its power; the results achieved by Theosophy prove the validity of the claims made for it.

Concentration of attention upon the material concerns of life and upon the physical side of our nature has weakened our faith in ourselves; in the realm of religion this result has shown itself as a pessimistic attitude with regard to the possibilities of earthly life, and a relegation of our hopes of salvation to a problematical future beyond the grave; in science we see the same tendency in the animalistic theories of evolution and biology. The source of power in Theosophists may be ascribed, at least in part, to a restored confidence in human nature.

One of the cardinal doctrines of Theosophy is that of the essential divinity of man; but, in affirming this doctrine, Theosophy applies intelligent reasoning to what has usually been enunciated as a dogma or article of belief. Modern science has restricted its studies to the earthly tabernacle which temporarily enshrines the Soul, and has sought to found a uniform and exhaustive philosophy of life upon the basis of

those supersensuous abstractions which it denominates *matter* and *energy*; but the powers of the human mind, even in the limited form in which we as yet know them, far transcend the capabilities of such an analysis, and point to an origin for man himself that is outside of ordinary time and space. While the whole universe and all its creatures are expressions of the universal Soul, man himself is in a special degree a manifestation of that Soul. Theosophy takes its stand firmly on the conviction that man, by liberating himself from the control of his weaknesses, can reach a higher knowledge and power, thus becoming conscious of his divinity; and it is this conviction that lends power to the efforts of those who make Theosophy the guiding light of their lives. For them the daily experiences of life become opportunities for learning; and they find that, in ceasing to make the gratification of self the mainspring of life, they are enabled to realize the joys of duty.*

And now, for the purpose of focusing our ideas on the matter to be considered, we cannot do better than take a quotation, which can be regarded as typical and illustrative, from the pages of current comment. The following is extracted from the *Century Magazine* for April, 1917, and is signed by Arthur Gleason, under the caption, "What Shall England Do?" — but applies as well to other nations:

We need a new community, eager and unsatisfied, aiming after a nobility of life of which the modern world has had no vision. . . . Time presses. In five years England will have cooled down, and the impulse of the war, throwing old values into the furnace, will have spent itself. Men will reproduce the old world, with its barrenness of materialism, its hunt after cheap amusements, its immense mediocrity, its spiritual deadness, its nervous restlessness, its suppressions of vitality, and its explosions of rebellion, . . . because there will be no great purpose to which life is directed, no creative dream of the people.

What has all this to do with outlook on life, the knowledge of true values, and understanding of the meaning and end of existence?

These are the two great questions of our time: Can the nature of work be ennobled? Can spiritual values be restored to modern life?

The whole range of moral problems has been left out of the reckoning. Changed conditions have resulted in an entire alteration of human relationship; but no one has stated the new ethics that will give guidance to the plain man's desire for a free, human, liberal life and for an answer to the meaning of life.

What interpretation of modern life have we had? Not one.

We moderns have side-stepped these fundamental questions of a spiritual basis for existence because they troubled our surface life. Meanwhile we heaped up the immeasurable inner forces of unanswered desires, inexpended spiritual vitality, and frustrated impulses until they finally came roaring through and overswept Europe.

For many generations the life of spiritual aspiration has been starved. There is no longer any appeal made to it. Our development is altogether in the direction of a materialistic conception of life.

*As the silent soul awakes, it makes the ordinary life of the man more purposeful, more vital, more real and responsible. — *Light on the Path*.

This extract will serve as well, and better, than any summary of modern conditions that could be made for the purpose; it shows that the state which Theosophy aims to remedy is not imaginary but real — that Theosophy supplies an existing demand and answers a genuine cry. A definite aim — a noble and satisfying aim; a real vitality in this half-feverish, half-paralysed existence; a restoration of the spiritual values; ethics based on facts in human nature; an interpretation of life; true freedom; the opportunity of expressing starved aspirations; an evolution along lines other than materialistic; — these are the main needs thus voiced in this poignant cry. There are many such cries, but where shall we look for the answer? Questions we shall find in plenty, but the answer is generally left suspended in air. It is because Theosophy can and does answer these questions that its message is claiming such attention from serious and thoughtful people the world over; and it is because Theosophy does not merely assert, but proves its power by the results it attains and makes visible.

The Theosophical Society does not exist for the benefit of any individual, or any group of individuals, or even for its own benefit; and, though those familiar with its history from the beginning can point to sundry attempts that have been made to make the Society subserve one of these objects, yet these attempts have always been frustrated by the superior force of loyalty to the real and original object. That object is to answer appeals, both spoken and unvoiced, like the one just quoted, from the heart of humanity, for help and enlightenment. Keeping this object in mind, we shall thus find the clue to the Society's policy, and shall understand, among other things, why it does not do certain rather obvious things which would (in the light of worldly wisdom) seem likely to promote the interests of the Leader, of members, or of the Society itself as a whole. The policy of the Theosophical Society affords to every member who is sincere in his acceptance of the real objects the opportunities which he requires and desires; and if a member feels dissatisfied in this respect, he revises his own motives and sees what it is that he really desires and why he is a member.

Faith in human nature has been so damaged that some people find it difficult to conceive the existence of disinterested motives and large impersonal aspirations. And this pessimism or cynicism is encouraged by the one-sided development of the mind so prevalent in this age. Yet while a misapplication of argumentative reasoning may lead to pessimistic theories about human nature, it is nevertheless a fact that people in actual life are actuated largely by impersonal motives. The personal idea has been nourished to excess by our arguments and theories; actually our instincts are largely social and impersonal. This being so,

it may truly be said that Theosophy, in championing the divine aspect of human nature, is meeting a need which humanity really feels, and is affording people an opportunity to express a side of their natures which is often starved and cramped in the life of the world. This will help to account for the joy and satisfaction which such people experience in a mode of life not actuated by the usual interests and incentives. There is of course, as has often been remarked, a tendency to dogmatism in human nature, which makes itself felt in religion, science, and all other departments of thought; and this tendency causes people to accept the beliefs of the time as hard-and-fast dogmas, having a binding force which they do not really possess. And in this way the possibilities of human nature have been limited by certain dogmas or articles of faith. But facts deal rudely with such theories, often contradicting them by revealing new possibilities in human nature, until we are forced to accept the facts and to remodel our theories to suit. The genius, or leader, or originator, is a person endowed with superior vision or superior energy, sufficient to enable him to overleap the bounds of current dogmatism; and we can safely accord to H. P. Blavatsky, as the Founder of the Theosophical Society, that description, as we can also ascribe to Theosophy itself and to its organization the rôle of originating agencies. Boldly affirming the reality of higher possibilities in human nature, they have modeled their actions in accordance with this faith, thus revealing new facts and pointing out the way for future guidance. Thus it may truly be said that Theosophists are people who have made discoveries for themselves, and that this fact alone will serve to explain their readiness to follow the life they have chosen.

The program of the Theosophical Society is very broad, as will have been seen from the above; and we have endeavored to give the general principles. The task of pointing out the several applications of those principles to particular cases would of course be extensive, but it may be partially illustrated for the sake of example. The policy must necessarily be international, unsectarian, and non-political, nor can it specially favor religion or science or any other mental department. But its principles can be applied to all. Their application to education is seen in the Râja-Yoga school system, wherein the equal and harmonious development of the whole man, based on the doctrine of the divine origin of man, is made the practical aim. As regards marriage, we find a welcome reaction from the idea, favored by a certain phase of modern thought, that the cardinal fact in marriage is the physical relationship and its consequences. But what is a cardinal feature in such relationships among certain animals is a subordinate incident in the case of man; and, bearing this in mind, we can arrive at a nobler ideal of wedlock,

wherein that union is based on something stabler than evanescent attraction. Sanction is thereby given to what may perhaps be regarded as old-fashioned ideas, which are thus championed against the assaults of materialism in science. Theosophists do not preach celibacy, but they do urge self-restraint; and though passions may be hard to overcome when there is no higher ideal to counteract them, that very reason makes their mastery easy when such an ideal is present. From marriage to the home-life in general is but one step; and Theosophy inculcates harmony and purity in the home-life. For the home is a commonwealth in miniature, the training-school and model for commonwealths on larger scales. The decay of home-life marks the decay of civilization, being at once symptom and cause. The program of Theosophy is seen to be one of simple duties; such duties are often unwelcome, since people fondly hope to find an easier path in more complicated remedies. But this fond hope is a device of our own lower nature to turn us away from the real obstacles and the real field where victories are won. People who cannot rule their homes often propose to reform society in the large — an all-too-familiar spectacle in these days.

Other special topics that might be mentioned in connexion with our subject, are the treatment of criminals, of the insane, of drug victims, and of the sick; and these topics too can be treated in a way that sheds new light on each of them. They are to be found among the subjects dealt with in Theosophical books and magazines. Another range of subjects includes the arts — graphic, literary, constructive, dramatic — which likewise receive new light from a Theosophical treatment. In short, Theosophy aims to re-establish health and harmony in all the affairs of life; and the validity of its claims is attested by the measure of the success already achieved.

THE DIVINE LAW is Love itself, and it ever gives us new opportunities. If we fail today, we can make a better effort tomorrow. Constantly the Soul is challenging us to new and better efforts; whereas our lower consciousness, our pessimism and our lack of faith in our Divine Nature always seek to raise a wall between man and his Higher Self. — KATHERINE TINGLEY

PESSIMISM AND PERFECTIBILITY: by R. Machell

THAT the world has need of Theosophy is hardly to be questioned by anyone who understands the meaning of the word 'Theosophy.' That Theosophy is in the world and is accessible is not to be denied. That there are students of Theosophy willing and even anxious to disseminate a knowledge of the teachings of Theosophy, ancient and modern, is proved by the existence of the Theosophical Movement. And that the possibility of the application of these teachings to the vital problems of life is being actually demonstrated at Point Loma, is known to countless honest investigators, as well as to a limited number of students actually engaged in an attempt to make that lofty enterprise an accomplished fact. What then prevents the world from grasping more eagerly this means of self-redemption from the woes of life?

Pessimism!

Pessimism is self-distrust, and consequent distrust of others measured by the same standard of doubt and disbelief in man's perfectibility.

It may be asked if Pessimism is not a true estimate of the facts of life. Theosophy says "No!" It is delusion.

But the mind of man is querulous, seeking reasons, and arguments to buttress up its tottering decisions, built by an enfeebled will upon a shifting stratum of opinions.

The restless mind seeks reasons, and must be humored during its convalescence, until it regains its self-reliance.

Many antique traditions tell of the fall of man from a position of honor among the Gods who were his kin; and of his consequent loss of power and wisdom and self-knowledge. And all the history of man teems with accounts of efforts made by men to re-establish man upon a basis of divine authority within himself. Man self-redeemed by knowledge of his own essential divinity. This is the ideal offered by the great teachers of humanity, and eternally perverted by organized pessimism into a weak submission to an extra-human god.

Man's pessimism is the raw material from which such idols are created; and the passion of man's heart supplies rich garments, wherewithal to make these dead gods beautiful.

If pessimism is a fact in nature it is a very doubtful one, for it is based upon denial. It is a negative quality, a negation of something — of what? Of something that exists? or of a mere delusion?

The negation of a mere delusion is certainly a somewhat vacuous foundation for an edifice.

What is the reality? Can we establish life upon a mere negation? Even the pessimistic world looks for some solid fact on which to build, or for some little spot of rock, on which to stand for a moment safe from

the eddying waters of dispute, and from the quicksands of delusion. Where is this solid ground? Where can it be but in the Soul of man himself, and in the Universal Soul, of which he is a part? Outside of man, all is illusion, that is to say appearance; for man can only know external things by their appearances; and that means that the thing itself is not known, but only its appearance.

To know the thing itself man must be able to identify himself with it; and this can only be achieved if he and it are of one essence, and he is able to become aware of his identity with it, and consequently with the essence of all things.

But this is self-knowledge, and it is consciousness of the essential divinity of man: for there can be no higher conception of Divinity than the Universal Soul: the source, and origin, and ultimate, of all existence.

This is the basis of optimism. On this is founded the belief in the perfectibility of man, without which all hope of progress is illogical.

But the conviction of man's ultimate perfectibility is actually based upon the fact itself, which is the root of consciousness in man. This fact is his essential divinity. His interior knowledge of his own nature is perhaps subconscious, while his belief is formulated by his brain-mind in response to the subconscious impulse; and this mind-made belief is subject to modification, even to complete perversion, by the mind, which is imperfect usually, and not infrequently defective or diseased.

From this we get the multitude of varying beliefs and creeds, and also the fanaticism of conviction springing from the subconscious certainty of truth, which is not well aware of the peculiar twist that the defective mind may have bestowed in passing on the expressed belief.

It seems to me that this fanaticism, and power of devotion to a worthless cause, is a sure indication of a fountain of interior knowledge; no matter how distorted may be all the theories, beliefs and creeds that issue from the mind of man.

Even a pessimist can scarcely deny the power of men to rise to heights of heroism entirely unjustifiable and inexplicable by the philosophy of negation. Many a professed pessimist has himself given the lie by his own acts to his denial of his own divinity: for man cannot rise above himself, no more than water can; and if he rises above his normal level, we may know of a certainty that we had hitherto misjudged his limitations.

The ultimate certainty of knowledge comes only from within; but it may be approached by many roads; experience is one, and study is another; both are necessary, and the study of Theosophy is best, coupled with experience gained by the practical application of its lessons to the daily life of individual students, working together in harmony for humanity.



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THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY (RIGHT) AND THE TEMPLE OF PEACE (LEFT)
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

This view was taken from one of the many beautiful gardens surrounding these two buildings.



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL WALKS IN THE GARDENS
OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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**ANOTHER BEAUTY SPOT IN THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**



Loma Linda Photo & Engineering Dept.

A CORNER OF THE GARDEN OF THE LOTUS HOME, INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART III — STYLE

CHAPTER II — BEFORE MILTON



RACE, and its language, have to undergo a long preparation before the coming in of Style. Racial Soul has to struggle for centuries with racial brain, before the forms of speech are evolved to the point at which the lofty words may be spoken. Poetry is so much more a matter of racial, and even of universal, than of individual utterance. Once that the Soul has spoken, you cannot depend on its silence again. A great poet comes, and creates Style for the poetry of his language, we say; it means that the Soul has established a link between itself and the brain and tongue of its race; and thereafter may at any appropriate time send down influencing currents: which will be weak or strong according to the age and the fitness of the instrument used, the poet. When a great man and age coincide, then you hear the eternal accents: the lofty laws of being are announced; compassion, and the majesty of the Soul, are let loose in august words upon the world.

Chaucer came, and found chaos; and went abroad to learn a discipline wherewith it might be tamed. He found it in France and Italy, and transmuted it into English in the crucible of his genius. He was very English, very Latin, and, as M. Jusserand says, "with something of a cosmopolitan tinge about him"; — in which three statements, after all, there is no contradiction. It was because he was so Latin, and so cosmopolitan, that he could be so English. Langland, a survivor of the Saxons, left no trace of influence, because he lacked these qualities. Chaucer, with his kinship of spirit and doubtless blood to the "clear-minded, energetic, firm, practical race of the Latinized Celts" (to quote M. Jusserand again), was just the man needed to begin work upon the chaotic mind of the young English race. He must practise the spirit of the language in metre, and get things straight; it was too early to expect anything of achievement in Style. What he did for vision and music, he did for Style also; in this case wholly by the introduction of discipline.

Yet once at least there is a foretaste of the great thing in him: in the oft-quoted lines about "Fraunceys Petrak, the Lauriat poetë,

whose rethorikē swete
Enlumynd all Ytaille of Poetrie.

To come upon that line in Chaucer is like suddenly finding oneself above unguessed fathoms, when one has been swimming a long time in the

shallows, and striking bottom at every kick; or like coming out under the immensity of the stars, when one has been stooping and crawling for hours in a mine. There is a certain lordliness in it; a lavish yet restrained universality of thought and diction; — as if the fellow had said: "Here, for once I am out of small change; you may take Orion or the Pleiades." Mortality does not give in this fashion; it is only the Soul, aware of the vastness of its treasures, that may practise such generosity. — You have read tale upon tale, and thought that Chaucer, delightful creature, had no possibility of seriousness in his composition; yet here, as if unawares, he steps out into the great seriousness of the Soul. The personal man of him nourishes a generous sentiment, a loyal admiration for a master in his art — his own master; be it so; the Impersonal Man in him will make use of that, and on the strength of it for once get *his* word spoken as to the great power and nature of the divine in man; of that which, through Petrarch,

Enlumynd all Ytaille of Poetrie.

— It is a flash picture of the Soul of man as supreme magician: a declaration, in the last analysis, of the divinity of man. It rings with the high pride of the soul: with the hauteur of a thing that knows itself, in self or in others, eternal, of boundless power, and with the lofty function of serving and giving light.

This is the 'heightening and recasting' of which Matthew Arnold spoke. In reality we may doubt if it is these at all; and not rather the native and common speech of an order of being superior to the human. Poetry in the Grand Manner seems to come from the peaks and super-humanity; it is speech not finite, but infinite; not man-words, but God-words. Always when one tries to define or capture its inwardness, two words recur to one's mind: *Pride*, and *Compassion*. It is a pride, however, that only feeds upon divinity, and finds divinity in all things: a cardinal virtue, not a cardinal sin. In Chaucer's lines, for example, it is the "lauriat poete," and contemplation of him, that awakens the great pride, the swelling sense. — Not that these two qualities contain it all, or more than a mere fragment of it.

But Chaucer there stepped centuries ahead of his common levels; and there was still much pioneer's work to do, before poets could walk at their ease in such altitudes. This world had to be discovered and set in order, before voices from the other might be heard. The middle ages had been a quaint topside-turvydom in thought: with all Christendom asleep, and its mental workings for the most part vague inconsequent dreams. Chaucer himself was a wonder for his age; yet a deal of its haphazard loquacity remained in him. He brought with him

a mort of common sense and kindly keen humor, and a caustic ungentle wit to do its work when occasion should arise; and with these qualities went far to cure England of medievalism. For some thirteen decades after his death there was no need of further striving; England might lie still and meditate on what she had received at his hands. Then came Wyatt, and Surrey after him, introducing new disciplines from Italy again; "and gave," says Churton Collins, "the deathblow to that rudeness, that grotesqueness, that prolixity, that diffuseness, that pedantry, which had deformed with fatal persistency the poetry of medievalism." The way was being prepared for ideal form; souls were incarnating that should *write*, in the spacious days that were coming; and we may look on Chaucer at the end of his cycle, and Wyatt and Surrey at the beginning of theirs, as voices crying in the wilderness: *Prepare ye the way of the Lord!*

It was fortunate that such discipline had come. Spenser, with his ungoverned thin fantasies, and Marlowe with the ungovernable surge of life sweeping him onward, would have been in parlous case indeed, had they come upon English poetry in the state in which the balanced and sensible Chaucer found it; or in the state in which he left it. These were both men that by nature needed discipline above all things: Spenser, to keep him anchored somewhere this side of Cloud-Cuckoo-town; Marlowe, to force his hot impetuosity into channels, and keep it from going off in sheer rant and extravagance. It was an insufficiency of discipline, of form created and ready to their hands, that kept both of them from the highest attainment. But one can see the workings of the evolutionary spirit in them. Spenser, with a mind thin and airy as the sky, set himself the task of writing a grand allegory of the Soul, a high symbolic poem. He failed, because the work needed supreme knowledge of basic or spiritual form: the last achievement in art. The symbols of the Soul, of evolution, are well defined: ideal forms discoverable within this seeming chaotic universe; — happy he who can lay bare one or a few of them; he is the great artist. Chaucer in all his stories never dreamed that such things existed; Spenser did, and set out to discover them. He did not reach his goal; but it is his glory to have made the attempt. Sometime in the history of English literature, that attempt and that failure had to be made; that others, coming after, might knowingly or not profit by the experience gained in the venture. Marlowe, too, won treasures of experience from the gods: mainly for Shakespeare. There is a whole cycle of learning between the wild turbulence of *Tamburlaine* and the tragic excellence of *Edward II* and *Doctor Faustus*. He was in love with the Great Life; intoxicated by the large amplitude of that which, had he but known it, is the divine life of the Soul. But he missed seeing the all important link between this

world and that: he did not guess the sacredness of it: had no idea that the life forces must be mastered and governed, and that in a spirit of devotion. There is an absence in him of certain aspects of the Soul note: he worshiped the beautiful (and that shall be counted to him for righteousness); and he sought the true after his fashion; but lacked grounding in the good, and any deep enthusiasm for it. But the good also is an absolute essential, if poetry is to be great and important. It is straining no point to say that Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton of course, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Browning, and the great — not the little — Swinburne, were obviously on the side of the angels. Whatever mistakes any of them may have made, they desired and worked in their art for the good of humanity, believing in the Light and hating the darkness. You may say that this same struggle is figured, this same side taken, in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*; yes, it is — in a way; yet one does not strain a point, either, in saying that the will to good is rather fatally absent from his work as a whole. He was his own Tamburlaine, intoxicated with life and unbounded ambitions that had no moral element in them; was he also his own Faustus, who met the last (symbolic) doom? Non-moral, let us say; but non-morality, too, is an absolute bar to the heights in art. He died young: not before his genius had begun to decline.

Yet, because of that immense feeling he had for the greatness that is from the Soul, he was used. He made utterances that ring with the sense of depth, of mighty implications unsaid, that marks what we call Style, — even the Grand Manner, the culmination of Style. There is a haughty visionary directness in the lines already quoted from *Tamburlaine*:

There angels in their crystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts.

— One is left in wonder — and admiration — over the 'crystal armours.' It is a revelation in a double sense; you are not on the crass material ground of actuality; you are somewhat carried up into the more extensive empyreans of truth. The bigness of the spiritual world blows in upon you at a gust. Then for the 'peculiar heightening and recasting,' the 'spiritual excitement,' there are those wonderful lines about Helen of Troy, from *Faustus*:

Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

All the story of the rape of Helen is hidden between *face* and *that launched*; all the Iliad lies unspoken between the two lines; the thought has trav-

eled like light for swiftness. For a depth, a background behind this little couplet, you have the whole tragedy of the passing of human passion into ruin. Is not the ring of a mighty pride in it: a haughtiness packed with sorrow, even with compassion? *The face that . . . launched a thousand ships And burnt the topless towers of Ilium*; — just that, and whole worlds have been revealed and smug philosophies put to shame. It is Style: the Soul, that knows all, has cried out from the eternities. The word it spoke was *Karma*. Seven volumes of didactics might be written on it, and nothing said more than is in those two lines.

Marlowe, like Spenser, traveled out towards the discovery of ideal forms; but in another direction. Spenser went by the road of allegory: seeking to veil in story form such wisdom as he had and was conscious of having; it was not deep and true and basic enough to fuse white-hot the elements of his story and pour them into the ideal mold. Marlowe had the temperature, the fire of art; but lacked the divine presence in his aim. *Faustus*, and especially *Edward II*, are great tragedies, or very nearly so: the crucial scenes in both attain a terrific heat of horror unexcelled anywhere; in that sense they are great tragedies. Unless some deeper criterion be used than the outward canons of art, it would be difficult to say, perhaps, why they should not be called more perfect in form than any but a very few of Shakespeare's works; possibly than any but *King Lear*. But the truth is, we have not yet discovered the true criterion for Shakespeare. We do not see that under his myriad-typed living characters, his fun and great action and sorrow, lies, in play after play, a basic or ideal form, a symbol of the Soul and its history. Marlowe's aim was to accumulate horror on horror in such a way — so artistically — as to move the feelings of the spectators to the utmost possible limit; in the Aristotelian sense, Marlowe is supreme. You are made to feel in proper person King Edward's creeping fear as his murderer talks with him; you are made to feel that in one hour's time, in half an hour, immediately, the soul of Faustus will be delivered to the devils and an eternity of horror; you are left white, shaken, the whole faculty of feeling strained. But this was not Shakespeare's aim. He tried it in *Titus Andronicus*, his first attempt at a drama, and made horror ridiculous; you will say that he tried it again in *King Lear*, and made no artistic failure there. Perhaps; we shall see. But it was not his usual method at all; when he used something of it, it was as an incidental to greater purposes. You feel, after some study of *Faustus* or *Edward II*, that it would be possible to say all that is to be said about Marlowe's art as displayed in them: an art that excites profound admiration, but which may be fathomed and traversed. But with Shakespeare, no; because the greater part of it is not of the brainmind, not

of finite man at all; because it is an art that has no brainmind canons. You fathom one depth; you seem to touch bottom; and straightway find what you thought solid earth trembling and giving beneath your feet; you conclude at last that, like Bottom's dream, "it hath no bottom to it." Mr. Bernard Shaw sneers at certain of the comedies for "pot-boilers," written for the gallery: *As You Like It*, for example, which he says is named with ironical significance. In very truth its absurdities are visible enough, when you have gone to them with the microscope of brainmind-canon criticism. But that was beside Shakespeare's aim altogether; and you do not need even a telescope, but only normal human eyes, to recognise its charm. It was absolutely immaterial to him that in real life a man could hardly make sham love to his beloved, and never recognise her face because her limbs happened to be in doublet and hose. That situation is a symbol; and because of its actual unlikelihood, the more vivid and arresting. He will make it seem, while the play is going forward, possible enough; he will not shock your sense by presenting that which your imagination, for the time being, refuses to accept; he will clothe it in consummate wit and delicious rhetoric, to maintain the illusion just long enough to get his soul symbol set forth. Let the tale but carry down the divine light behind the symbol into regions where we may, knowingly or not, feel some of that light's excellent illumination: get somehow impressed, subconsciously may be, with the fact that

Then there is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together;

—and we may go home if we please, and, thinking the matter over, conclude that the machinery used was ludicrous and unnatural enough. But we do not feel it so when remembering the play as a whole; only when we pick out the incidents. The whole, as a whole, bears the air of truth; and we are left to wonder how this may be. How shall we take the thing? *As you like it*, saith Shakespeare from the Islands of of the Blessed, not without the serenity of a smile. The characters, if you like, represent powers and elements in the make-up of man; and there is no untruth told concerning them. Orlando would have known Rosalind, sure enough; although it is Shakespeare's pleasure that we should forget that fact for the time being. But there are a thousand occasions when the Divinity within us, wooing our normal consciousness to Itself, assumes strange disguises to our mind's eye: is tricksome, captious, flighty, mirthful, or quite severe and hostile-seeming: tempts us into unexpectable experiences, and refuses to disclose by so much as a glimmer its identity. All the world, looking on, may cry out: *Doesn't*

the fool know? — but in point of fact, we do *not* know; — until the earthly things are made even. It has nothing to do, like the Kingdom of Heaven, with marrying and giving in marriage.

It is this air of depth, of unfathomability, that comes on wherever the Soul has left traces of its presence or passaging. If it is found pervading the substance of a drama or story, it denotes the presence of an ideal form, one of the basic symbols; and we may find, if we are wise, the light behind. When it rings out, so to say, in a line or passage of poetry, there is the thing which we call Style, the Grand Manner.

Style, in this sense, is not to be confounded with something else that commonly goes by the same name: as, a quick, nervous, appropriate mastery of diction, the use of idiomatic, pregnant and flexible words. Such a mastery may often prepare the way for Style, but in itself is not that. We may illustrate the difference by passages from *Macbeth*, the loftiest-languaged of all the Shakespearean tragedies. Here are some most Shakespearean lines: dyed in the wool with his manner, and that no one else could have written; they are highly characteristic of his *style*, as we say — meaning that they ring with his individuality, are coin from the particular mint of his mind. *Macbeth* soliloquizes:

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, when taught, return
To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

— Every line there proclaims that the man Shakespeare, the brain-mind, had learned as much as a man may concerning the driving, arraying and marshalling of words. In each sentence, meaning — ordinary thought-meaning — is closely and vigorously packed. I would say it proves this also, and clearly: that Shakespeare — Master William Shakespeare, of the New Place at Stratford and Her Majesty's Players at the Globe; the man you might have given the time of day to, shaken hands with; the fellow who jollied Ben Jonson o' nights at the Mermaid — did actually have, as a part of his working every-day belief, knowledge of a law called Karma. You will observe that he makes a statement of it, very consciously and clearly: a philosophic-metaphoric statement, as plain as the nose on your face; a thing well-blinkered

brainmind shall hardly dodge seeing; — and then, for fear of your obtuseness, makes it again, and yet again; three several statements in all:

- (1) But in these cases
We still have judgment here;
- (2) we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor;
- and
- (3) this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

This way of saying the same thing in three different sets of words is in itself exceedingly Shakespearean, entirely in his manner. He seemed to believe in the number three. Almost whenever he has a thought of particular weight to express, he very wisely will not trust his groundlings to get it until he has repeated it three times. He does it in the first part of this same passage:

- (1) If it were done when 'tis done —
- (2) if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success —
- (3) that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time —

— No question of 'Christian' philosophy, you see: "we'd jump the life to come"; it is this even-handed justice of Karma that we balk at. — And then the language, the sheer individuality of the construction; the pregnant, illuminating pithiness of it all: — "trammel up the consequence"; "the be-all and the end-all here"; "catch with his surcease success": each sentence has the force of a proverb, and more; they are a clean-cut exquisite coinage; or they are master-strokes of rapier play, pinking the heart of the thought at each idiomatic thrust. That is Shakespeare's style, of which we could hardly get a better example; but the passage is not exactly an example of Style, in the sense in which we have been using the word.

I said it proves that Shakespeare believed in Karma; reinforced as it stands by the whole bearing of the play — and of all the tragedies — I think that this is by no means an extreme statement. Grant it, for the sake of argument; and it is interesting, but not inevitably convincing; — it does not compel you or me to believe in Karma too. It does not prove the validity of the belief, or the existence of the Law; but only that Shakespeare, like Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Plato and the like, believed in its existence; or, if you will have it so, that Macbeth be-

lieved in it — as Shakespeare was to give him excellent reason to do. You and I, however, may proudly reserve our opinion.

The lines are rhetorical, and show how noble a thing rhetoric may be. But now jump a page or two, and hear Poetry speak; and you shall note a certain difference. Having wrought himself to such tension that his psychic nature, racially sensitive, has become aware of the other-worlds, Macbeth has done the murder, and comes from it with 'hangman's hands,' half distraught. "Methought," he says,

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast —
(*Lady Macbeth:* What do you mean?)
Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Macbeth himself, you will note, speaks in the Shakespearean style: there are now not three, but no less than seven curiously wrought equivalent phrases in apposition, beginning with 'the innocent sleep'; all of them pithy, proverbial, *nice*, Shakespearean. But when he comes to quoting that dreadful Voice that cried to all the house, the words are no longer in Shakespeare's style, but in Style. Its utterance is lofty, terrible, impersonal: a cry from regions where final truth is known. It does not — give me leave to say — merely prove that Shakespeare believed in Karma; it proves that the Soul of Man, that knows all things, *knows* the truth of Karma. It is a pronouncement of the Eternal; a doom uttered from the universal Judgment Seat; — by heaven, it is the voice of Karma itself; — and therefore you and I, now at least, are compelled to believe, will we nil we. For we have heard with our own ears; we have seen.

Note the difference between the methods of philosophy and poetry. The first, using rhetoric, says:

Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap;

or in other words,

this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips;

— in both cases a general statement, the enunciation of a law. But poetry, moving in a world of utter reality, scorns to generalize; instead, it blazes lightning-like upon the particular instance at hand, and cries:

Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It is not to say: *Jove shall hurl his thunderbolt*; it is the thunderbolt hurled; the deific hurling and the fearful impact; it is not a statement; but a revelation, of the law.

Here let us go back to music for a moment; and note how this supreme line rises to a sound proportionate to its Style: how the normal Shakespearean quick iambic march is retarded by multiplied consonants and swelled by sonorous echoing vowels. The march has become a slow, doom-laden spondaical procession. Here too, we may note the wonderful wave-form in the music: the rapid up-gathering of

Glamis hath murdered sleep,

and the melancholy long withdrawing roar of

and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

— and how, at this lofty tension of language, all is intense simplicity: there are no curiously wrought phrases, none of the admirable multi-foldness of the Shakespearean manner; except for the three names, Glamis, Cawdor and Macbeth, all the words are among the commonest in common speech. Yet it is the true magic of sound; at such a cry, more than Jericho falls.

Right tragedy is, in its essence, based upon this Karma as an ideal form: it is always Karma-Nemesis, really, who is the hero of a true tragedy. To reveal that, and not only, as Aristotle thought, to bathe the spectators in cleansing emotion through horror, is the aim. Shakespeare shows us, again and again, the outraged universe bestirring itself to strike back at the wrong-doer: Karma marshaling trivial events and trivial men to accomplish his punishment. Macbeth is undone by mediocre Malcolm and Macduff — and Karma; the noble Brutus by Karma and the quite ignoble Anthony and Octavian. That awful knocking at the door which follows the murder of Duncan is an incident whose horror can never be exaggerated; but why is it so fearfully significant? Who seeks admittance, and will win it? Two lay-figures; two utterly commonplace fellows, Macduff and Lennox; but behind them the whole commonplace world, arrayed by Karma against the murderer.* It is just because we are made to feel that majestic and terrible presence behind the door and knocking, knocking, that the scene is so tragically intense. We care nothing about the entry of the two thanes;

* The point is well brought out by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch in an article in a recent number of the *North American Review*.

we tremble because of the nearness of that third, that unseen Thing that comes in with them: the outraged universe demanding readjustment.

How, then, of *King Lear*? — you will say. Is not horror there altogether the aim? Lear himself was guilty of no crime like Macbeth's many; he did no murder, like Othello or even Brutus; why should his mere rashness have not only involved himself in madness and ruin, but brought his good angel, Cordelia, to so revolting a fate? Ophelia died; but no one can say that she stood to Hamlet as the light in his soul; she was only a doll, poor little thing, a distraction; she could never have helped him towards his goal. And Desdemona died; and she has a higher symbolic place than Ophelia's, but nothing like so high as Cordelia's; she was Othello's balance, his equal light; his estrangement from her is the obscuration, not the death of his soul; he dies, as he has lived, noble. But Cordelia! She is her father's star, his sanity, his one salvation; losing her, he becomes a wreck, an idiot, a nothing. And by nothing worse than rashness he loses her; and she meets her death so horribly. . . .

It was a basic form that Shakespeare had tried before in *Romeo and Juliet*, with (for him) indifferent success. (That is one of the very early plays, remember.) Now, in *Lear*, he uses it triumphantly. Rashness is a small fault, you would say, compared to ambition or the insensate passion of jealousy. — In reality Lear was lower in the scale of evolution than any of the heroes of the tragedies. One has to remember the three qualities of Sanskrit philosophy: Sattva (light); Rajas (passion, action, desire); Tamas (sloth, darkness, ignorance). Lear alone of the central figures of the tragedies is immersed in the Tamasic world: his rashness is a thing of chaos and primordial night; aimless, inconsequent, subhuman in its essence; though whipped up to madness by rays from the realm of Rajas into which he has not yet evolved. His Britain is the dark region of Tamas, steeped in midnight and haunted by repulsive hags. It is a far cry from the Soul's light to this; and to redeem it, to sweep away the evils and leave a decent State under reputable Albany, Kent and Edgar, she — the Soul, Cordelia — must immerse herself in darkness, forget to be, die quite. It is horrible enough; but the horrors are not for their own sake, but for the symbol's; they are there to blast a way for it and its light into our inner consciousness.

Brainmind canons of art may measure Marlowe; they are not big enough for Shakespeare. He, or the Pantheons that used him, went by the canons on which these galaxies are made. Aristotle for smaller minds and achievements; we should desire to hear Plato on Shakespeare.

SCIENCE AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD: IS VIVISECTION SCIENTIFIC? by Joseph H. Fussell

I — INTRODUCTORY

IS Vivisection scientific? The object of this series of articles is to attempt to answer this question. And in order to answer it we must inquire first as to the meaning of the word *science* and determine what is the *scientific method*. We must ask: Is there a legitimate, a right use of this word; has it an exact meaning? Are there definite, fundamental principles which underlie all science, and which govern the scientific method? If we find this to be so, then it will follow that to employ the word science loosely is, so to say, unscientific, and to speak of a method as scientific which violates the principles of science is unjustifiable.

But let us for a moment assume that there is a general understanding, as indeed there is, of the words science and scientific, and let us note their use in the following extracts which, from their source, may be regarded as having a certain weight.

An editorial article, under the heading, 'A Plea for Scientific Methods,' in *The Scientific American*, January 16, 1915, opens with the startling assertion: "Science is perhaps the most inhuman of all man's works. It would seem that man has given birth to a monster vaster than himself." The writer further says:

Knowledge has not saved us; we are no better than our fathers. The old fierce instincts still rule, but nevertheless if man is to achieve salvation, science must play the greater part.

Does the writer here mean by science, "the most inhuman of all man's works"; or is he now using the word with a different signification? And how can we reconcile the statement that "if man is to achieve salvation, science must play the greater part" with the writer's declaration that "scientific knowledge is perhaps of little worth where the great things of life are concerned"? Which of these contradictory statements is correct? Did not Alexander Pope speak wisely when he said: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"? Is it not half-, or pseudo-scientific knowledge which is of little worth in respect to the great things of life? May it not be that the great things of life *are* open to scientific investigation, if only we view them in their right relation and meaning, and approach them rightly?

But although the promulgation of scientific knowledge does not greatly alter a man, there is more hope in the promulgation of scientific *method*.

Here we may guess at the writer's intended meaning, but does the word 'promulgation' convey it? What a pity it is that so often in dis-

cussions on science, words are used wrongly, indeed, may we not say, unscientifically! It is not the promulgation but, first, knowledge of what the scientific method really is, and next its *adoption*, that is required. But the following is good, if the word *scientific* is rightly interpreted:

A man who habitually thinks on the scientific method learns a fairness and restraint which is one of the most promising things in the later development of mankind.

To which, however, we would add: as it was also in the development of mankind thousands of years ago, for it is a question if there is one scientific truth known today that is not a re-discovery of what was known in long past ages, albeit it *may have been further developed* in our present age. And we are fully in accord with the writer's statement that

a very large part of mankind has to undergo a spiritual change.

This we hold to be strictly scientific from the wider standpoint, but where is the logic in what immediately follows in the same sentence, which I have italicized?

And the supreme value of science lies in this, that it is a living irrefragable testimony to the efficacy of scientific method, and the steady promulgation of scientific methods of thought among mankind is the best means of effecting this spiritual change.

That is to say that the supreme value of science lies in this, that it is a living, irrefragable testimony to the efficacy of a method based upon science and leading to science; or, the supreme value of science lies in its being a testimony to science. And how are we to reconcile the statement that the promulgation of scientific methods of thought is the best means of effecting a spiritual change, with the statement previously made that "scientific knowledge is perhaps of little worth where the great things of life are concerned"?

From one viewpoint we agree with the writer, if by 'science' he means *modern science*, in the following:

We are hardly at the dawn of things. Science [*modern science* I would say] has achieved nothing compared with what the future holds for it. We have learned a few items of information it is true — but that is not science. All the treatises on all the 'ologies are merely by-products.

But what do our learned 'ologists say of the last statement; and what finally shall we say of the writer's concluding sentence?

Science is a method of thought, and its importance lies in this: a method of thought means a method of life.

Thus, if we accept the writer's opening statement, this perhaps "most inhuman of all man's works," this "monster vaster than himself" is, after all, only "a method of thought." "Science is a method of thought"! And when the writer makes "a plea for scientific methods,"

how else can we understand it than as a plea for methods which are in accord with and lead up to a certain method, *viz.*, science, a monster, the most inhuman of all man's works?

Where then is the difficulty? Is it not that the writer uses the words 'science' and 'scientific' with different significations? And this is my main reason for quoting from the article, as a preliminary to our discussion of the subject before us. Does it not illustrate the necessity of, first, clear logical thinking; and, second, of clear logical expression? Perhaps in the eyes of many, the article, appearing as it does, on the editorial page of one of the leading scientific journals of America, will pass for what the writer evidently intended it to be, *viz.*, a *scientific article*; an expression of the *scientific* position or viewpoint. But does it bear analysis; and is not this one of the first of scientific requirements? And yet, for all that, some of the ideas expressed in the article and, more, the root idea, the *motif*, as it appears to me, *viz.*, the attempt to show that science — in its true meaning, I would say — is related to the spiritual life of man, mark a distinct advance beyond the general modern scientific viewpoint, as evidenced in most of the scientific writings of today.

Still more marked is this same *motif* in the leading editorial article of *The Scientific American* for February 12, 1916, entitled "The Significance of Science." After speaking of "those who are never tired of attacking science and the scientific way of looking at things," the writer declares:

Science has a spiritual side, but in order to see it, it is necessary to make a distinction between science and its applications.

The true aim of science, expressed in a word, is to increase the self-consciousness of man. . . . The main function of philosophy has been of the same kind, and it is interesting to note that it is now thought that the true significance of art is to be found in the same direction.

With this extension of self-consciousness comes a fuller appreciation of the essential nature of man and of his possibilities. By discovering man's true relation to the universe, we see also how he may best live in peace and harmony with that universe. Every scientific discovery from whatever source which shows us more clearly what this world is in which we live, reacts upon man himself and causes a further adjustment of his relations to that world. Now the true argument against vice and against war is that these things are not in harmony with that further development of mankind which science has shown us to be a possibility. People may be found to argue that war is a benefit. They talk about 'biological necessity'—they garble science. There may even be people who argue that vice is a benefit. But the whole trend of scientific thought is in the opposite direction. It is incorrect to say that science has no moral aspect. The mind of man is not divisible into water-tight compartments, although writers of philosophical text-books sometimes find it convenient to assume this unnatural division, and science, philosophy and art, all have, and must necessarily have, a moral aspect. By showing us more clearly our own nature and the nature of the world about us, they implicitly condemn certain activities and foster others.

. . . There is an old familiar saying, 'The truth shall make you free,' free from the baser elements within ourselves. And it is because the spirit of science tends in this direction

that science is most emphatically worth while. The body of science does, on occasion, assume strange forms, but its spirit has one fixed direction.

The whole trend of the article is worthy of the highest praise. If the position which it indicates were universally accepted by 'scientists,' if it were insisted upon in all 'scientific' schools, and were made the basis of all 'scientific' instruction, the whole world, within a single generation, would be a very different place; the whole of life would be changed; half the ills that now afflict humanity would have vanished; vivisection, and animal experimentation as now carried on, would be impossible.

I have purposely quoted the words 'scientists' and 'scientific' because I wish to make a distinction between science and pseudo-science, and further because I hold that the position, outlined in the article from which I have just quoted, always has been and is necessarily the position of true science, and that any departure therefrom is a mark of pseudo-science. I shall refer later to some of the statements made in the extract just quoted when we come to consider the right use and meaning of the word 'science' and what is the 'scientific method'; but there is still another important article, or address, to which I desire to call the reader's attention. It is the presidential address given by Dr. John C. Branner at the meeting of the Pacific Division of the American Association of Science at Stanford University, April 5, 1917, on "Some of the Scientific Problems and Duties at our Doors," published in *Science*, May 4, 1917. It should be stated that Dr. Branner is President of Leland Stanford Jr. University.

The address is of unusual interest because of certain questions discussed therein which have a bearing on our present inquiry. It is for that reason that I have quoted from it extensively. Dr. Branner asks: "What of our relations to the public?" and replies:

In my opinion we have no more serious duties than to have and to cultivate a broad and intelligent interest in science as it is related to society at large.

With respect to men in public office, he declares:

It is clearly our duty to place our knowledge, our training, and our best judgment at the service of such men, and thus at the service of the public, and to stand together in whatever is right in connexion with matters relating to or involving a knowledge of science.

The statement and maintenance of such a position will receive universal commendation; but in regard to what follows, we are reminded of "the distinction between science and its applications" which the writer of *The Scientific American* article, previously quoted, declares it is necessary to make. With respect to legislation, Dr. Branner says:

Legislative support for our scientific bureaus and for higher education must come from the backing given them either directly or indirectly by men of science. . . . Indeed it not infrequently happens that our public officials have their judgment biased by hearsay information and prejudices that are difficult to deal with.

We grant the correctness of the last statement, but ask, does it not sometimes happen that the bias is due to hearsay information received from 'men of science,' and due to the prejudices of the latter? Dr. Branner gives the following example:

Take as an example the case of legislation upon vivisection that has lately been up right here in our own State. We are impelled to ask what is to be expected from legislation on such a subject unless the men of science make themselves heard and felt. Not that most of us really know anything about vivisection; we do not. But we do know what scientific methods are and where they lead and as men of science we are bound to use our influence in support of such methods. Physiologists — not sentimentalists — are the ones to determine whether or not vivisection should or should not be allowed, and our voices should be heard in support of the physiologists and in favor of right methods in that as in anything else.

"In favor of right methods"! Yes! There spoke the true scientist; but note the confession: "Not that most of us really know anything about vivisection; we do not." Dr. Branner himself is interested in earthquakes, and, so far as I know, as well qualified as any man living to speak in regard to the scientific methods of research in that field of investigation. But seeing that he really knows nothing about vivisection, that he has not made a serious inquiry into the question, or into the 'scientific' methods employed by physiologists, is it not pure assumption on his part to assert, as he virtually does, that those methods are 'right' methods, in favor of which he declares our voices should be heard? Indeed, by asserting that he really knows nothing about vivisection, is he not disqualified from giving anything more than a mere opinion? It all turns, of course, on the meaning we give to the term 'scientific,' and upon the answer we give to the question: "Is vivisection scientific?" which is the object of our discussion; and which I claim cannot be answered without serious study. All true students of science will at least appreciate Dr. Branner's frankness in saying: "Not that most of us really know anything about vivisection; we do not." Such frankness is one of the marks of the true scientific spirit; for, as Dr. Branner himself says further on; "science bows down to truth and to truth alone."

The following also calls for agreement:

Surely the questions involved in this and in all similar cases should not be left to haphazard legislation dictated by selfish interests of any kind whatever.

"By selfish interests of any kind whatever." Note these words. Does not this imply that the *possible* selfish interests even of 'scientists,' physiologists, surgeons, physicians, must be guarded against? And when it is said that such questions as, for instance, that of vivisection

should be settled by scientific men as scientific problems that concern the community at large it must be made clear, before accepting this, what meaning is given to the word 'scientific,' and that these 'scientific men' are not in any way governed by 'selfish interest' of any kind, nor the bondservants of any form of tyranny.

But in regard to offering advice or criticism, there arises a question of ethics. Says Dr. Branner:

I have heard it objected that we have no call to offer advice where it is not sought. This raises a point in ethics which puzzles some persons unnecessarily. We have also heard of a person who did not rescue a drowning man because he had not been introduced to him. We do not hesitate to cast our ballots and to lift our voices in favor of what we regard as right methods in public affairs. Nor should we hesitate to do any other act that we know to be for the public good, whether that act be formally called for or not.

With such a position all true scientists will be in hearty accord. I myself, merely a student of science, feel grateful to Dr. Branner for stating so clearly what is one of my reasons for entering upon this discussion which is an attempt to examine the question of vivisection from the standpoint of science, which standpoint, if it be truly scientific, it will be my endeavor to show, must be strictly in accord with the 'public good.'

The instances given by him, Dr. Branner declares, are merely mentioned in passing,

and as examples of some of the public duties of scientific men which we too often overlook. Such problems confront men of science everywhere, and it is to be hoped that we shall not evade them in this the newer part of our country.

Now one of the instances given, and cited above, is the question of vivisection, "the case of legislation upon vivisection that has lately been up right here in our own State." Are we then to take Dr. Branner's words as meaning that the attitude of scientists in reference to vivisection furnishes an example of duties which scientific men too often overlook or evade; and as one of the problems regarding which he goes on to say: "the scientific world has a right to expect us to solve or at least to attack seriously"? Are we not justified in applying Dr. Branner's words to the problem of vivisection? If so, and I think we are justified in this, then assuredly it is a most hopeful sign, for if scientists generally would study the subject sufficiently to warrant their expressing a *scientific* opinion on the subject — if, for instance, Dr. Branner himself would seriously examine it from a truly scientific standpoint, so that neither he nor they would any longer have to confess they *really knew nothing about it*, — it would no longer be possible for vivisectionists to assert, as they so often do, and as Dr. Branner himself practically does, that the opponents to vivisection are mere "sentimentalists." But such an assertion is even now false and unwarranted, for there are

today, as there have been in the past, many scientific men who have opposed vivisection from the standpoint of science, as I shall later show. But I take the present position for the reason that until scientific men generally take a decided stand against vivisection as unscientific it stands as a blot upon science as a whole and the scientific method in general, as it is also a blot upon civilization and humanity. To prove this is the object of this series of articles.

Recalling to mind "the most scathing criticism I ever heard of any scientific man," for failing to make use of "a unique opportunity for solving certain problems," Dr. Branner says: "evidently the man had no powers of imagination." "For lack of vision the people perish," and for lack of imagination how many problems remain unsolved! It is precisely this lack of vision, this lack of imagination that marks off the would-be scientist from the true. Says John Tyndall in the preface to the seventh thousand reprint of his famous presidential address to the British Association of Science at Belfast in 1874:

that out of experience there always grows something finer than mere experience, and that in their different powers of ideal extension consists, for the most part, the difference between the great and the mediocre investigator. The kingdom of science, then, cometh not by observation and experiment alone, but is completed by fixing the roots of observation and experiment in a region inaccessible to both, and in dealing with which we are forced to fall back upon the picturing power of the mind.

And he says further regarding the problems he is discussing, and the same holds in regard to all the problems of science, that they must be discussed "not with the vagueness belonging to the emotions, but with the definiteness belonging to the understanding." And it is precisely because vivisectionists appear to have no definiteness of understanding regarding the nature of the problems they are attempting to solve by means of vivisection, and are either ignorant of what is involved in vivisection or, if not wholly ignorant, wilfully persist in the practice, that they fail to see that such practice is unscientific and that the problems of health and disease, of physiology and of life, will never be solved by its means.

"Science must go its own gait, in its own way," declares Dr. Branner. If it be true science that is referred to, we agree, for then its gait and its way will be truly scientific; but seeing that according to the speaker, as he goes on to say: "and it often finds itself in a blind alley," the 'science' referred to is evidently a nebulous, uncertain something which is *not yet* science but only an attempt at it, a groping after it. Once again, is it not necessary to have a definiteness of understanding as to what constitutes *science*, what science is?

We applaud the speaker's statement that "we cannot trust the methods, dogmas or conclusions of authority in science" and that "science

bows down to truth and to truth alone." And if, in the next statement, "we have no apologies to make for its methods, its processes or its conclusions," the reference is strictly to science, in its true sense, which as just said, "bows down to truth and to truth alone," we again are in full accord. But Dr. Branner has previously spoken of "right methods" in reference to vivisection, saying as already quoted; "our voices should be heard in support of the physiologists and in favor of right methods in that as in anything else." From which the unmistakable inference is that there are methods, so-called scientific, employed in vivisection, by physiologists, which are not *right* methods. Nor, it should be added, are *all* its processes, *i. e.* of so-called science, legitimate, nor its conclusions always correct. Hence there is very serious need of 'apology' for, or at least disavowal of, many of the methods of what often and loosely passes for science. And if they would fulfil the "duties at our [their] doors," surely it rests with the true devotees of science to make such disavowal, not an apology, of all so-called scientific methods, processes and conclusions which are, in fact, not scientific in the true sense.

"We cannot trust the methods, dogmas or conclusions of authority in science," declares Dr. Branner; but the vivisectionists' position is one almost wholly of authority — dogmatic authority — not based upon scientific reasoning, not even upon demonstrated facts, though the latter, of themselves, would not be sufficient to warrant its being regarded as scientific. This we shall endeavor to show in a later article of this series.

Let me give one more quotation from Dr. Branner's address following immediately the sentence last quoted, which I here repeat:

Science bows down to truth and to truth alone: we have no apologies to make for its methods, its processes or its conclusions. The more we know about the complications and apparent contradictions of absolute truth, the more we distrust the cocksure and the authoritative settlement of scientific problems. To many minds authority points out the only satisfactory way and not only insists upon it, but cites volume, chapter and page to prove it, while science hesitates, vacillates, theorizes, and, brazenly or weakly confesses its ignorance.

It must be acknowledged that in our search after truth we find ourselves often confronted with paradoxes, and that often truth can be expressed only by paradoxes; but, from a philosophical as well as a scientific standpoint, exception must be taken to the term 'absolute truth' in the above quoted statement. All our knowledge is but relative and it were arrogance indeed to assume possession or even conception of absolute truth; hence any assertion or speculation in regard to "the complications and apparent contradictions of absolute truth" is inadmissible and quite beside the mark. That, nevertheless, in our search after truth, we come more and more to "distrust the cocksure and authori-

tative settlement of scientific problems" will receive the approval of all true students of science; and these words again excellently define the position taken in this series in regard to vivisection, so aptly do they describe many of the pronouncements of vivisectionists, of which examples will be given in due course.

Serious exception, also, must be taken to the statement that "science hesitates, vacillates, theorizes, and brazenly or weakly, confesses its ignorance." It is another example of the wrong use of the word 'science,' or rather of the use of the wrong word. It is not science, not even scientists, but students, sincere, earnest seekers after science, who find themselves hesitating, theorizing, and some of them frankly (as for instance, Dr. Branner himself in respect to vivisection) confessing their ignorance; while others brazenly assume knowledge which they do not possess.

In concluding this introductory paper, let me say that it is in no hostile spirit that I have endeavored to analyse some of the statements quoted above. Indeed, from the standpoint of a student, I hold that Dr. Branner, in his (excepting but one or two statements) splendid address shows the true scientific spirit. My object in selecting that address and the two articles from *The Scientific American*, from which to quote has been and is that they give a basis — let me say a *scientific* basis, in that they are the expression of recognised students of science — for a discussion of the question before us, namely, Is Vivisection Scientific?

In the next article I shall endeavor to determine more clearly the meaning and right use of the word *science*, and what is scientific method.



He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever, race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery — is no Theosophist.—*H. P. Blavatsky*



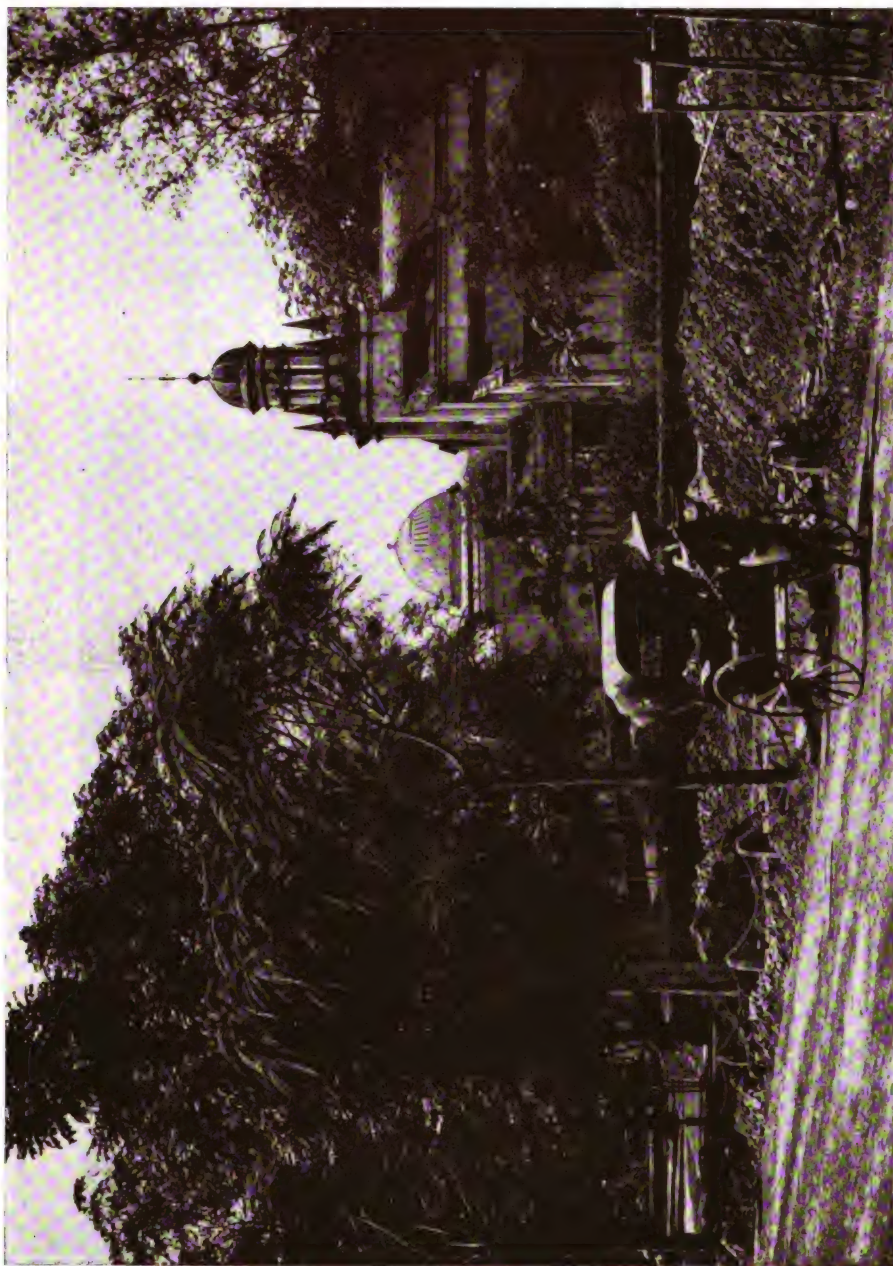
Our philosophy of life is one grand whole, every part necessary and fitting into every other part. . . . The spirit of Theosophy must be sought for; a sincere application of its principles to life and art should be made. . . . This will then raise in our hearts the hope that at least a small nucleus of Universal Brotherhood may be formed before we of this generation are dead.

—*William Q. Judge*



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A CART OF PINEAPPLES, SINGAPORE



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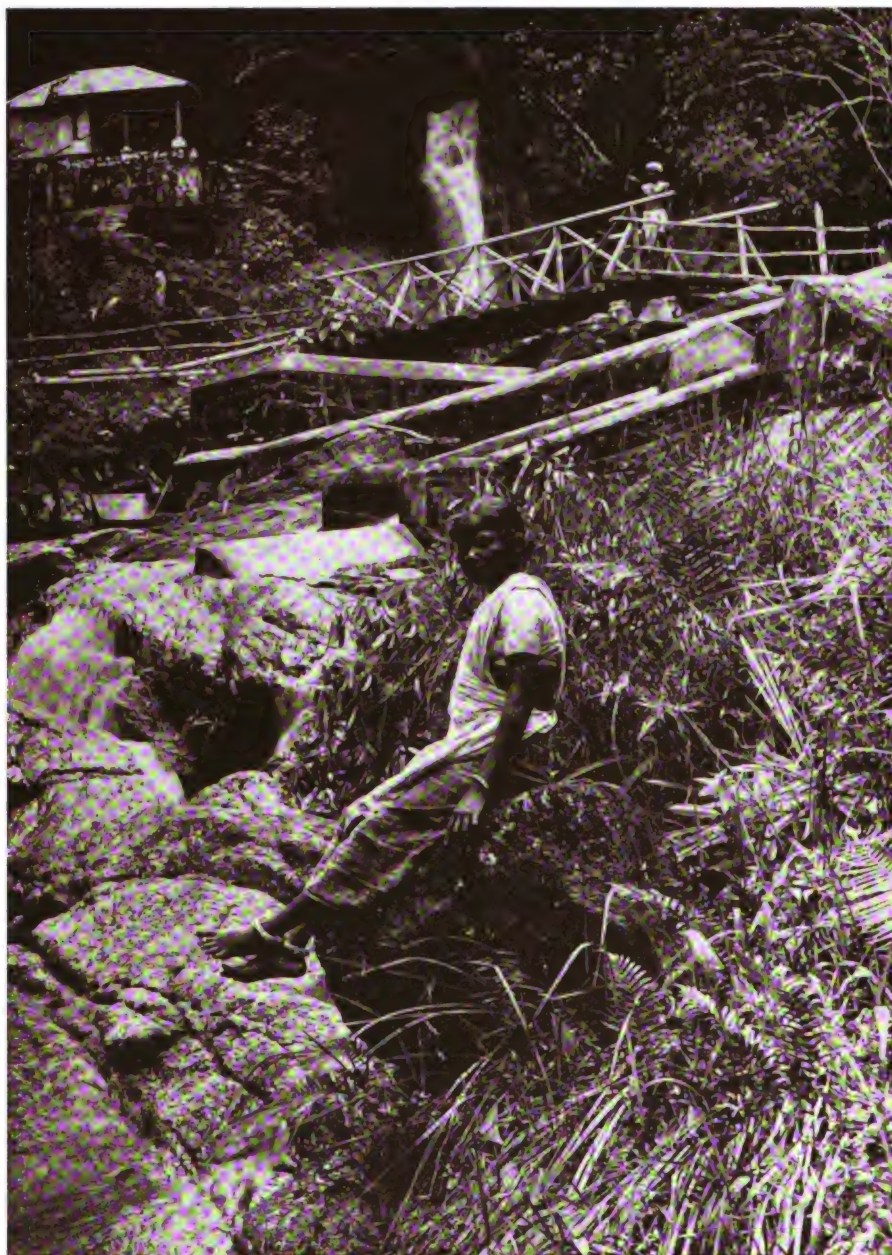
SINGAPORE: THE MUSEUM AND ITS BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENT



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'ORCHARD ROAD', IN THE SUBURBS OF SINGAPORE

Photograph taken during a flood



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A KLING WOMAN, MALAYSIA

ART AND RELIGION DURING THE RENAISSANCE:

by **Osvald Siren**, PH. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm, Sweden

IN the whole domain of higher culture the Renaissance implied a revival of the ideals of antiquity. Even though it was often in forms that were quite unlike those of earlier days, yet was the driving power a living enthusiasm for the philosophy and artistic ideals of classic antiquity. It is true that this admiration for ancient culture became somewhat vague and indefinite; it did not actually resuscitate heathendom, either practically or theoretically; but it brought with it a certain degree of emancipation in religious and moral ideas, in the midst of which Christianity, in its narrower sense, that is to say church religion, had to find a place.

It certainly seems that among the upper classes the influence of the church for a time was seriously menaced by the growing enthusiasm for ancient ideals of life, although the outer fabric, fashioned in the Middle Ages, remained relatively unshaken. From the outer standpoint one might speak of a religious decline during the blossoming time of the Renaissance, a deliberate attempt to get away from Christian church religion: in the inner sense, however, it would be wrong to say that there was any waning of religious life. On the contrary, the spiritual creative power that finds its highest expression in art and poetry, flowed fresher and clearer than before. The causes for this readjustment for religious life, which had such a deep significance for art, were naturally manifold and as they had their origin in times long past, the closer discussion of this question cannot be entered upon in this place.

In the beginning the humanists did not have so very much to formulate. Actual knowledge of the institutions of antiquity was still, in the early half of the fifteenth century, rather limited, and no effort to organize heathen religious practices was attempted. It was not so much certain teachings and systems that were of importance to the classic humanists, as the collective impression of the greatness of their predecessors, a feeling that the ancients had access to springs of spiritual knowledge, which the church had closed. The almost daily discoveries of forgotten literature and art treasures naturally intensified more and more the feeling of admiration and longing for a culture that could produce values of such inspiring greatness and beauty.

In the meantime Christianity lived on, holding its place not only in the body of the victorious church, but also as a moral consciousness ingrained in the people for generations. Its influence could not disappear, even though the admiration for former times rose ever so high.

It became, so to say, a sounding board on which the new impressions were tuned and tested. The whole resulting music, which was capable of leading the way and inspiring souls, was a composition in which certainly the leading motif was admiration for antiquity tinted with heathenism, but wherein Christianity still remained as a supporting undertone. Many of the most important humanists sought to permeate ancient philosophy with the spirit of Christianity and to give a Christian interpretation to the religious expositions of Plato and other Greek thinkers. Their works were searched for confirmation of the Christian conceptions. Indeed Plato came to have a significance almost equal to that of the Christian Church Fathers.

Christianity on the other hand was treated with as little consideration and was made the vehicle for purely heathen conceptions. The angels were identified with the genii of antiquity and in speaking of saints, Giovanni Pontano uses the word 'deus' in place of 'divus.' A singularly illuminating story touching this blending of heathen and Christian conceptions is mentioned by Tizio in his autobiography.

When in the year 1526 Siena was attacked by those who had been driven out of the city, the old canon of the cathedral left his bed and remembering what was written in the third book of Macrobius, read a mass, and then pronounced the form of conjuration as set forth in the book just mentioned, but with this modification, that in place of saying, "Thee mother earth and Jupiter do I conjure," he said, "Thee earth and thee Lord Christ do I conjure." This was repeated on the two following days, and after that the enemy drew off.

The story is very characteristic evidence of the indiscriminate way in which men drew their inspiration from either heathen or Christian sources, as they appeared adapted to the circumstances, and how little bound they were by rigid doctrines or dogmatic teachings. This interblending becomes of more significance in the field of art than in other domains, because here it is more a question of spirit and inspiration, than of any logical formulation of religious conceptions.

Art in a great measure remained the servant of the church, and as such was occupied with traditional biblical and legendary subjects. Certainly also the presentation of mythological and profane motives began to be cultivated in ever-increasing quantity, — portraiture in particular received a great impetus from the strong feeling for individuality that marked the men of the Renaissance, but the overwhelming majority of artists occupied themselves with Christian motives and produced their works largely for the decoration of churches and chapels.

If one is to judge of the religious attitude and significance of art by its motives and sphere of activity, one must come to the conclusion that the art of the Renaissance remained strictly Christian, and that its difference in regard to religion from that of the Middle Ages was very

slight. It matters little that the illustrative motives were somewhat modified in accordance with the taste of the time, since they were in any case drawn from the same sources and were represented in a similar spirit.

On a closer study of the art of the Renaissance, we find that the artistic interpretation that is there given to the traditional religious motives is fundamentally altered. It breathes a new spirit, the creative imagination seeks to invest the old conceptions with a new meaning, much as the humanists read Plato's thoughts into Christianity, and vice versa. One may choose almost any one of the more popular biblical figures represented, as well during the Middle Ages as in the Renaissance, and there find confirmation of this. We recall for instance the figures of David. On the cathedrals of the Middle Ages he is often represented as a Christian saint, an old king in long cloak, playing upon his harp. If it be a perfect Gothic statue swathed and enveloped in flowing lines, then the whole composition breathes an atmosphere re-echoing with psalmodic sentiment, with yearning and striving towards a heavenly goal beyond the skies. In Italian art of the Renaissance the old king David is replaced by the youth, the shepherd boy as the triumphant liberator, with the head of Goliath at his feet. He serves as an excuse for a display of that strength and suppleness that are involved in the problem of representation of youth: he is unclothed and shown in heroic nakedness like the Greek figures of athletes. Most of the great Florentine sculptors tried their hand upon this problem: I need only recall Donatello, Pollajuolo, Michel Angelo. All these and many others presented David nude as a classical ideal figure, provided with the attributes of the Biblical hero, but which often might serve as well for some other illustrative motive. As regards Donatello's bronze David of the year 1430, I have elsewhere tried to show that the biblical rôle does not fit the figure, which seems to be conceived in direct accordance with the youthful figures of Praxiteles. This is all the more remarkable since Donatello is counted as one of the most clearly stamped realists of the Renaissance, one of those who most completely broke from Gothic formalism, and looked to nature for rejuvenation of his art. But the artistic basis of his new creations he found in the antique.

The same is true of the majority of the best fifteenth century sculptors. All the prophets and apostles that were produced at that time were more nearly allied to the antique Gods, heroes, and orators than to the Christian patriarchs and saints of the Middle Ages. Their religion is not that of Christian self-denial and yearning towards the beyond, but a sturdy self-reliance, a feeling of inherent individual worth. The ethico-religious import is in no wise thinner or weaker than before;

but on the contrary it is all the more intense, more practical and vital.

These vigorous personalities that blossomed in the springtime of the Renaissance, found no especial opposition between Christianity and the Greek antique as their imagination pictured it. Their admiration for antiquity carried them over many contradictions that might seem serious to us. Their true religion lay in their creative joy, in their sense of power to produce expressions of ideal form and beauty. As Tizio employed a heathen formula of conjuration with the needful change of names to meet the requirements of Christianity, so the sculptors clothed their prophets in forms borrowed from the antique almost regardless of their names or their significance.

A very illuminating example of such a fusion of heathen and Christian conceptions is afforded by the 'impresa' or device of the well-known Florentine banker Francesco Sachetti, a centaur bearing a sling with the inscription, *À mon pouvoir*, sometimes completed by the motto: *Tu tanti puero patriam Deus arma ministrat*. As this motto clearly shows, the sling is derived from representations of David, and was probably designed to suggest an abbreviated allusion to the patriotic and moral import which, according to the conceptions of that time, was inherent in the David motive. But the shepherd boy himself is replaced quite unconcernedly by a centaur. Whether that bore any special symbolic allusion we do not know. This classic hybrid was at all events an evident tribute to the artistic and humanistic symbology of the new age, that scarcely hindered the highly educated Florentine financier from incorporating in his device a Christian religious idea. It was, as said of a similar symbol, a plastic formula in which was blended the God-worship of the Middle Ages with the self-reliance of the men of the Renaissance. Many similar formulas were fashioned both in sculpture and in painting, whose symbolic significance could be read in either the Christian or the heathen sense. The works of sculpture just mentioned, in a certain measure come into this category; their illustrative purport is Christian, but their artistic import is heathen. If we hold to our original point of view, that the religious significance of a work of art does not depend upon its illustrative motive, but on its artistic import, the emotional conception, then it follows that there is something expressed in the art of the Renaissance which is foreign to Christianity.

The central and essential point is that the human figure again comes into its full rights as an organism composed of body and of soul. There is no longer, as in the Middle Ages, question of a dematerializing or a symbolic interpretation of emotional aspirations that sought the infinite outside of man. On the contrary, there was a conviction that the physical organism should be made as realistic as possible, and that through its

perfection alone the spiritual import could find expression. This subjective symbolism, that in the late Gothic degenerated into a sort of sentimental rêverie in floating lines and forms etherealized, is thrust aside by strongly projected three-dimensional bodies, modeled with light and shade or plastically fashioned in the round, expressing not an abstract idea, but conceptions of bodily extension in space. Leonardo, who indeed summarized many of the principles peculiar to the art of the Renaissance, says, amongst other things, that the highest honor of the art of painting is rotundity, that is to say, presentation of three-dimensional bodies standing free in space.

To fully understand the dominating significance of this as distinct from earlier art-forms, one may in thought for instance compare the Byzantine mosaics or the Gothic paintings with Masaccio's familiar frescoes in the Brancacci chapel. One is surprised here, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, to meet with figures that not only assert themselves in full bodily mass, but even stand out in a scene convincingly real. They move freely in space, and there is, in spite of all simplification, a landscape with solid ground to rest on, a distant horizon and air that envelop and subdue the figures. It was evidently not only human beings but also their surroundings that now, at the beginning of the Renaissance, became an object of interest to artists. Once more the appeal of the outer world to the senses acted as a powerful inducement to artistic creation, though not in such a way as to produce a shallow naturalism. When we speak of naturalism in the art of the Renaissance, it must not be understood in the modern sense: Nature never became the prime object or the source of inspiration for the great artists of that time. They thought much as did Delacroix when he wrote:

It is far more important for the artist to approach more nearly to the ideal he bears within and which is his, than to grasp the fleeting ideal offered by Nature.

Meanwhile we must admit that there was serious danger of art itself being lost sight of in the pursuit of theoretical studies in anatomy, perspective, and the like; the naturalist's joy of discovery became sometimes so strong that it could hardly be dominated by the creative imagination. But that was so only in the case of a few of the less gifted artists; with the greatest among them scientific study and research remained subservient to imagination.

If, for instance, Masaccio's apostles had been merely more natural, more solidly realistic than those of earlier masters, they would hardly have risen to the classic level, nor would they have become inspiring models for succeeding generations. That which makes them so incomparably great, lies in their power to compel our recognition of the exis-

tence of a greater, nobler state, than any we experience in daily life. These figures seem filled with irresistible force and an infinite fund of inner possibilities. They know no ordinary narrow subjective limitations. They dwell upon the timeless planes of heroic being.

The correspondences with the ideal conceptions of antiquity are striking — the same basic ethical values can be traced in both cases — but at the same time a deep-lying essential difference makes itself manifest, which can be said to consist in this, that antique art deals with Man, the Renaissance with men. In the former case ideal perfection of type or race is sought, the essential divinity of man is suggested symbolically through the perfect proportions of the human figure, but there is no attempt to express more delicate shades of individual character. Such motives were first worked out by the artists of the Renaissance. They do not rest satisfied with the harmony of proportion in form, but strive to express something beyond: a psychic element, not directly dependent on perfected unity of form, but on facial expression, the movement of the limbs, and so on. Personality is accorded an importance it never had in the great classic time. Subjective emotion is cultivated at the cost of objective harmony. What is gained in regard to individual life and power of expression was lost in the limitation and restraint of the ideal type. The Renaissance no longer created Gods, it only gave the divine reflexion in subjective form.

II

The particular conception of ideals and forms in art that we have tried to indicate is supported by contemporary treatises and tracts. There was in the Renaissance a marked tendency to attempt theoretical explanations of the principles of art and beauty. It was not enough that art and beauty were worshiped as God-like — '*divino*' had become a customary epithet for art — the demand was made for a philosophic explanation of the divine dignity and significance of art.

All these treatises, much divided among themselves and of very various value in regard to the formal directions they had to offer to artists, agree in this, that they all see in artistic creation a law-bound operation.

This essential conception is worth making note of, for it contains an ethico-religious import of the greatest consequence. Practically applied it has become a basis for the creation of the highest classic values, especially in architecture, where obedience to law is most necessary and most apparent. Besides it is evident that, in so far as artistic creation is regarded as the expression of definable laws and proportions, to that extent does it attain a spiritual value comparable to that of

religion. It becomes a reflexion in the special domain of art of the ordaining and creating principle, that religion also manifests, when it awakens in us feelings of union with something universal.

We are acquainted with the way in which art was apprehended in the great classic period of antiquity, when also attempts were made to theoretically interpret art as a law-bound operation. New life and fresh significance were given this conception by the effort of the Renaissance, to blend this law-bound character with the intense interest felt in Nature's manifold creation. It may be well to briefly record some of the observations made by the first, and, in some respects, most important of the artists who spoke of the laws governing Art and Beauty.

We refer to Leone Battista Alberti, the great architect, who worked during the middle of the fifteenth century, often honored by his countrymen with the title of "The Florentine Vitruvius." His writings on painting *Della Pittura*, on sculpture *Della Statua*, and on architecture *De re ædificatoria*, afforded the first complete exposition of the theory and practice of the liberal arts.

They handed on, in a personal and living form, knowledge of the fundamental esthetic views of classic antiquity, especially as found in Vitruvius' treatise on architecture (of the time of Emperor Augustus) which in its turn was drawn from Greek sources. At the same time it must be said that Alberti leaves much to show that his theories are not merely fruits of esthetic studies, but also of personal application to art, to painting as well as to architecture. No theoretical works of such wide and general significance as the treatises of Alberti were produced later. Leonardo's notes on the theory of art, which in many ways indicate an important step forward, did not reach the press till well on in the seventeenth century, since they met with adverse fate and were in a disordered and fragmentary condition. Other theorists, such as Biondo, Vasari, Vignola, Scamozzi, Lomazzo, and many more, confine themselves chiefly to certain definite branches of art, architecture, or painting, or else launch out into purely abstract philosophical speculations, that do not give us much light on the question of creative art itself, or on the relation of the artist to his work.

Although Alberti in many places says that the highest perfection in art can not be attained by the use of rules, but is dependent on the disposition that nature has bestowed upon the artist; yet he seeks, for the benefit of himself and others, to define all that pertains to the mode and method of artistic expression. He produced, among other works, a complete theory of perspective, which was of great practical value to succeeding generations. Alberti sees in Beauty the end and aim of Art. The question for him is how it can be presented in material form.

In the introduction to his treatise on architecture he writes as follows:

Genius brings forth form, nature produces the material. For the former is needed concentration and creative power, for the latter selection and adaptation: and I have also thought that neither the one nor the other is sufficient in itself without the work of an experienced artist, who knows how to bring form and material into harmony.

He finds beauty in the union of opposites, form and matter, soul and body. It results when those things that are diverse are brought into unity.

As tones from a violin, where the high and low strings correspond with one another, and those that lie between are tuned to them; the differences of the tones are blended into a wondrous and full-toned harmony, that in the highest degree charms the soul.

In other words, Beauty, conceived as form, is a harmonious consonance or blending of opposites, a unity, in which things diverse and different are harmonized. The principle is most directly formulated in reference to architecture, where it is worked out by means of an art of proportion corresponding to that of music; but the same conception is applied also by Alberti in another connexion to the plastic arts in accord with the methods of antiquity. Alberti returns generally with special predilection to the idea of harmony when he speaks of beauty. Amongst other things he says:

To be brief, we wish to declare that beauty is harmony of all the parts with intelligence in the whole, so that no part can be augmented, diminished, or changed without deterioration of the whole.

"It is the work and merit of harmony," he says a little further on in the same chapter,

to conjoin in such a completely law-bound manner links that by nature are separated, that they by their reciprocal relation correspond with the ideal. . . . Harmony lives not in the body as a whole, nor in the separate limbs; I would say that it has participation in the intelligent soul, that it embraces laws for human life, and exercises an irresistible influence upon all these.

To give an impression of how universally the idea is conceived that Alberti most nearly associates with the essence of Beauty, the following words may be quoted:

Everything that is produced by Nature has its measure in the law of harmony. Nature strives not otherwise than that its products may be perfect. But that condition can not be attained, if harmony is lacking, for then the highest active consonance of all the parts vanishes.

Just as for the ancient Pythagoreans, and also for Plato and Aristotle, harmony represents for Alberti the highest idea of unity, the most complete expression we can think of for the law-abiding quality, that reigns in the creative soul of the world; but so far as known none of the ancient philosophers applied this idea to the essence of Beauty. That is regarded as Alberti's merit. Art also is thereby placed in di-

rect relation to the Absolute, for, according to the Pythagorean point of view adopted by Alberti, harmony was the expression of the highest world-intelligence.

In the second book of his work on painting Alberti sets forth also some general ideas on art, which throw light on his philosophico-religious standpoint:

Painting contains in itself a truly god-like power, in that, like friendship, it not only causes those who are far away to seem near by, but even the dead to seem to live again after many centuries.

He further holds it valuable in that painting represents the gods, thereby furthering piety and religion. As to the origin of the art of painting he has the following beautiful metaphor:

Adapting myself to an utterance of the poets, I used to say that that same Narcissus, who was changed into a flower, was the true discoverer of the art of painting, for the reason that the art of painting is the blossom of all the arts; so the story of Narcissus also in another respect is appropriate here, for can it well be said that painting is no other than the recording of the artistic image, just as the fountain reflected the image of Narcissus?

Here we have, in poetic form, an intimation of how Alberti, like the best of the early Renaissance artists, combines interest in nature with the worship of beauty: the fountain's clear mirror reflects the pure features of Narcissus, but at the same time the youth is changed into a flower which in its beauty and fragrance symbolizes his soul.

Further on Alberti gives a very accurate account of the various methods and forms of expression, composition, lighting, colors and so forth used in the art of painting; these matters are too technical for us to consider in this connexion, but one or two of his remarks on the aim of painting may be quoted with advantage.

For the artist the aim of painting may lie in that which will bring him more gratitude, good-will and honor, than riches. The painter, whose work charms not only the eyes of the beholder but also his soul, attains to that. How this may be attained I spoke about when treating of composition and color. My conviction is that in order to attain this the painter must be a good man and must have a sound education. Every one knows how much more readily the good-will of his fellow citizens may be won by the goodness of a man than by his greatest industry and skill in art.

In this, as in so many other regards, Alberti follows in the footsteps of Vitruvius.

The Roman theorist accentuates, as do also Plato and other Greek philosophers, the importance of character and sensibility in artistic creation, but that which is so remarkable in Alberti is that he prefers before all else a pure humanity in the artist; he must be a complete and high-minded man to fashion the perfect work of art. Similar standards were evolved by Leonardo showing how such ethical demands, made on the creator of art, were very general and deep-rooted during

the best years of the Renaissance. We may do well to listen for a while to what Leonardo has said in this direction. Just as ideal painting in his thought is the highest of all sciences and arts, so also must its representative be the best and wisest of all men. "Those who disregard painting love neither philosophy nor nature." In other words: he who would rightly practise painting must understand both philosophy and nature.

The profession of an artist demands the qualifications of true life and knowledge, love and work.

A good painter according to Leonardo's prescriptions must not only reproduce the outer man, but also the motions of his soul. That figure alone is truly worthy of commendation, that in attitude, gesture, and play of features expresses the passions and emotions of the soul. The outer form is a thing not so hard to reproduce; if a man but persevere, that can he learn by rules and diligent practice, but to reproduce the inner man and his emotions is a thing that demands the utmost from the artist's powers of apprehension, from his life and mode of work. On all these points Leonardo in his treatise on painting has given more definite prescriptions: he has told how the artist must live, when occupied in "subtle speculations," how he should spend his leisure, and in what method he should work, how he should never neglect to observe men in different conditions of life, or to seek the correspondence between the outer appearance and the inner motive. No demand is too great for Leonardo, when it concerns the artist, for his task must finally be to become a conscious representative of the spiritual creative power that manifests in nature by reason of inherent necessity. Fundamentally his work is subject to the same laws as nature's. His privilege is to see intuitively that which the scientist seeks his way to by study, and demonstrates by experiment. But he can only attain this clearness by keeping his mind pure, his imagination free from disturbing influences, and not allowing the desire for money or for other benefits to occupy his thoughts. A constant striving to dive into the essence of things and learn to understand their true nature, is, according to Leonardo, the artist's pathway to perfection; and to those that revile others, because they work and study the works of God on holy days, he says:

Such fault-finders had best keep silence. For these (studies) are the way in which knowledge may be won of the creator of many wonderful things, it is the way to learn to love this great inventor. Great love in truth is born of a great knowledge of the beloved object, and if thou hast no knowledge of it, then canst thou love it little or not at all. But if thou lovest it for sake of the advantage thou dost expect from it, and not for its highest virtue, then thou dost as a dog does, which wags his tail and full of gladness skips round the one from whom he hopes to get a bone. But if he knew the virtue of the man, he would be even more affectionate.

All these utterances, that directly aim at the person of the artist, are indeed filled with a deep feeling for art's ethical significance which is dependent on the creative personality. Religion and art were most intimately interwoven in the conceptions of the masters of the Renaissance; for them Art was religious through and through; it was the path that led to the divine. Certainly there always remained an essential difference between the apprehension of a principle and its practical application, but it is in any case evident that we must in no wise judge the general religious value of the art of the Renaissance on the ground of its difference from the ideal of the Christian Church. For them (the artists of the Renaissance) Art itself was holy in proportion as it approached the ideal and was supported by the effort to reveal the universal laws of harmony.

Both Alberti and Leonardo accept the so-called mathematical theory of Beauty, according to which the ideal work of art should be compounded of the most beautiful parts, that can be chosen from different models, and united in a harmonious manner. On this Alberti writes:

With diligence and perseverance he must strive constantly to learn to know the beautiful, however hard it may be, for beauty is not to be found united in any one body, but portioned out amongst many; therefore must he use all pains to seek it out and make it his spiritual possession. Certain it is, that he who accustoms himself to undertake things difficult, shall so much the easier accomplish simpler matters, and there are no difficulties that may not be overcome with industry and perseverance. But in order that work and pains may not be cast away, he must avoid the habit of foolish men, who, wholly preoccupied with their own talent, endeavor, without the aid of nature's models, which they can study with eyes and understanding, alone and wholly through themselves, to make progress in the art of painting. Such as these never learn to paint well, but merely accustom themselves to their own faults. The idea of Beauty flies from the inexperienced, and can scarcely be approached by him who is most experienced.

This theory has been condemned by naturalistic artists, and truly it has not infrequently, in times of spiritual drought, served as a pretext for false pretensions; but the theory is not responsible for that; rather is it the fault of the artists who make the selection, for there is here much scope for individual taste and judgment. How this idea was applied by Alberti may be seen more in detail in his tract on sculpture, (*Della Scultura*).

Alberti sets forth as models for sculptural treatment, partly the human form in general, the ideal figure as representative of the species; and for another part figures more portrait-like with marked features and characteristic attitudes; the former class corresponds to that of the ideal figures of the antique, while the latter marks a step beyond the old bounds towards the individualizing art of the Renaissance. Touching the formal presentation of these two kinds of figures, he observes:

This double aim is met by proportion and definition. The difference between them being that the proportion reveals and determines for us that which nature has planted unchangeably in every living being, and which is generally apparent in them, as the breadth and thickness of the limbs, while it is definition that gives the accidental variations in the limbs produced by different positions of the parts consequent on motion.

The question then is, how these proportions or measures through which the ideal figure may be represented, can be reached. In what manner should the laws of proportion be established? It is well known that several different answers were already given in antiquity: Polyclitus formulated his *canon* or rule of proportion, Lysippus his, Vitruvius his, and so on. They are all constructed on a mathematical basis by means of a unit of measure chosen from the face, the foot, or the hand, which is multiplied a certain number of times in the other limbs and parts of the body. Alberti, however, places the question on a more naturalistic footing. He writes:

Thus we have selected a large number of human bodies, that according to the judgment of experienced men were considered most beautiful, and have measured their proportions. These we then compared one with another, rejected all that were above or below a certain standard, and kept only the measures that remained as the average deduced from many examples, and noted their common measure or mean.

The mode of procedure according to which the average is deduced from examples chosen from a quantity, must necessarily, in the last resort, be dependent on how the examples are chosen: judgment by individual taste comes to play a determining part in the operation. Thus the classic endeavor to find the ideal measure or standard for the proportions of a figure is in Alberti wedded with a good deal of artistic freedom. He speaks as artist and not as philosopher. Intuition takes the lead, where reason can find no path. He is in this regard a characteristic representative of the Renaissance.

No matter how deep was the charm exercised by antique art, no matter how eager was the effort to reach the objective harmony, that was stamped on the character of classic art, and that reflected its ethico-religious import, yet there was no getting free from the emotional personality that Christianity had awakened to consciousness. Man was no longer the kinsman of the Gods, his ideal nature was not harmony, but a compound of good and evil, that must be harmonized by strife and suffering. The Renaissance, as we have shown, sought a reconciliation between the antique and the Christian ideals, it sought it in life and in art, but in that search lay the germ of a deep-seated conflict. The more sincere and deep was the longing for a restoration of the antique life and art, the harder it became to satisfy the Christian yearning for the infinite. In the beginning the opposition was not so great, because, living more upon the surface, men were carried by their enthusiasm

safely over many a chasm; but later, especially after the Roman Catholic reaction got the upper hand, it became very evident. It brought about a conflict that may be traced in many an artist's work, most evidently in Michel Angelo's. But there are examples of the successful blending of these different ideals into a whole, in which a perfect harmony expresses spiritual values answering as well the Christian as the antique aspirations.

This is particularly true of some of Raphael's compositions, his Florentine Madonnas and earlier Roman frescoes. Here is to be found, independent of motive and figure characterization, an artistic element of unusual spiritual expressiveness. It inheres in the conception itself, it lies in the perfect harmony among all the parts of the composition even to the smallest. The relation of the figures to the landscape is of the greatest importance in this connexion. These figures, still dominated by classic measure and proportion, stand out against a background of pure space. The horizon is usually low, the sky is high, transparent, clear. The landscape is no mere map or bird's-eye view with toy-like small details scattered over the surface, as in quattrocento pictures, but space filled with light and atmosphere. Here one can breathe, and imagination may find wings. The bond of matter that binds all earlier paintings is sundered. We feel a sense of freedom, of the illimitable: the space widens out into a universe, just as when some melodic motif swells out through orchestration into cosmic beauty.

The impression such a work of art creates is in the highest sense religious, for it involves a feeling of a something greater and more real than the phenomenal world, something that all religions, and not least of all the Christian, aim at evoking. But of art, even more than of music, it is true, that it is mute and meaningless to him who has no art nor music in his soul.

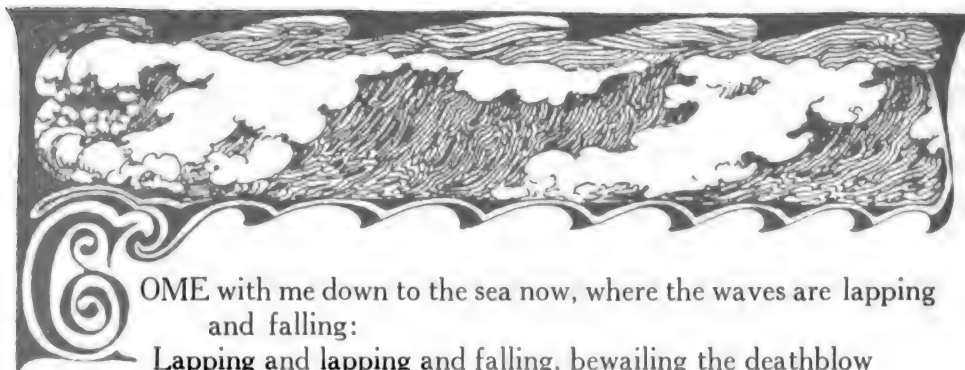
Early Christian art in Byzantine guise reveals its religious import by means of a dematerializing, abstract, translation of the human figure and other elements of expression — it aimed, so to say, at a direct spiritualization of the symbol. Gothic again resolved its import into a yearning hence toward the super-sensual, and seemed under the influence of that idea to cramp the figure and endow it with a rhythm of line that suggests the longing for the infinite. The Renaissance sees its religious import in reality. It strives to express in form, chiefly in the human form, that unity and harmony which were regarded as a revelation of divinity. When this harmony of form is wedded with expression of the Christian ideal of infinity, as in the case of Raphael, an art of universal religious significance and beauty comes forthwith to life.

DIRGE OF THE WAVES FOR DYLAN EILTON

A Welsh Legend

By Kenneth Morris

With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Machell



COME with me down to the sea now, where the waves are lapping
and falling:
Lapping and lapping and falling, bewailing the deathblow
of Dylan,
Wailing for Dylan Eilton.

Hear them, the white-foamed waves now: the frantic, sorrowful waves,
Striving and straining to landward, but, chained by a magical spell,
Falling back to the sea, and dragging the shingle seaward:
Hear them moaning forever the dirge of their darling, Dylan —
Moaning for Dylan Eilton. . . .

“Curse thee, Gofannon the King Smith, who struck the blow that we wail for!
Cursed be thy magical spell, that holds us enchained to the sea!
Curse thee for striking the blow with thy spear that slew our darling!
Curse thee forever and ever for slaying the dark-haired Dylan!
Curse thee for chaining us down to the sea that we may not avenge him! . . .
Who shall avenge Dylan Eilton? . . .

“Curse thee, Gofannon the King Smith! —Ah, why have we cursed thee
so long,
Striving and straining to landward, but backward and back to the sea
Falling, falling, falling? . . . Ah, could we rise in our anger,
Crest-high over the mountains, thundering down through the vales,
Whirling, white-foamed, terrible, over the shrieking land
Sweeping and purging and slaying — Ah, where is our Dylan?
Gone — thou art gone, Dylan Eilton! . . .



"And we, we must lap here and fall here, and weep here forever and ever,
Washing and wearing the shingle away and the rocks and the sand;
Washing, lapping, falling, wearing, moaning, moaning:
Washing and lapping and wearing the shingle and moaning for Dylan:
Wailing for Dylan Eilton! . . .

"Never a white-winged gull queen, throned on the ninth of us, Dylan,
Held we aloft so lightly and strongly and softly as thee!
Never a wave of us broke into foam 'neath thy breast!
Nay, but we shed not tears of foam before thou didst go to Gofannon! . . .
Ah, curséd, accurséd, accurséd, accurséd, accurséd, accurséd Gofannon
Who slew Dylan Eilton! . . .



“Curse thee, Gofannon the King Smith! We will thunder our vengeance
upon thee!
We will crash down over the mountains, crest-high over the mountains:
We will find thee and slay thee and slay thee — Ah, powerless! Ah, for
thy magic
That binds us to moan here and struggle and moan here and struggle forever,
Mourning for Dylan Eilton! . . .”

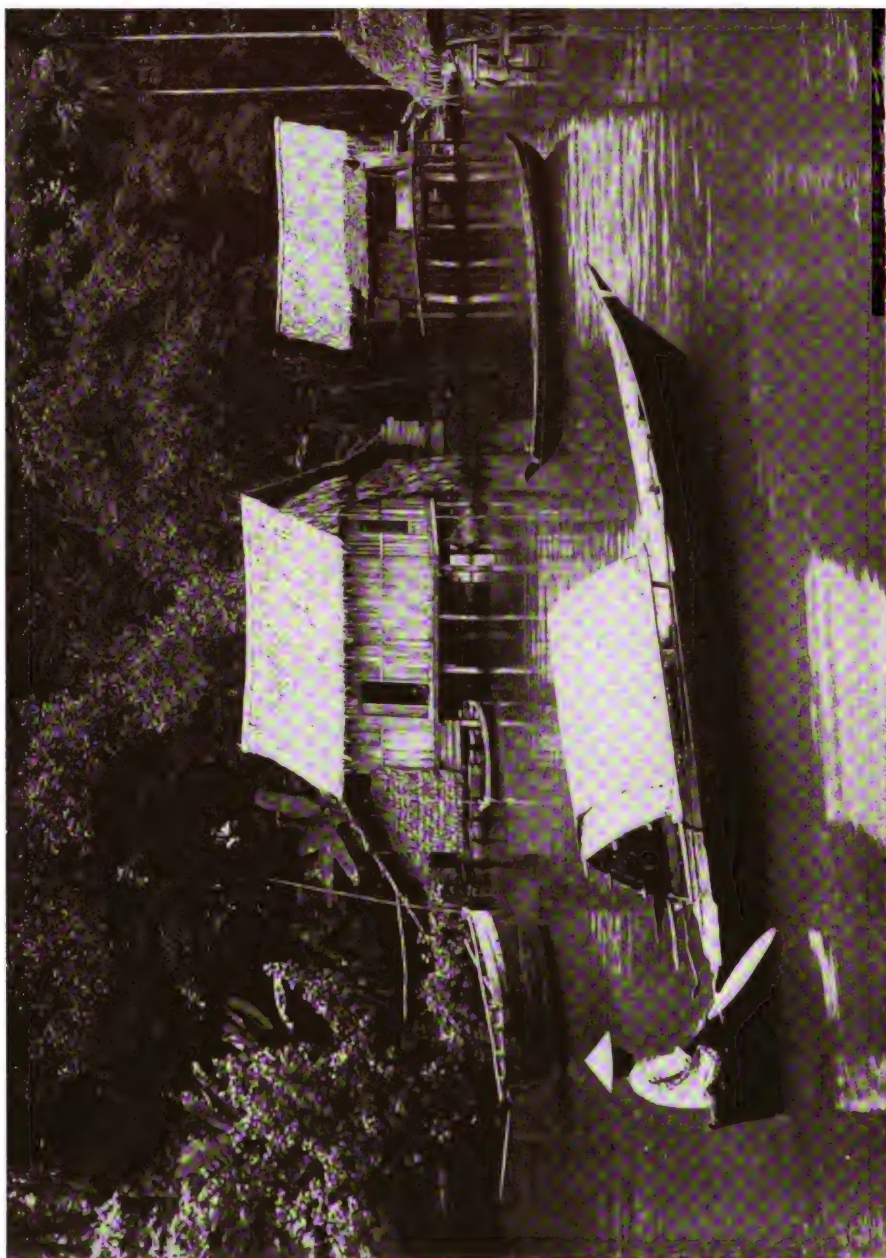
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A MALAY RIVER SCENE



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A MALAY VILLAGE AND RIVER



Lowland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MALAY VILLAGE, SHOWING NATIVE BOATS UNDER CONSTRUCTION



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SOME OF THE INHABITANTS OF A MALAY VILLAGE

'HUMAN BIOLOGY': by H. Travers, M. A.

DARWINISM AND WAR,' by Chalmers Mitchell, F. R. S., is a recent book written to demonstrate the fallacy of the theory that war is a biological necessity. French scientists have taken up the subject, and a digest of the ideas presented is given in *The Scientific American Supplement* for May 5th, 1917. From this we gather that the writers contend that natural selection is not always, even chiefly, brought about by violence wrought upon the weak by the strong; the favored species survive, not usually because the stronger destroy them, but for many other reasons which are specified; they are conserved by their own superior qualities of resistance and adaptation. Also, even supposing the law of violence did prevail in the animal kingdom, it does not follow that it prevails in the human kingdom; for there is a 'human biology' which is peculiar to the human race and quite different from animal biology, the difference being due to man's superior mental nature. A nation is not comparable to a species, and an analogy so drawn is therefore fallacious. "Man differs too greatly from animals to make analogous conclusions legitimate," says one writer:

Man possesses conscience and liberty, he knows the moral law, whereby he is radically separated from all animals.

Another says:

The science of man, or human biology, should be regarded as a true science, positive and experimental, distinct from all others.

Again, we read:

There are morphologic analogies which indicate the assimilation of all living creatures in a continuous series from the amoeba to mankind; but there are on the other hand characteristics of function, and particularly of psychic function, which are specific to man, making of him a distinct organism. Anatomically the brain of man closely resembles that of the ape, of the sheep, and of many other animals, while its functioning is absolutely different from that of even the most closely related of these. The brain of man is defined by its function. Man is defined by his psychic function. . . . The two qualities which suffice to establish a fundamental distinction between man and all other living creatures are intellectual superiority and the faculty of indefinite progress. . . .

There are specifically human biologic laws . . .

The law of the personal participation of each human individual in the life of the continuous and indefinite psychic progress of humanity. . . .

It is not the general biologic law of struggle, battle, the victory of the strong,* which should be applied to man; it is the law of progress, mutual love and help, collaboration and emulation.

It is certainly satisfactory to have arrived by the scientific route at conclusions which to many unscientific people will seem to have been

*If such a general law exists at all, which is denied by one of the writers, as shown above.

well known before; satisfactory, because many minds demand this scientific sanction as a condition of their acceptance of a view. Science aims to systematize knowledge, and may sometimes be tardy in assimilating and duly digesting the various items of our experience. Its proofs often resemble those of Euclid, in giving a formal and logical sanction to matters which we have already regarded as sufficiently proven for all practical purposes. But these writers will not give up their biology; to dethrone that sovereign would be for them anarchy, so they have rendered him a more constitutional monarch. Henceforth we are to recognise 'human biology' — but it is still biology. Therefore we may still have to guard against the habit of observing what happens in Nature, and then calling these happenings a 'law,' and endowing that law with autocratic power. The writers properly object to the theory that, because men are angry, therefore there is a natural law of anger which will always prevail. But we should be equally slow to accept *any* sort of human behavior as an inexorable compelling force. Science is perhaps afraid that the study of human life will be wafted aloft out of its reach, and so these gentlemen are anxious to assure us that they do not mean to let this happen, but will still have their biology, even though it is a repentant and reformed biology.

As has so often been stated by various writers, in criticisms of the scientific method, specialists are apt to forget the limitations which they themselves have imposed upon that method. Acknowledging at the outset that their theories are provisional hypotheses, devised, like scaffolding or pinning, to hold certain facts temporarily together, pending further and firmer operations, they sometimes fall into the error of regarding these provisional hypotheses as *laws*. The consequence of this error is that, instead of changing the theory when new facts arrive, they are prone to reject the new facts because they do not suit the old theory; and thus we get a dogmatism. The new 'human biology' is likely to be subject to this disadvantage, against which we should be on our guard. If told that 'heredity' forbids certain things to happen, we may remember that heredity is not a God but a mere passing opinion. The laws of human nature (as the word 'law' is generally used in science) do not determine what shall happen, but merely register what does happen.

Let us therefore adhere to the strict inductive method of science and base our theories on facts rather than seek to deduce facts from theories. But let us also remember that the data from which our inductive reasoning is to be derived are of two distinct kinds; for, as Roger Bacon is declared to have held, experience is of two sorts — internal and external; the second is that usually called experiment, but it can give no complete knowledge even of corporeal things, much less of spiritual.

On the other hand, in inner experience the mind is illuminated by the divine truth, and of this supernatural enlightenment there are seven grades. (See *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Ninth Ed. art. 'Roger Bacon.') This opinion is voiced by H. P. Blavatsky as follows:

The daring explorer, who would probe the inmost secrets of Nature, must transcend the narrow limitations of sense, and transfer his consciousness into the region of noumena and the sphere of primal causes. To effect this, he must develop faculties which are absolutely dormant — save in a few rare and exceptional cases — in the constitution of the off-shoots of our present Fifth Root-race in Europe and America. He can in no other conceivable manner collect the facts on which to base his speculations. Is not this apparent on the principles of Inductive Logic and Metaphysics alike? — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 477-8

Lest this talk about spiritual perceptions and latent faculties should be objected to as too daring, let us refer back to the quotations at the beginning of this article. The faculty of 'indefinite progress' is mentioned as appertaining distinctively to man, another similar phrase being 'continuous and indefinite psychic progress.' These expressions allow us as much latitude as we need claim. We would rather intrust our child to an experienced nurse than to an experimental biologist; and further, we harbor a conviction that the experiments of the biologist would, in the long run, but succeed in confirming the intuitive knowledge possessed by the nurse, just as an expensive commission to inquire into the effects of alcoholism results finally in endorsing the opinion of the man in the street.

Human biology has to take into account such facts as conscience and unselfish love, we are told, or else it will get left behind. But are these facts amenable to experimentation by instruments and delineation by graphic diagrams? It would seem that what is required of the investigator is a keen insight into human nature; he should be a man of affairs rather than of the laboratory.

The much-abused word 'metaphysics' is declared by H. P. Blavatsky to relate properly to things beyond the physical, in which sense the word 'hyperphysics' might be suggested as a less ambiguous substitute. It is in this sense that she herself uses the word 'metaphysics.' She declares that there are in Nature objective perceptions that are beyond the physical, and that it is necessary for science to include these among the data for its inductive reasoning. Why should we not regard an act of thinking as an act of direct perception, wherein the thought perceived is an object, and the faculty by which this object is perceived is one of the internal senses of the human organism? To take this view would help us to dissociate Man the thinker from his environment of thoughts, and we should thereby achieve a conception of Man which would represent him as more independent and dominant than we should be apt

to regard him if we held a more cloudy idea of his mental make-up. Modern biology is fond of representing Man as the slave of his thoughts, which it calls 'tendencies,' 'habits,' 'impressions,' etc. But Man may be the master of his thoughts. There is a thought atmosphere, pervading the inner spaces, wherefrom ideas may swim into the mind, there to be perceived by our mind. Owing to our neglect to cultivate this field of human study, we do not know whence these ideas come and are apt to personalize them and to call them *our* ideas, when in fact they may have come straight from somebody in the next room.

In what has been quoted about 'human biology,' we may descry an anxiety on the part of formal science to *follow* in the wake of advancing knowledge; nor is this curious attitude of striving to be at once leader and follower peculiar to science, for it can often be seen in formal religion. It is as though the biologists, having pushed ahead along their particular track, had suddenly looked around from their preoccupation and found that the people were not following; and had thereupon decided to get back to the path which the people *were* following and to endeavor to gain a respectable place in the procession. As long as biology means an intelligent study of nature, we profoundly respect it as a branch of science; but if it means an attempt to shackle freedom by imposing arbitrary laws and representing man as the resultant of blind tendencies, then it is not science at all, and to commend it would be a defamation of science. When a man is born, there is an incarnation of a Soul having a spiritual heredity that science cannot trace; and the influences inherent in that heredity may set aside the forces of physical and psychic heredity.

Man's soul "dwells like a star apart," even that of the vilest among us; while his consciousness is under the law of vibratory and sensuous life. This alone is enough to cause those complications of character which are the material for the novelist; every man is a mystery, to friend and enemy alike, and to himself. His motives are often undiscoverable, and he cannot probe to them or know why he does this or that. The disciple's effort is that of awaking consciousness in this starry part of himself, where his power and divinity lie sleeping.

— *Light on the Path.*

I produced the golden key of Pre-existence only at a dead lift, when no other method could satisfy me touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis I might keep my heart from sinking.—*Henry More*



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THE GUARDIANS OF THE VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA RESERVE
CALIFORNIA



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE SANTA BARBARA RESERVE, CALIFORNIA

Showing mixed forest of Sugar and Jeffery Pine (*Librocedrus* and *Quercus Californica*) in foreground.

Elevation, 5000 feet.



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER SUCH SCENE IN THE SANTA BARBARA RESERVE

'Spotted' country comprising grassy slopes with *Quercus agrifolia*. Sycamore rising from moist canyon,
with *ceanothi* on the dry hillside.



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A GROVE OF *PINUS JEFFREYI* IN THE SANTA BARBARA RESERVE, CALIFORNIA

Elevation, 7900 feet.

THE SECRET

BY FRANCIS DANA

THE workman wrought for himself alone
And shaped his fancy in marble stone;
Strangely hewn to his mood and whim,
Precious and perfect it seemed, to him:
But the master saw it and turned away
Bitterly smiling, as who should say,
"Here may be genius, my son, no doubt,
But only a genius could find it out."

The workman wrought, with a sadder face,
A nobler image of wondrous grace,
Subtly lovely in limb and line,
Blest with the touch of the gift divine:
But the master sighed, as he held his hand,
"To us 'tis given to understand.
But what is here for the throng below —
Our little brothers who do not know?"

The workman summoned his wit and will,
And made a figure with pleasing skill,
Set it up where the world might gaze,
And reveled deep in the people's praise:
But the master frowned as he said, "My son,
Worse than this may never be done.
You have mocked the gift of the gods on high
For the base delight of the vulgar eye!"

The workman toiled in sorrow and shame,
Forgot himself and his hope and fame,
Working for nothing but work alone,
And the master said, "You have done your part.
But the people wondered and wept and smiled,
Youth and elder, woman and child;
And the thing he fashioned was scarce his own:
The simple truth is the goal of art."

— *The Youth's Companion*

SHADOWS ON THE WALL: by R. Machell



WATCHING a boy making shadows on a sunlit wall, I laughed at the drollery of the forms he fashioned with his hands, figures of animals, or men, or birds, as well as other queer shapes of indescribable quaintness. And the boy's baby-brother laughed and clapped his hands in ecstasies, until the creator of this shadow-world produced a monster that seemed to swallow all the rest. The baby stared in terror for a while, then threw himself down and buried his face sobbing in his brother's lap. When he looked up again the wall was shadowless and shining, and the baby stared at it wonderingly.

As I went my way I pondered on the symbolism of this little comedy. I thought of the shadows that amuse or terrify the world. It seemed to me that they were truly shadows, obstructions of the light of Truth, which shines eternally, but which men do not notice, until something comes in and blocks the universal radiance, casting a shadow on the screen of the world's imagination. And then I thought the shadows were made deliberately or experimentally by thinkers who formulate theories, by intellectualists who create creeds, or by idealists who materialize their dreams, so that they can at least cast shadows on the sunlit wall, and become visible to others, who, like the baby, clap their hands with joy or shiver in dread of these mere bogeys of imagination.

When men look back into the past and see their ancestors worshipping idols (as the religious emblems of other faiths are called), they laugh at the blind credulity of their forefathers. But what is an idol? and what is a shadow?

The shadow is an illusion produced by an obstruction of the light. And yet the illusion is the true image of a fact in Nature; it is produced in accordance with natural law; it is in itself a witness to the presence of law, and is a means by which some slight knowledge of Nature's laws may be obtained.

Clearly this shadow, this illusion, is entitled to be looked upon as a reality, on its own plane. And yet it becomes a bogey to the imagination of the ignorant; not an illusion only, but also a delusion; not merely an appearance but a deception. In fact, it is a truth converted into a falsehood by the distortion of imagination. Imagination coupled with ignorance and played upon by partial knowledge can create bogeys that become truly worthy of the name 'idols.' The idol in truth is not the religious emblem but the idea associated with it in the mind of the worshiper.

What terrified the baby was a suggestion of horror, which the mischievous boy had managed to inject into the child's mind by means

of shadows, the nature of which he partly understood but which his baby-brother could not appreciate.

The boy did not make the shadow, the sun did that. What the boy did was merely to shape the obstruction to the sun's rays so as to produce an image on the wall that would convey to the baby's mind the suggestion of some strange or familiar creature. The shadows were real, their changing forms might well be called delusions, although produced by natural law as truthful images of the obstacle that shut out the Light.

Thus a true image may be also a delusion: and a delusion may build itself into a reality or be injected into it: though of course this is but a form of speech, because the delusion is in the mind of the observer, who is psychologized by mental suggestion. But the habit of the mind is to attribute its own peculiarities to the object of its contemplation; hence the delusion. This becomes evident when one has been alarmed by some harmless thing such as a dead branch which looks like a rattle-snake or by some one of the mistakes we make in the interpretation of visual images. One may observe the gradual readjustment of the sight that takes place in accordance with reason, or experience, or belief, so that the first impression can be changed completely without any alteration in the object itself. How then can we continue to place such reliance on sight as to justify the popular adage "Seeing is believing"? We all know the truth of the saying almost as well as we know the unreliable nature of the basis of belief in this case. We do trust our eyes, and we know perfectly well that the pictures they transmit for the inspection of the mind are so continually distorted in their interpretation into thoughts as to be utterly untrustworthy. We all know this, but generally forget it, and cling to the fact that the eyes act automatically and correctly, within certain vague limits, for our justification.

So too the shadows. And so also all the idols that the world worships. Some of these idols we call ideals, but their origin is precisely similar to that of the visible, tangible fetish of the barbarian, or the beautiful image that adorns some shrine that is a marvel of art. The worship of idols is as general today as in the past, but in all times the form of the idol is adapted to the culture of the age. Symbols are necessary to man because he lives in his mind and his emotions almost entirely (at this stage of his evolution), and mind is the image-maker in man: our thoughts themselves are images, and our ideals are instantly formulated into thought-images, the moment that the intellect gets hold of them. Like shadows on the wall they are true images with all sorts of delusions woven into them by the imagination; they are obstructions of the light of Truth; but yet they are the evidence of Truth, truly

reflecting the form of that which gave them birth. The shadows testify to the reality of Light. The idols, intended to symbolize or shadow forth a god, were testimony to the reality of Deity.

Ideals and theories are the mind's shadow-pictures which bear witness to the reality of the Spiritual life. The grossest delusions of ignorance and superstition point to realities, of which they are distorted shadows, or perhaps no more than the mere misinterpretation of a distorted shadow. You cannot get a shadow cast by Nothing.

No matter how you may try to fabricate a falsehood 'out of whole cloth,' you have to have the cloth to cut it from: no matter how you may try to lie, some shadow of a truth will creep into the lie, and in the course of ages perhaps, or instantly, will destroy it.

The truth about shadows is not to be reached by scraping the wall on which they may be cast; it is by freeing the mind from ignorance that the delusion will be destroyed. The delusion is in the mind; we have no need to waste our strength in fighting shadows.

What the world suffers from is ignorance.

Shadows are harmless and may be used profitably for study. When knowledge of the true laws of life begins to reach the mind the shadows change their meaning; then fear and superstition vanish.

Perhaps we cry too much for "Light, more Light!" when we are actually in the Light unconsciously. We may see only the shadows; but if we were not ignorant we should know that shadows testify to the reality of light as well as to its presence. Without the Light no shadow would be visible.

The Light is here, and we are not incurable in the delusion of our blindness. If we were really blind we could not even see the shadows, and would not cry for "Light, more Light!" What we have got to learn is how to see, and how to interpret that which we see. The Light is eternal, and the power to See is man's prerogative. Will and experience may perform a miracle, and may give back sight to man deluded into a belief in his own blindness. The watchword of humanity should be indeed: "*Truth, Light, and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity.*"



To say that different races worship different gods, is like saying that they are warmed by different suns. The names differ, but the sun is the same, and so is God. As there is but one source of light and warmth, so there is but one source of religion. To this all nations testify alike.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson (*'The Sympathy of Religions'*)



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• SHETLAND PONIES GRAZING IN SCOTLAND



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ANOTHER VIEW OF SHETLAND PONIES IN SCOTLAND

CALUMNY: by William Dunn

THE SPIRIT OF EVIL

The same yesterday; today; (but not forever).

WE have become so accustomed to fix our thoughts upon the 'Beacon Lights' of history, that it requires some effort justly to estimate the historical background from which such 'Lights' have emerged. Up to the present day, history fails to record the life of a single Great Teacher, Reformer, or Pioneer Thinker, who was not opposed, and subjected to martyrdom, by that original spirit of ancient and modern Evil — *Calumny*. It is not sufficient to generalize the diverse forms under which slander, and defamations of character, flourish; it is time that a diagnosis of the *moving spirit* from which *all* these originate, be applied. Addison's statement that "the way to silence *calumny* . . . is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy," is negated by all past experience; for despite the labors of *every* pioneer of Humanitarian Progress, from the most ancient Seer down to those of the present day, the Evil Spirit of Calumny is in no way dislodged from the Human Soul. On the contrary, it has at its command every device and weapon with which thought and ingenuity have endowed the human race — as witness the ingenious forms of *literary representation* with which modern defamers clothe their spite and malice. The truth of this matter has been convincingly stated by Augustine:

It is vain to seek for an efficient cause for the bad will: we have to do, not with anything efficient, but with a *deficiency*. The mere defection from that which supremely is, to things which are on a lower grade of being, is to begin to have a bad will.

The truth of this utterance of the great Church Father has been verified on every page of history. Calumny has always had birth in the minds of those who, because of some "*deficiency*," broke away from the good cause they were associated with (and which demanded *efficiency*), and fabricated *conscious lies* to support their acts of desertion. It is from such sources as these that other minds (who are not in the habit of seeking truth in anything) draw their inspiration, to advance their dominant instincts to detract and slander those whose efforts proceed along lines that are original, and not endorsed by custom and tradition. And it should be noted that all who accept the word of a calumniator, without examination, display an 'Augustine' *deficiency* second only in degree to that of the calumniator himself. This deficiency may be defined as absolute ignorance of the lives, motives, and philosophy of those whom they slander, (which the calumniator is acquainted with to some extent, but *consciously* diverts and twists, for purposes of his malice and hatred). Addison spoke truly in condemning those who absorbed slander without question:

What shall we say of the pleasure a man takes in a defamatory libel? Is it not heinous sin in the sight of God?

It may be truly said that the *receptive* condition of minds which negatively accept calumny without questioning its *genesis* is not far removed from the actual conditions under which *all* evil flourishes. Hervey put this well in saying:

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds an easy entrance to ignoble minds.

Strange as it may seem, the most ardent persecutors and slanderers of the great liberators of civilized laws and customs (without whom no release could have been found from medieval barbarism), are those who profess being ministers and followers of Christ. The furious body of 'Christian' monks who murdered the pure-souled Hypatia, and the solemn conclave of bishops and ecclesiastics who committed the saintly Joan of Arc to the stake, are familiar instances of the ancient spirit of evil which survives to this our day — the only distinction being as to the 'means' employed. The means at disposal in past centuries were the most atrocious methods of bodily torture that ingenuity of thought could devise. That being no longer possible, the arch-enemy of humanity slyly shifted its ground to an even more cruel mode of torture than that of lacerating the body — *viz.* that of literary 'suggestion' sent broadcast through means of the printing press — the subtlety of which in no way lessens the horrible cruelty aimed at the 'characters' and 'motives' of those outside the pale of ecclesiastical 'authority,' (or institutions whose courses are menaced by moral progress).

The Apostle Paul, one of the foundation rocks of modern church institutions, uttered some facts to his contemporaries, which if voiced by a modern teacher, would invoke spiteful misrepresentation. But Paul has been dead for 2000 years, hence it is 'safe' to voice his *words* in a modern pulpit without fear of their *application* being looked for.

Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth? — Gal. iv. 16

Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not *hear* the law? — Gal. iv. 21

That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;

But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: — Eph. iv. 14., 15.

And be renewed in the spirit of your *mind*. — Eph. iv. 23.

And in Philippians i. 16:

The one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, *supposing to add affliction to my bonds*.

The following quotations might have been written by a modern Teacher:

2 Timothy, Chapter III:

1. This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.

- 2. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters. . . .
- 5. Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof:
- 7. Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

Chapter IV:

- 2. Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine.
 - 3. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine.
 - 10. For Demas hath forsaken me. . . .
 - 11. Only Luke is with me. . . .
 - 14. Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works.
 - 15. Of whom be thou ware also; for he hath greatly withstood our words.
 - 16. At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.
- He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: *and there is no respect of persons.* — Colossians. iii. 25.
- For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth *will let*, until he be taken out of the way.— 2 Thes. ii. 7.
- And then shall that Wicked be revealed. — 8.
- And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should *believe a lie.*— 11.
- For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.— 2 Thes. iii. 11.

What would become of a modern minister if he spoke to his congregation as Paul spoke as above? The question is worth pondering over.

The following utterances by Paul are as applicable to commonplace experiences of present-day life as on the day they were written:

Romans, Chapter I:

- 22. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.
- 25. Who changed the truth of God into a lie. . . .
- 28. And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient.
- 31. Without understanding, covenantbreakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.
- 32. Who, *knowing* the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.

Chapter II:

- 1. Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.
- 2. But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things.
- 11. For there is no respect of persons with God.

No greater need exists today than the comprehension that interpretation of the lives of others is an exact revelation of our preconceptions.

WHAT IS PRINCIPLE? by R. Machell

NONE is apt to assume, in estimating the character of a person, the right to judge motives as well as actions: the power to do this is also assumed as a matter of course, although we know very well that nothing is more difficult than to discover the true motives underlying any single act of any person whatsoever. And if this is difficult how impossible must it be to know what are the motives governing a man's life. In making such judgments we also usually assume that other people's acts are sure and infallible indications of character, while in ourselves they may be looked upon as trivial lapses from a permanent standard of conduct, mere digressions, or unimportant indulgences of momentary impulse, that in no wise deprive us of our right to regard ourselves as persons of principle. It is from some such imaginary platform of superior purpose that we dare to pronounce judgment on the motives and conduct of other people.

Few people care to inquire into their own motives of conduct at any time, and least of all when criticizing other people. The majority probably never give the matter a thought: acting on all occasions from impulse, and adapting their actions to temporary or local prejudice, known as public opinion, they imagine that they are acting on principle. And if they find themselves in a dilemma forced to decide between two or more lines of action they still follow impulse, but by an effort they put aside more superficial motives and follow the impulse of the strongest desire in their nature which is established there as a habit of mind. Gratification of desire being the ruling motive of their lives, the strongest desire dominates their mind and in their estimation takes rank as a principle.

It is not difficult to recognise a momentary impulse and to distinguish it from the more permanent habit of mind, although the two may be identical in origin. But when one actually recognises the compelling power of principle, and proceeds to regulate one's life accordingly, immediately one finds oneself in conflict with both momentary impulses and established habits: from which it would appear that there must be a radical difference between habits of mind and principle, as well as between principle and impulse.

So long as a man mistakes his mind for himself, or allows his mind to assert its independence of his supreme control, so long will he be unable to distinguish between habits of mind and principles.

What then is principle? I venture to say that the mass of people are incapable of distinguishing between principle and prejudice, or between principles and rules of conduct based upon principle; for the simple reason that the general belief is that mind is the highest faculty

in man, and that the Soul and all things spiritual belong to another world, which may become a reality in some future life, but which have no immediate influence on daily conduct here on earth.

This is not the Theosophic view. Theosophy would be mere talk if man were not actually divine in essence, and capable of knowing his own inherent divinity, or spiritual nature, while still incarnate on the earth. This faith in his own Soul as the guiding influence in his evolution is not a matter of blind superstition. Rather one might say it is the explanation of interior experiences that are otherwise inexplicable; it is an experience in itself that cannot be ignored; it is the evidence of a higher nature, that sees and knows the essence of thoughts, the foundation of ideas, the truth of things, and even the hearts of men, without process of reasoning or calculation, without tests or argument, such as the brain-mind loves.

Faith (that is knowledge) differs from belief that is unilluminated. The latter may be induced by suggestion, and the suggestion may be unconscious, as in the case of what we call public opinion, in which masses of negative minds are influenced by a common impulse and collectively create a force that is almost irresistible to weak natures, or even to strong minds that are not self-illuminated. But the true faith is spiritual knowledge mirrored in the mind as intuition. It is the evidence of a connexion between the intellect of man and that which is above the intellect (the spiritual Soul). When this connexion is constantly operative we have genius of a high order: but in general at this stage of evolution the brain-mind of man is rarely able to record the Soul's message more definitely than as a subtle influence, which is all too often neglected or deliberately suppressed in favor of intellectual reasoning or of response to emotional impulses.

Principle is based on a perception of the inner nature of things, and it implies a recognition of Law, or what is sometimes called 'the eternal fitness of things.' This Law or fitness of things is the essential nature of the universe, the outer form of which is an expression of its own inherent qualities. Man, like the rest of Nature, is an expression of his own internal and essential nature, which is vaguely called the Soul; and so he is in touch with every plane of the universe seen or unseen, material or spiritual, if he is perfect man. How many are so?

The perfectibility of man is naturally an important doctrine of Theosophy, and affords a rational clue to the many mysteries of human evolution and human aspiration, as well as to the bewildering tragedy of human degradation.

In his imperfect state man is quite naturally ignorant of his own possibilities, while constantly aware of some voice within that tells him

he is higher than the animals, and something greater than his reason can admit. Proud of his learning, ignorant of his possibilities, he formulates codes, creeds, and dogmas, to define the limits of his science; and stamps these molds of mind upon his progeny, calling the process 'education.' But education is a 'drawing out,' a revelation of the inner man, it is an appeal to the dormant intuition, it is the evocation of the Soul. The old bad system of instruction, miscalled education, stamps on the plastic mind of youth a lot of rules and formulae, which later in life assume the rank of 'principles.' At best they are only rules based on some other person's interpretation of a principle, and at the worst they are the basis of superstition and prejudice, barriers to evolution, and hindrances to the attainment of self-knowledge.

Yet rules are necessary to those who cannot or who will not submit to the guidance of the Soul. And there are many kinds of rules; for, where the guidance of the Soul is not recognised as supreme, the field is open to a variety of self-constituted authorities, who lay down laws according to their own particular conception of the requirements of the moment. Such rules are made frequently in utter ignorance of the true Law of Nature, as well as of the possibilities of man: and mankind is in a state of more or less constant revolt against all law, because of his own internal knowledge of his natural right to be a law to himself, coupled with his inability to assume that position of authority; and also because of his ignorance of the true nature of Law, which he confuses with these man-made rules of conduct. From this confused state of mind arises much of the violent revolt of youth against established order, and all the dogmatism against which the 'independent' rails so bitterly; and from the same source comes the assurance with which the self-styled 'independent' lays down a new set of rules dogmatically ordained to fetter the independence of succeeding generations. Much of the discord in the world is caused by the ignorance of those who aim at the establishment of harmony; much of the wrong from which men suffer is due to the well-intentioned acts of men who wanted to do right but who did not know the Law of Nature and of Man. The only remedy is right education.

The brain-mind unaided cannot understand the universal character of Law: it tends to the adoption of temporary expedients, which in time crystallize into customs, and become traditions that block the progress of the race. In the same way the brain-mind unilluminated by the light of the Soul cannot see any reason for submission to the Higher Law, which is the expression of the real nature of the Soul; and thus it is in constant antagonism to the needs of its own higher nature. And if the brain-mind is not educated to know its true relationship with Na-

ture and the Soul of things, it will imagine that the promptings of the soul within are an authority for the assertion of its independence.

The brain-mind is never independent, it is eternally influenced either by the higher nature, which I have called the Soul, or by the lower nature, which the ordinary man too often calls his soul. This lower nature is, as it were, the reflexion or the inversion of the higher, hence the confusion. Under this lower influence the brain-mind asserts its independence of all control; it glorifies its own egotism, which is the first step towards insanity, and which achieves its triumph in self-destruction; for it deliberately cuts itself off from the true source of Life, and thus becomes a soulless 'shell.' But few are strong enough to go this length, and the majority vacillate between the higher and the lower, and are drawn along with the mass whichever way the current flows.

Strong Souls can influence the variations of the current, but the tide of evolution is in higher hands than those of individual human beings: and thus the mass of humanity is protected against entire destruction and is guided along the path of evolution as far as the peculiar constitution of humanity allows.

The perversity of man is an old story, but the understanding of it affords a problem that is ever new: for it must be faced and solved eventually by each particular human being. Why man should be perverse, why he should confuse motives with principles and principles with desires, why he should seek destruction by cutting himself off from the source of life, why he should constantly mistake his 'shadow' for himself — all these are problems that are answered by an understanding of the story of Anthropogenesis as unfolded in that monumental work *The Secret Doctrine* written by H. P. Blavatsky for the guidance of Theosophists who seek the Path.

Broadly speaking, perhaps it might be said that the attainment of the human stage in evolution marks the emancipation of the individual from the law of the lower beings, and his entry into a condition in which his progress henceforth is influenced by his particular will. He is endowed with a certain power of choice, which however limited and illusive it may be, is still a new prerogative and one that entails consequences on all concerned. The task of the evolving entity at this stage is to attain Self-consciousness, and the attainment of this great step in evolution is a work of ages almost incalculable. In the long 'pilgrimage of the Soul' there is opportunity for countless falls and rises, and for innumerable wanderings from the Path.

Those who have found the Path have learned to recognise principles, and to distinguish them from motives. The latter, as the word indicates are causes of action, impulses, often arising in the lower nature, in which

case the mind is swayed and the soul (the human not the spiritual) deluded. The cause of all action is Desire.

The human entity, freed from the law of collectivity that binds the animals into a common consciousness which is their law and their protection, finds itself helpless as a child, a child in fact who gathers the flowers that nature offers. Some of the flowers are poisonous and all perish, and the child learns his lesson by endless repetition of experience. The child matures and seeks to know the meaning of the things he sees, and the purpose of his life on earth. Then comes the awakening of the mind, and with maturity there comes intensified desire for sensation; then the fight begins between the lower terrestrial nature and the higher or spiritual: the battlefield is in the mind itself. All images (such as a battle-field) are crude and objectionable when alluding to the experiences of the Soul in man; for man identifies himself so strangely with all his changing states of consciousness, that he is himself the fighter and the field of battle, he is the champion and the adversary, and he is, again, none of these, but the Supreme Judge who looks on unmoved at the conflict. How can one symbolize reality, all symbols being illusive? And yet how else can Truth express itself outwardly except in symbols? All Nature is symbolical, inevitably, spontaneously figurative of the invisible reality. The principles that guide this symbolism, this manifestation of the universe, are the inherent qualities, the spiritual essence that finds visible form in Nature by translation into terms of Matter. Motives of action arise in Nature when Desire arouses the potential energy of Matter.

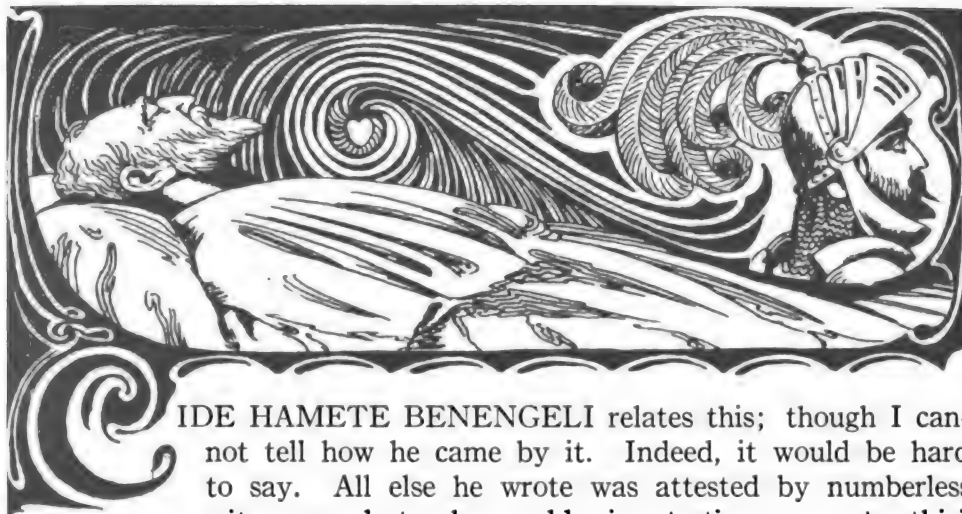
But besides spiritual principles and material desires man creates 'molds of mind' that he mistakes for principles, habits and customs and theories and prejudices, creeds, dogmas, and superstitions to bind the Souls of other men, and then falls down and worships the fetters he himself has made. But in these false principles there is no light to lead him, nor is there motive power to urge him on: these are supplied by infiltration of the Soul's light from above or by the irruption of desire from below; the false and fictitious principles that man's mentality evolves are fetters that bind the Soul, but that are lifeless in themselves.

A principle is a living power with its own inherent qualities for its sole limitation. Principle is consequently the Soul of Order, just as Desire is the informing power in Chaos. Directly one attempts to express thoughts that embody abstract ideas, one is compelled to strain the meaning of words beyond the ordinarily accepted limits of colloquial use; and so one must inevitably create confusion in some reader's mind; but if in doing so one stirs some new thought into life, one may consider that the effort to express the unutterable is not altogether inexcusable.

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF DON QUIXOTE:

by Fortescue Lanyard

(With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Machell)



CIDE HAMETE BENENGELI relates this; though I cannot tell how he came by it. Indeed, it would be hard to say. All else he wrote was attested by numberless witnesses; but who could give testimony as to this?

Perhaps it was for such a reason that his illustrious translator, having a passion for exactitude above all things, concluded to omit it from the Spanish version. — Though, again, it may have been among the many passages that were scissored out, as he tells us, by the authorities; or he may have felt an inferiority in its style, and have been too much the artist to allow it in. Yet it is but fair to the patient and accurate Cide that it should come to light at last; and let the critics judge for themselves!

It seems then, that the book as we have it closes too soon. Don Quixote rose from his sick-bed cured, and something more than that. He had been very ill, certainly; now, it pertained to the marvellous how little ill he felt. In all the long length of his body there was not so much as one ache or pain, unless one might speak of the ache of bounding and glowing health; while as for his mind —

He realized a curious clarity in it, quite unknown to him before. Of old he had always been troubled with a kind of uncertainty and haunting sense of shams. There had been as it were a wraith on the borders of his consciousness: one Alonso Quixano, called the Good: whose quiet prosaic life had somehow mingled its drab cotton with the rich silks and gold of his own. The powers of some enchanter had been wont to prevail against him, poisoning with a subtle confusion the truth of things. A giant or a paynim emperor with his hosts, heroically en-

countered, would loom up suddenly to mock him, on some fantastic plane of vision, as no more than a wretched windmill or a shepherd with his flocks; there had been times when, through the reality of glorious Rozinante, had trembled into view a lean miserable hack; when Mambriño's magical helmet had seemed a barber's basin. There had been moments when to be God's Knight Errant had appeared a mirage, an unattainable splendor, and all attempts to come up with it a forlorn hope. One rode atilt at one's objective; but as in a dream stumbled and fumbled over irrelevancies; the atmosphere became as wet wool, or as treachery, about one; progress, so to say, evaporated; until, like a drunkard or a dreamer, one staggered at last into inevitable thwackings and ignominy. Not that he had ever broken the faith of his calling, or given an inch to doubt. He had known that that tremendous thing, the Glory of Service, of Knight-Errantry, did exist; as surely as the rainbow of heaven, as the flames of sunset and dawn, it was *there*, and one might come to plunge one's being in it: one might attain. But there was a world of deceptions to fight one's way through first. And if he had never despaired, it was true also that the bright reality of hope had become a little unfamiliar to him. He knew he had been feeding his faith from the stores of conscious will: had had to provide for it himself; no manna of the spirit had fallen for it from heaven; nor ravens had brought it food, as they did to Elijah of old. He had not really hoped, but had only made himself hope — until now.

But now all was different; and he did not even hope, but *knew*. Master Notary had made his will, and the Curate had taken his confession; of which matters, though one would have supposed them solemn enough, he took the smallest account. Sancho, he recollected, had besought him with much blubbering not to be so injudicious as to die — whatever that might mean. It was somewhere about then that the change had come in the tide of his affairs: he must have fallen asleep for a little, to wake thus a new man, with the perfect assurance that, going forth now, nothing but victories awaited him. So he looked on his surroundings, as on the recent past, with the detachment of a mind keyed to higher things. The people in the house seemed to him, as he passed out, shadowy and half-unreal. There was the housekeeper, good soul, very busy about something, and apparently weeping the while; there was his niece, red-eyed and mouse-like quiet; Bachelor Samson Carasco, the Curate, and Master Nicholas the Barber, in consultation seemingly, and melancholy enough by the look of them — but unreal, unreal. It never occurred to him that he had business with them, or was called on to question or address them. Sancho, in the kitchen, he noticed as he passed its open door, blubbering over a very hearty meal. He would have had

some kind of connexion with that Sancho, he supposed; or was it merely that the fat shrewd fellow had borne the same name as his own squire? It hardly mattered; since the day of real things had come. In the same vague manner he noted the general air of dejection, and wondered what its cause might be — but not much, for the business ahead was too insistent in its call.

He went out to the stable; and — there was, indeed, a lean miserable hack at the manger: a wretched horse-skin hung on bones and propped up on four caricatures of legs at the corners: just such a thing as he had been condemned, when the enchanter's power prevailed against him, to imagine Rozinante to be. But there also, beside that mockery upon Knight Errantry's companion the Horse, stood the real Rozinante, all fire and gentleness and beauty: limbs made for speed and endurance, glossy skin, hoofs like shells of the sea, proud mien and arching neck: Rozinante, veritably surpassing Bucephalus of old or the Cid's own Babieca. The beautiful creature whinnied him a welcome; as for the hack, it lacked only the strength to grow restive at the sight of that knightly man in his splendid armor. — For in armor Don Quixote was, though without memory how he came to be so clad; in armor he was, not to linger over it too tediously — all panoplied, like Don Apollo of the Heavens, in burnished radiance and rubicund gold.

To him there came Sancho Panza: not the man he had seen blubbering and guzzling in the kitchen, but the true Sancho at last, the right squire for a knight errant. "Is it your highness's will to ride forth?" said this Sancho. — "It is, good friend," said Don Quixote; "since now the day has come when we are to meet the grand adventure, and win vast empires to the glory of knight errantry." He had forgotten his Dulcinea del Toboso, or surely would have mentioned her here. — "As God wills," said Sancho; and without more words saddled the beautiful Rozinante and led him forth. On the road a mule was waiting, excellently caparisoned; having held the stirrup for his master, and seen him duly a-horseback, the squire mounted the mule, and together they rode forward.

Not, however, upon the familiar (and famous) Campo de Montiel; but through vast regions unlike any in La Mancha. In front there were the dim bluenesses of immense distance; on this side topless precipices soared dizzily into the heavens above; on that, fathomless abysses hid the far world beneath their carpeting of cloud. There were prodigious valleys, wide as the world; there were august mountains towering afar in faint turquoise and purple, about whose peaks in the sweetness of the evening clustered the large white flames of the stars. A keen ecstasy and lightness encompassed Don Quixote, limbs and mind and

spirit; his soul was nourished with wonder and inspiration, in tutelage to the mountains and to the fires of heaven. Neither weariness nor need of food or drink overtook him; that gigantic beauty momentarily renewed and increased his strength.

He rode forward, conversing at whiles with his squire on the deeds of knighthood; calm wonderful words came to his lips; noble and beautiful were the replies he had from his companion. — Long journeying elapsed before it came to his mind that the name of Sancho was somehow inappropriate for that one; he had listened to grave utterances of poetry and wisdom, at first without heeding their unwontedness, then with a growing surprise; until certainty at last took him, that he had never been squired by such an one before. He turned his glance wonderingly from the infinity before him, to behold the most kingly of men riding at his side. — “Señor,” he said, drawing rein —

— “Take it not ill, Señor Don Quixote,” said the other, “that I ride beside your highness through these regions as your squire. My master, having taken account of your deeds and fame in La Mancha, desired that you should visit his court; he has set apart for you, if you will honor him by accepting it, command of a wide dangerous region in his dominions; knowing your ability to win victories against the most stubborn of his foes. Since the way is long, and not easy to find, he sent me to escort you to his palace.”

— “Caballero,” said Don Quixote, “for this graciousness thanks must be given in deeds rather than in words. My sword and lance are henceforth at your monarch’s disposal.” So they rode forward; but it did not occur to Don Quixote at that time to make enquiry as to the names and titles of his squire.

Vaster and wilder grew the mountains; wider the valleys as they advanced. Along the lips of chasms where blue infinity fell endlessly below them; by the shores of night-blue waters strewn with a million trembling flame-splashes of gold; night and day, night and day, they rode on; and ever the consciousness of immortal strength, the serenity of pure being, grew in the spirit and limbs of the knight. In what Spain were these lonely mountains? Had any Amadis of Wales,* or Palmerin of England, ridden through them before?

They came, early of an evening, to the top of a barren pass; there the road branched, one way leading to the right high up along the mountainside, the other sweeping clean down into the valley. Far off, shining like a huge coronet in the sunset, gleamed a city with many gem-bright

**De Gaula* is rightly so translated, and not as “of Gaul” as is commonly supposed.

cloud-soft towers and minarets: beyond the immensity of the valley; beyond and above ranges upon ranges of snow-capped mountains, all velvet blue and dark and pale purple below their snows, whose austere



splendor it crowned. "It is the high metropolis of my king," said the squire.

—"What dark army is that, that moves in the valley?" said Don Quixote. "Whose grim castle is that, yonder in its depths to the southward?"

"It is the army of my king's enemies," said the other anxiously, and with a sigh. "The castle is their chief stronghold; thence their leader, a great insurgent baron, works huge oppressions against the world."

The soul of Don Quixote swelled into grandeur within him. "Señor," he said, "I little thought the opportunity would be granted to me so early, to prove the faith of my new allegiance."

—"Do not think of it, Señor Don Quixote, I beseech you! Taking this road to the right, we shall avoid them and act prudently; it is to be considered that they are numberless and puissant. It will be yours presently to ride against them at the head of many; but now —"

But the spirit of Don Quixote was unshakable as the mountains, luminous as the rising sun. "Señor," he said, bowing and with a haughty

gesture, "I have the honor of knight errantry to consider"; and with the words, couched lance, spurred steed, and away with him.

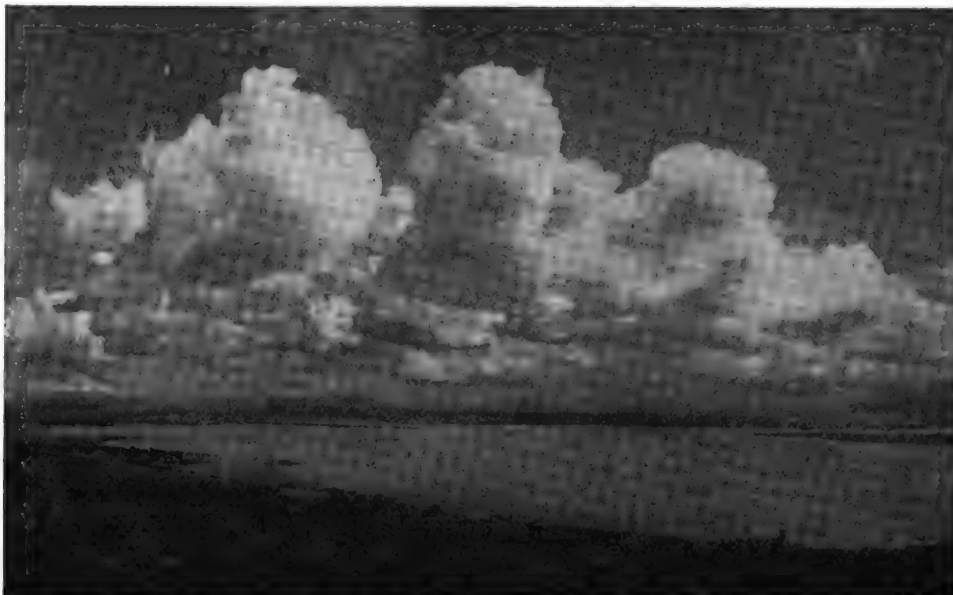
Down the slope thundered Rozinante; with less danger of stumbling than the renowned Pegasus of old charging through middle air. Enchantment, as he came to the level ground, flickered over the scene and mocked his sense: it was a thousand windmills he was riding against; it was a forest of trees; it was a flock of sheep; it was — Enchantment could prevail nothing against him now; right into the grim host flashed the golden figure of him; lance did its work, breaking the outermost ranks, and was gone; and in his hand in its place flamed a falchion out of the mythologies. On he went; a roar of consternation rose about him, and he heard his own name carried to the horizons. Borne on still by the impetus of his charge, he hacked and hewed to right and left of him; nought in mind but the ideals of his profession, and the gloomy standard, held aloft by giants, towards which he had aimed his horse from the start. They receded; then gathered and surged in on him; but he fought on and on; the force of his charge was spent, but he fought forward. He was in the very center of them; he was close to the standard; standing in his stirrups, he drove a great blow at the standard-bearer; blows rained upon his shield and upon his armor; he had but the one thing in mind. He grasped the standard-pole . . . and fought and reeled and struggled. . . and it went hard with him. To and fro they rocked, Don Quixote, bearing up but nigh overwhelmed under their masses — but winning, but winning! . . . And there came towards him one vast as a mountain, grim as the storm of a night in November, bearing a mace whose falling hardly the mountains might withstand. . .

A trumpet sounded behind from the hillside, and suddenly the dim air was filled with golden light and the rushing of myriad wings. The dark host receded; a cry of dismay went up from them, and as it were they melted away before the whirring of the wings that passed: a cloud of darkness pursued afar by a vanishing glory and aureole of light. But not before the knight had won the standard. He sat his horse proudly in the midst of the empty plain; the one who had passed as his squire was at his side.

—"Señor," said Don Quixote, "to whom am I honored to owe my deliverance?"

—"Señor," said the other, "make nothing of the deliverance! I am, in truth, the Captain-general of the war-hosts of my sovereign. I am styled, Don Michael of the Flaming Sword."

Side by side in pleasant converse they rode forward to the palace gates: Don Quixote of La Mancha and Don Michael Archangel: each wondrously pleased with the nobility and high bearing of his companion.



**'THE SILVER GATE': ENTRANCE TO SAN DIEGO BAY, CALIFORNIA
SEEN FROM THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS ON 'POINT LOMA**

The Bay proper lies beyond North Island, the strip of land at the right. The City of San Diego is situated on the sloping mesa in the distance, too far away to be distinguishable in this view. The cloud-effect is the customary setting for this beautiful nature picture.

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SAN DIEGO

By GEORGE FULLER

AN azure arch, with irised bordure set;
A blazing sun, whose conq'ring beams, far flung
O'er mountain, mesa, vale and shore, tho' hung
With purple mists, whose changing shadows fret
The distant hills, a golden sheen spread yet
From Cuyamaca's peak to Loma's wall;
A sun that beautifies and brightens all, —
And kissing warm the sea-wind blithe, swift met
As eager o'er the strand she leaps, his call
Confessed, soft airs ambrosial breeds, that youth
Protract and lusty age prolong, while all
That breathe their zephyrs sweet, and list their sooth
Aeolian song, all other lands forget,
Or, seeing them no more, feel no regret.

SCENES IN FRANCE: by C. J. Ryan

FALAISE, a small town in northern France, is known to history as having been the seat of government of the dukes of Normandy and especially as the birthplace of William the Conqueror, the first Norman king of England. The ancient castle is now partly in ruins, but is still a commanding and dominating feature in the landscape.

The Castle of Chinon stands on a height above the town of that name on the river Vienne, a tributary of the Loire. The town is very picturesque, with ancient gray houses and winding streets. The Castle is, in the words of an old song:

Assise sur pierre ancienne;
En haut le bois, en bas la Vienne.

There is a wealth of historic interest associated with Chinon. It was the royal Castle of the Plantagenets, and Henry II made it his favorite residence. That great king died here of a broken heart when he heard of the desertion of his favorite son John (afterwards King of England, of ill fame) to the French. Ten years later another of his rebellious sons, Cœur-de-Lion, Richard the First of England, was brought here to die in agony of the arrow wound received in the siege of Chalus, nearby. This was in 1199, but the fine old half-timbered house at the bottom of the hill into which he was carried to save the climb up the hill and in which he died, is still in good condition. Notwithstanding Richard's personal faults, which were many and grievous, and his uselessness as a statesman, we cannot help an instinctive liking for him.

But Chinon is linked with a far greater figure, the heroic Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, the marvel and enigma of history, whose name shines brighter as the years fly. To Chinon Joan was sent, to interview the worthless French King Charles VII before she set out on her victorious campaign. It was in the great hall, whose ruins can still be seen, that the King tried unsuccessfully to puzzle her by disguising himself and dressing a courtier in his royal robes. The room in which she slept is in good preservation, but the chapel in which she heard the 'Voices' which inspired her, has gone. It was at Chinon that she was stringently examined by clerical and other authorities in order that she might be found free from the suspicion of witchcraft before being given the authority she claimed — a suspicion which was, in the fifteenth century, a very serious matter. A visit to the ruins of Chinon and the use of a little imagination renders the story of that extraordinary, yet actually historical, preparation for the brief whirlwind of fighting and martyrdom of which Joan of Arc was the central figure, a more vivid reality than mere reading of the narrative could ever have done.

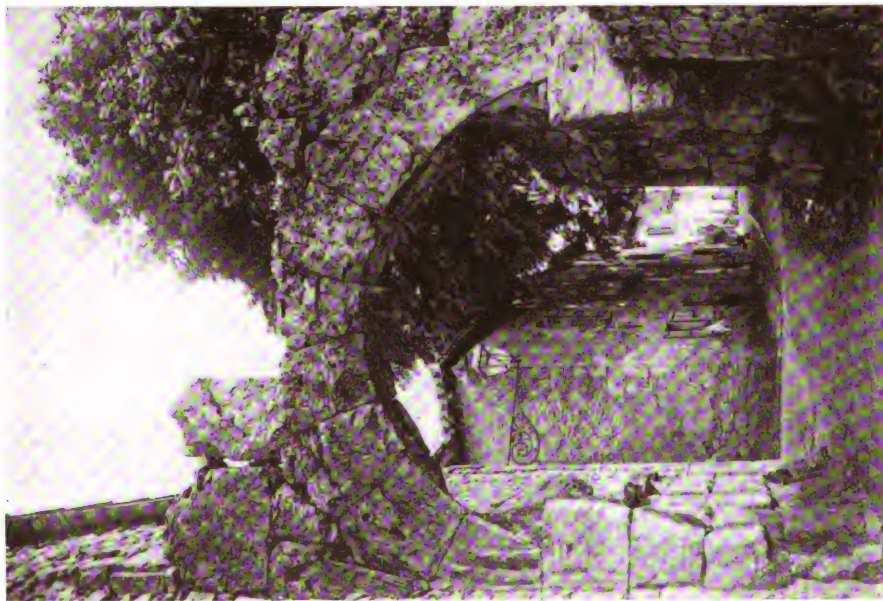


BRITTANY (CÔTES-DU-NORD), FRANCE
The road between Plestin-les-Grèves and Saint-Efflam



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE CASTLE OF FALAISE, FRANCE



NORMAN GATE AND ANCIENT
FORTIFICATIONS, PERIGUEUX, FRANCE



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE 'DOG'S TOWER,' CASTLE OF CHINON
FRANCE

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)

CHAPTER VI



HE day was beautiful, and Julia bethought her of a letter from Lady Marshbank which she proposed to read to her husband by way of entertainment, for the good lady was an amusing correspondent, and gave them all the gossip in a light and easy style that was surprisingly free from malice. The latest beauty to attract the admiration of her son was always

reported with a most searching analysis of the lady's charms and defects of character. This time, however, the writer confessed herself somewhat alarmed because the object of Sir Alister's most recent infatuation, while not strictly beautiful, was in some respects more dangerously attractive to a young man of his peculiar temperament. His mother always spoke of her son's 'temperament,' when she wished to allude delicately to his inordinate vanity. Lack of beauty was no defect in the anxious mother's eyes; it was indeed rather a recommendation, but there was a more serious defect in the young woman's qualifications: to wit, a total absence of independent fortune with which to minister to the needs of an extravagant husband; but the worst fault of all was that she was an actress, one of the latest claimants to the rather uncertain honors of the stage.

These things were bad, but what most alarmed the good lady was the fact that the girl was entirely unlike the young women whom the susceptible Sir Alister usually selected for the fleeting favor of his admiration. She was not frivolous, nor was her personal character open to criticism, and moreover she seemed to have rather severely snubbed the young man for some time. Under these circumstances Julia was well able to understand her foster-mother's anxiety.

Martin was amused at the writer's alarm and asked the name of this new light of the drama, whose fame had not yet spread to Paris.

"This is what she says," said Julia, delighted to have got his mind on to another theme. She went on reading.

"You know how I dislike those horrible plays of Ibsen; well, for my sins, I was induced to go with him to hear the latest horror, in order

to see this miracle. The play was just as gruesome as anyone with a taste for 'problems' could desire, but the woman was certainly remarkable. Her big brown eyes have a queer fascination: they haunted me for days, yet she is almost insignificant in size and not particularly beautiful. But those eyes are dangerous. I know that Alister will make a fool of himself, if she allows it. But she seems really a very worthy sort of person. Of no particular origin, her father was an unknown artist and I believe she uses her own name Clara Martel."

Martin sat up and repeated in a peculiar voice, "Clara Martel," as if he had been asleep and were now trying to recall his dream. "Clara Martel." . . .

"Why, Martin, do you know her?" exclaimed his wife wondering a little at his manner.

"Yes. I knew her slightly, in fact she sat to me for my first Cleopatra picture."

"Ah! She was your model?" Julia's voice was almost chilly as she asked the simple question; but Martin hardly noticed it, and answered simply.

"Her father was a friend of Talbot's, and was interested in Cleopatra, so she let me make a study of her for my picture, when I was 'stuck' for want of a model. Then her father died, and I never knew what became of her. I went to England about that time and clean forgot her. Yes, her eyes are certainly remarkable. Her father was a delightful talker and seemed to have read a lot. The girl was silent and peculiar. I never dreamed of her going on the stage. I had almost forgotten her."

Julia felt somehow inclined to wish the "almost" could have been "altogether." Martin had never mentioned the incident of the sitting for that picture, which now returned to her memory vividly. She recalled the peculiar fascination of the Queen's eyes in the painting, and recognised some underlying current of mystery connected with that past, which was beyond her reach. She felt as if she had stepped upon a forgotten tomb and heard her footfall echo in the unknown depth below. Martin seemed now inclined to sit and dream rather than talk. Julia was jealous of anything that drew him away from her even in thought. She watched over him more as a doting mother does over a wayward child, and she was ready to forgive his humors and his weaknesses if only she could remain his confidante. She thought there were no secret chambers in his soul to which she had not access; and she had never felt the pang of that kind of jealousy, familiar to so many wives, for Martin was well content to look to her for all the comfort and companionship he needed. So she too relapsed into a silent meditation on

the subject of the girl who had so suddenly appeared as a disturbing element in the family.

She was familiar with Alister's unstable 'temperament.' He was extremely candid in his confidences, and used to tell her of a good many of his love affairs (the more innocent ones); and other people would at times complete the record of his escapades, so that she was not under any delusions as to a man's 'fidelity' in love: and yet she never for a moment believed her husband capable of such levity as was natural to Sir Alister. She thought of those eyes, and wondered if Martin had indeed forgotten them so completely; and then she could not help speculating as to how much there might have been for him to forget. Lady Marshbank had easily adopted the old saying: "There's safety in numbers," as her consoling motto in thinking of her son's matrimonial projects, and so far none of his infatuations had given her cause for much anxiety, except upon the score of a possible scandal. But a woman who was not beautiful nor rich nor easy of approach, and who yet had the power to hold his admiration, was certainly a cause for serious consideration if not alarm.

To Martin the name of Clara Martel came ominously as an answer to his own querulous self-examination. She seemed to stand before him now as an accusing spirit, silently scornful of his small success, his comfortable life and popularity; and her glance had no need of language to call back his first ideals and aspirations, his dedication to the task of vindicating the reputation of the Great Queen, his reverence for the Gods and for the ancient mysteries. She seemed to be looking down on him from some forgotten height which he too once had scaled; and once again dimly and distantly he saw himself standing in the presence of the Queen, whose eyes were those of the unknown girl, who came to him in his need, as if she were indeed a ministering spirit sent by some higher power to help him in his task. He had forgotten her; and the Gods seemed very far away. His years of archaeological research now looked to him like a mere pleasure voyage in some safe sea among the enchanted islands of a land of dreams, where he had gathered pretty shells and curious stones to play with childishly. Meanwhile he had forgotten her: and the Gods look coldly on ingratitude.

He shuddered slightly, and his wife roused herself, saying: "The air is chilly still. Shall we go home?"

Yes. He was impatient now to be at home. The studio was home. The luxury of his present abode was strangely in contrast with the poverty of the old studio in which he had dreamed such splendid dreams, but still it was home. The studio is still the studio in spite of the upholsterer's most laudable efforts, and to an artist the studio is home.

For the first time since his marriage a cloud had come between them — a memory; no more.

Where had it come from?

Suddenly he felt as if his life had lost reality. He tried to rouse himself; and as he did so he looked at his wife beside him. She seemed far away. She too was part of that pleasure voyage on a fairy sea, where scientific facts were magic toys created by wizardry for the delusion of such dilettanti as himself. He wondered vaguely if she too would prove as illusive as the science he had accepted as a substitute for true vision and the wisdom of the Gods.

She turned to look at him, and noticed the strange look on his face. She was alarmed; but laughed, and said: "Come! wake up, we are nearly home. I think you have been asleep. You look dazed and dreamy. Have you got cold?"

He shook himself and answered:

"I think I was half asleep. Yes, it is cold. I shall be glad to be in the studio again. That is the best place for an artist."

Clara Martel had passed out of the painter's life, but she had not forgotten nor lost sight of him. She followed his career as one might read a legend of the past in the events that are occurring on the stage of our own day. She thought the time would come again when he would need help, but whether it then would be her lot to set his feet upon the path once more she could not tell.

Meanwhile she had her destiny to fulfil; and her career afforded ample occupation for her thoughts; but still she could find time to think of others. The idle have no time to think of anyone but themselves.

Though living now in London she had not lost touch with her old friends the Talbots, and they gladly kept up a regular correspondence with her. They had told her of Martin's marriage and of the pictures he exhibited; some of them she had seen for herself; and from these data she could partly read the story of his life. It was a disappointment; but she still hoped that he would some day turn back and find the forgotten path, before his life was wasted utterly, and the fire of creative imagery had grown cold; before the years had set the seal of failure on his brow beneath the wreath of victory with which the vain world crowns its favored ones. For it is so that a man may be acclaimed by men and highly honored, while the assessors in the "Hall of Judgment" watching the weighing of the heart may have already uttered the verdict that admits of no appeal: "Tried and found wanting."

When she remembered his lofty aspirations and thought now of his academic triumphs and social success, she feared to hear the voice of the recorder proclaiming "Tried in the balance and found wanting."

She still dared to believe the promise of his youth might be fulfilled.

But she had seen so many a fair promise wither ere the life that bore it reached maturity; and she had seen stars that had burned bright in the eyes of children fade or disappear in adolescence, while fires of another kind blazed up in place of them. The world in which she moved was full of such fires, which too often she saw worshiped as the pure flame of genius: fairy fires, will-o'-the-wisps, indeed, that lead to the swamps and quagmires of life.

Many of those she met were marked with the mud in which they wallowed secretly — though such poor secrets are not hard to read, nor are they pleasant reading; and Clara Martel was forced to shut her eyes to very many things in order to endure her constant contact with such undesirable companions. She was a dramatic student, one amongst many, but very much apart from all the rest; although but few of them were conscious of the fact, perhaps because she hardly was aware of it herself. She saw so much to love in human nature, and was content to shut her eyes also to so much, that she was seldom conscious of her loneliness, which is an affliction that particularly pertains to egotism; the selfish person is eternally alone.

But she was rarely lonely, and if the atmosphere of her thought-world was of too rarefied a kind for those with whom she was in daily contact, that was perhaps unavoidable: to her it was but the natural state of things, normal and familiar from her infancy.

But now her student days were over, and she had already gained a certain reputation for her interpretation of some of Ibsen's characters. His plays were only then beginning to find acceptance with the public; and she was one of the few who could successfully fill some of the more exacting rôles. She was already popular among the more ardent of the great dramatist's admirers, though not herself by any means an enthusiastic worshiper of the master. She had no sympathy with the gloom and horror in which he seemed to revel; she was an optimist. Still, there was scope for her talent in an attempt to impart some warmth to characters that to her seemed lacking in the higher qualities of womanhood, and she did full justice to the marvelous dramatic instinct of the great Norwegian.

Like Martin she had dreamed her dream, and seen the path before her; and like him she had held herself pledged to a noble cause, and she believed herself called to fulfil a certain destiny. Like him she looked on Egypt as the home of human culture and the shrine of art; like him she hoped to see the ancient mysteries revived on earth, and the lost secret sciences restored to their former place of honor. From her father she had learned more real Egyptology than the archaeologists of that

day believed capable of scientific demonstration. But she looked in vain for a dramatist touched with the sacred fire, who should restore the drama to its ancient glory as the revealer of the Sacred Science.

She marveled that the message of Theosophy should wake so few echoing voices among the dramatic authors of the world. Surely some genius must arise to put into dramatic form some of the teachings of antiquity, that Madame Blavatsky in her great books had brought to the western world, and to redeem the theater, and rededicate it to the service of humanity. She knew that this must come; but feared that she might not live to help in the great work.

When she had heard of Martin Delaney and his Cleopatra picture, she thought that he must be one of the brotherhood, one of a group of souls that come to earth at stated times to give new spiritual energy to a degenerate age. But he seemed to have lost heart, or to have chosen a lower path; he was now little more than one of the dilettanti, with whom Science and Art are hobbies, and philosophy a subject for 'scientific investigation,' which is a polite term for 'groping in the dark.' Genius does not go groping, but stands on a height and sees with opened eyes.

Unlike the painter she was not deluded by success; she knew that it was no more than an incident in her search for the true path. But Martin looked on his triumphs as so many milestones on the Path itself, on which he felt that he was already far advanced.

Yet all his satisfaction seemed to melt away, and all his secret triumph lost its savor at the mere memory of a woman's eyes.

Julia sat in her own room wondering wherein she had failed, wondering what evil influence had passed her by and struck the heart she thought herself so well able to protect against all pain or disappointment. She felt as a mother might, who finds her child has gone beyond her. Had she grown old and helpless?

For the first time she felt the pang of doubt as to her power to protect him from himself. Was Love then not omnipotent? The doubt was momentary. Youth was still strong within her, and her confidence returned, but henceforth tempered with a doubt.

When Lady Marshbank next wrote to Julia it was to tell her of a new phase of Alister's infatuation. Julia did not read the letter to her husband. In it the writer said:

"Alister is really too absurd; he wanted me to go with him to a house in Bayswater last week. You know the kind of people one expects to find in Bayswater; but this if you please was to meet the Theosophist, Madame Blavatsky. It appears that his innamorata is a disciple of hers, and had induced the silly boy to go with her to a Theosophical meeting at her house in Lansdowne Road. Now you know my dear

I am not prejudiced about religion, but I object to being dragged into new movements without knowing what they are about; and then they say that all sorts of queer people go to these meetings. Alister has been there several times and was deeply impressed, so he says at least; but



I am too old for new religions and things of that sort. The world is good enough for me, although no doubt it might be better; but it will last my time. So I declined. Now he subscribes to their new magazine 'Lucifer'! Think of it! I try to keep it out of sight, but it is sure to be on the table when some particularly orthodox caller comes, and I get credit for it. It really is too bad. You know how I dislike new notions and unnecessary fads, — and then to be taken for a Theosophist. That boy will bring me into disgrace with everybody in one way or another. I shall have to go back to Gadby. I think I must be getting old."

"Poor dear," sighed Julia — sympathetically. "That boy is certainly a

trial. But then I suppose all men are, more or less."

And then she fell to musing on the mystery of the girl who seemed to have such a strange influence on the two men so differently yet so intimately connected with her life. The name of Clara Martel seemed ominous to her. When she thought of her a cold hand seemed laid upon her heart to still its beating.

A few days later she found her husband reading a book she had not seen before. When he went out she picked it up and found it was *The*

Voice of the Silence, by H. P. Blavatsky. She frowned on reading the title, and felt again that cold hand on her heart. But she drew a chair up to the fire and sat down to see for herself what this Theosophy really meant. Some hours later she stood with the book still in her hand looking intently into the fire. She was very pale.

She had read the book, and in her own way understood it. Now she knew what was before her. If Martin should accept the teaching of this book, her day was done. She could no longer be his guide and comforter. He would go beyond her. If he entered on that Path he would be lost to her. She could not follow him. She, who had been his guide. She knew that his imagination would transport him into regions beyond her ken. She was intelligent, and knew that the earth was her world, and that she had no wings to bear her to the heights that he would scale if once he left her guardianship. She saw him lost to the world and her upon those dazzling heights, unless she saved him from himself. Therefore she did not hesitate.

She stirred the fire, and put the book into the hottest part, and watched it slowly burn to ashes, but with no sense of satisfaction. It was an act of sheer despair. As she stood there her husband entered. He saw the ashes of the book still glowing in the fire, and noticed the pale cheek of his wife as she turned to greet him.

"Why Julia," he said. "What are you burning there?" Then looking closer, he saw and understood. "You have burned that book. Why?" he asked coldly.

She put her two hands upon his shoulders and looked into his eyes pathetically, saying,

"Because I love you."

At her touch he stiffened slightly and put up his hands as if to thrust her from him, but hesitated, and merely took her hands in his, looking down at her reproachfully. Then she knew that she had won.

She dropped her head against his shoulder and cried there, as he gently stroked her hair in silence.

The ashes in the hearth turned dull and grey, the light was fading from the sky; and in the studio the shadows deepened about them softly, as if to hide her triumph and his shame: and both were grateful for the gathering gloom, that seemed to set its seal on some unspoken pact.

He looked into the fire, where the dull grey ashes seemed to have stifled all the throbbing fire that usually made the embers glow with fairy pictures. But he looked in vain, for he saw no pictures now, but one that he did not choose to see: it was "the dying of the light." In his heart he knew a fire had gone out, leaving the chill of death within the house of life: and as he kissed the woman in his arms his lips were cold.

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

International Brotherhood League Work The second of a series of home entertainments for the soldiers and sailors stationed at Balboa Park was given Saturday night, July 28, by the International Brotherhood League at its headquarters in Balboa Park. The building was packed to capacity and many had to be turned away. A number of officers from the 21st United States Infantry, with their wives, also attended.

The program was presented by the students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy at Point Loma, under Madame Tingley's directions, every number of which was well received by the men. Special mention may be made of four Scottish dances by a group of junior boys in full Highland costume, from the Râja-Yoga School; also of the 'Toy Symphony,' composed by the great Haydn for his children, and in the rendition of which unusual instruments are used, as given by the senior girls of the Râja-Yoga Arts and Crafts Department, which evoked much merriment and continuous applause.

At the close of the program Madame Tingley was requested to speak. She responded briefly, saying she had for many years been interested in the men in both branches of the service, and referred to her hospital work at Montauk Point for the thousands of soldiers who were returned from Cuba at the close of the Spanish-American war. Madame Tingley said that she felt she not only understood the needs of the soldier — especially the new recruit — but could appreciate his efforts to do his part in a manly way, with a full responsibility to his government and to himself; that . . . this did not free her from the duty of doing what she could, with the help of members of the I. B. L., to give the men that help which would enable them to discover their own inherent strength and live up to their possibilities.

Many Soldiers entertained at Point Loma Madame Tingley entertained a number of army officers with their wives and also other distinguished guests at a garden supper and reception in the spacious grounds surrounding her international headquarters and home, on Aug. 2d. Later in the evening, in the Greek Theater, the young Râja-Yoga players presented, under her direction, the loveliest fairy play in literature, Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Among those present were Colonel Kessler of Fort Rosecrans, Captain Chamberlain, representing Colonel O'Neil, who was out of the city; Captain and Mrs. Moseley, Mrs. Captain Smith, Captain Huston, Lieutenant Slaton, Colonel Kessler's adjutant; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Morris of New

York City; ex-Mayor and Mrs. Underwood of Lake City, Minn., Mrs. William MacDonald of Brown University, Providence, R. I., with her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Haskell, and Mme. Barry-Carver of Petrograd, Russia.

Among those who assisted Madame Tingley in receiving were Professor and Mme. de Lange, Professor and Mrs. W. A. Dunn, Mrs. A. G. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Ross White, Clark Thurston, H. T. Patterson, J. H. Fussell and Frank Knoche.

The grounds and walks about the Headquarters building were artistically illuminated; and the tables, in particular, with flower canopies and set under the large drooping trees, seemed to belong to the fairy play itself. Music was furnished by the Râja-Yoga Band, playing at a little distance and screened from view by a maze of shrubbery, vines, and blossoming begonias. Following the toasts a number of the students and residents at Lomaland joined the guests under the trees, after which all proceeded to the Greek Theater. The night was balmy and perfect and as the full moon rose and took its place in the scene, the picture presented by the open air theater, which had the aspect of a brilliant social function, was an enchanting one.

Over a thousand men of the Twenty-first Infantry at Balboa Park attended the play, and companies from the aviation camp and Fort Rosecrans were also present, filling the immense theater almost to capacity with a solid phalanx of uniformed men, dignified and loyal representatives of young American manhood.

They entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, a fact which doubtless contributed to the unusual spontaneity and *esprit de corps* shown by the Râja-Yoga players in handling their rôles. Bottom the Weaver never had a more appreciative audience, nor Hermia and Helena, the Amazon queen and Duke Theseus, and the world of fairydom with Puck ever in the foreground, a more enthusiastic one. The soldiers thoroughly appreciated the fine points in the dramatic work as well as in the play itself. They frequently interrupted the performance with applause and were reluctant to leave even after the last tiny sprite had vanished and the last lacy cobweb had been swept away by Puck and his fairy broom.

The occasion of the presence of the soldiers was the second practice march made by the Twenty-first Infantry from their headquarters at Balboa Park to Point Loma. Arriving at about six p. m., they marched through the grounds with the permission of Madame Tingley, and down to the shady eucalyptus groves near the sea, where they took supper and enjoyed one of the famous Point Loma sunsets. Later they marched to the Greek Theater in a body to see the play, after which they returned to their encampment at Balboa Park. Although the trip was primarily designed to give the men practice in night marching, the Greek Theater entertainment and the opportunity for an hour's rest and supper near the ocean afforded a way-station greatly appreciated by the men, in a twenty-mile march.

U. S. and Japanese Naval and Aviation Men entertained Sten Thiel, a humanitarian worker of Stockholm, Sweden; Dr. Osvald Sirén, Professor of the History of Art in the University of Stockholm; Mrs. William MacDonald, formerly of Brown University but soon to be identified with the University of California at Berkeley; Colonel and Mrs. P. M. Kessler of Fort Rosecrans, and other guests from a distance were entertained by Madame Tingley and the students of the Râja-Yoga College in Lomaland at a garden supper August 9, and afterwards at a special performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Greek Theater.

The tables were set in the spacious gardens between Madame Tingley's home and the Greek Theater entrance and were a dream of beauty. Music was furnished from behind a bank of vines and flowers by the Râja-Yoga Orchestra. The play was attended by many guests including officers and men from the local aviation school, the United States navy, and the Japanese training-ship, Taisei Maru, now in the harbor of San Diego. Upwards of one hundred members of the San Diego branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society attended in a body.

I. B. L. Work on Saturday Evenings On Saturday evening, August 11, the members of the International Brotherhood League, of which Madame Tingley is Foundress-President, held two entertainments for soldiers and sailors at their two headquarters, the Isis Theater Lecture Hall and the I. B. L. reading rooms in Balboa Park. Programs at both places included musical and dramatic numbers, with story-telling. A special feature at the Balboa Park building was a 'cello solo by Ross White, Jr., aged twelve. The Râja-Yoga Orchestra also played, as well as the junior orchestra, composed of smaller boys. The rooms were crowded and there was great enthusiasm. During the social which followed the program at both places, juicy red plums, gathered especially for the soldiers and sailors from the Lomaland fruit orchards, were passed around — an addition to the evening's entertainment which was greatly appreciated.

Members of all the Grand Army posts and all the women's Relief Corps met on the afternoon of August 12, at Masonic Temple, San Diego, Calif., for a social session. After an address by Brigadier-General J. P. O'Neil, Madame Tingley, who was greeted with applause, spoke of the spirit of brotherhood, which exists in G. A. R. posts and among the Women's Relief Corps. "Service and good examples are what the world needs," she said. "Suffering brings out in us qualities of compassion that we could not otherwise have had." The proceedings included a number of songs, anecdotes, etc.

**Isis Theater
Meetings**

Mme. Tingley has continued her addresses on 'The Enemies within our own Household.' In all her addresses, with hardly an exception, she pays tribute to her illustrious predecessors, Helena P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, and William Q. Judge, who carried on the work after Mme. Blavatsky had passed away. Speaking of Mme. Blavatsky, she referred to the criticism and condemnation with which her message of brotherhood was received when she first presented it in this country in 1875, and the persecution which she endured. "Her treatment was not unlike that which Jesus received in his time. The only difference was that he was physically crucified, while she was morally crucified. I feel as though it would be deserting a friend or forgetting my mother not to bring to the attention of every audience her name as the great friend of humanity. Her work was so simple and so free from certain errors that often blend with religious thought, that it startled the world." Other extracts follow.

.....

"One of the greatest stumbling-blocks that I know of is the fact that error is mingled with truth. Often when we are attracted to a system of thought or effort, which has certain qualities of truth in it, we lose sight of there being errors interwoven, and indeed the errors are so veneered under the name of truth that we are often blinded and misled. It is this fact, that error can be interblended with truth, that leads to the many systems of thought and education that we have, for we have not reached the point of knowing ourselves sufficiently and of understanding our needs, so that we could realize that we must have a universal system of thought on which to base our hopes, that we must have a universal religion. That is the essential thing for all of us, and it will be ours when we have reached a point of discernment where we can appreciate it and can separate error from truth."

.....

"Stand firmly on the rock of your divinity, your spiritual heritage, your power to control and live your life so righteously, so truly and so faithfully that you shall drive the enemies of your household off your path and shall find the happiness that your hearts are craving," said Madame Katherine Tingley in concluding her lecture of August 5th, at Isis Theater, the theme of which was a further and even more direct arraignment than on the two previous evenings of the enemies that lurk within the household of the city, state, and nation, as well as of the personal life.

Error intermingled with truth was characterized by Madame Tingley as one of man's greatest stumbling-blocks, blinding him to the enemies within his household and depriving him of the power to drive them out.

"Considering the indefinite way in which we work, we have no right to condemn the youth, no matter what their mistakes may be, for we must bring the thought home to ourselves that their mistakes might not have

been if we had done our whole duty. We must remember that ignorance is the curse of the age, and that it is error mingled with truth in religious and educational thought, all along the way, that keeps our youth blinded, swaying first here and then there. Our schools should accentuate moral and spiritual teachings, unsectarian and free from dogma and creed—the simple teachings of the Nazarene.”

The speaker touched upon the causes of crime, and the fact that statistics show crime to be increasing. She also referred at length to the deplorable conditions existing in penal institutions, saying: “Should we blame the officials, or those who have the prisoners in charge? Not at all. It is the public whom we should blame, the masses who have speech and power, for these can send men to the legislature who will never cease their efforts until their voices have been heard and there is a more compassionate and sane expression of laws for the redemption of the unfortunate.”

Speaking of the ‘third degree,’ Mme. Tingley declared that in the brutality of its methods it was only a little this side of the old inquisition, and yet, she added, “it is ourselves we should blame for permitting these things to exist.”

The lecturer pleaded with fathers and mothers to work to make this city a school of prevention, saying: “If we are to do our duty by humanity, if we are to drive the enemies of our household out of our educational systems, our homes and our civic life, we must take conditions as they are and face them heroically.”

ART

A new Trend in Art Criticism

To those who have observed the field of Art during the last decade and noted the more recent trend of art criticism, it must be evident that radical changes in view-point and appreciation are taking place. No doubt these have existed as a growing undercurrent of opinion for long, but it is noteworthy that this has now gained strength enough to find expression through the current art commentary of the magazines, partly in protest against the decadence and extravagances of the ultra-modern ‘cults’ and ‘tendencies,’ which are the natural offspring and fulfilment of materialistic and personal motives.

A popular art magazine has now come forward as champion of ethical principles which recognise in Art a moral import and significance that has always been denied it by the purely aesthetic standards of criticism. Judged by these principles, which seem to reflect the influence of a saner and more

comprehensive philosophy of life than one is accustomed to find in this connexion, many notable works of art, ancient and contemporary, have been passed in review in the monthly issues of the magazine, each being appraised independently of its established prestige or reputation, and assigned its place according to this new standard of valuation. And incidentally many old art *shibboleths*, still in vogue, with their corresponding ideals or impulses, are mercilessly exposed. The old cry of 'Art for Art's sake,' which vibrated in every local art atmosphere of a generation ago, is boldly challenged and its weakness exposed. The doctrine that a work of Art becomes such by virtue of the power, beauty, or dexterity of its execution or treatment alone, whatever be its subject and whatever influence, moral or otherwise, it may exert, is sternly condemned; while, last, but not least, the egotism of the cherished creed which would make of Art a mere medium for personal expression, and foster the plea that the artist's aim should be to present his personal view-point or impressions of life in a vivid and striking way — this also is shown in its true proportions and its pettiness placed in contrast with nobler standards which would value Art by the breadth and universality of its appeal, — the range and quality of its outlook and inspiration.

The principles thus declared are by no means new, but their appearance in the arena of popular magazine criticism is certainly an innovation, and a welcome voice amidst the chorus of discussions of *dilletantism*, of bohemian license, and of mere aesthetic and rhetorical appreciations of art. They are a practical recognition that true Creative Art can only grow and blossom in health and beauty when in harmony with the Laws of Life; that the greatest of Arts is the Art of Living, and that the caprices and exploits of ambitious egotism, clever though some of them may be, are but noxious weeds, destined to wither in the fuller light of beauty and truth.

Only the student of Theosophy, knowing this power to shed light on all the problems of life, can truly appreciate the many evidences, in all fields of human activity, of its leavening influence in the world today. It presents no dogmas, (and Art like Religion is a field in which dogmas and academic formulas may grow and mature rapidly) but it does shed light. And with the advent of Light comes an awakening and clear vision. With a more enlightened understanding of man's nature and the true source of his power and inspiration, which the teachings of Theosophy alone can give, will come a recognition of the divine mission of Art; and the chaos of conflicting tendencies, the discords of a civilization animated by motives of selfishness and personal ambition, by which the art and creative power of today is so overburdened, will be resolved into a harmony which will permit the Ancient Mysteries to again 'rule the world of thought and beauty' and restore to man his divine heritage of Art.

L. L.

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THE wise, therefore, speak as follows: The soul having a twofold life, one being in conjunction with body, but the other being separate from all body, when we are awake we employ for the most part the life which is common with the body, except when we separate ourselves entirely from it by pure intellectual and dianoetic energies. But when we are asleep, we are perfectly liberated, as it were, from certain surrounding bonds, and use a life separated from generation. Hence, this form of life, whether it be intellectual or divine, and whether these two are the same thing or whether each is peculiarly of itself one thing, is then excited in us, and energizes in a way conformable to its nature. Since, therefore, intellect surveys real beings, but the soul contains in itself the reasons of all generated natures, it very properly follows that, according to a cause which comprehends future events, it should have a foreknowledge of them, as arranged in their precedaneous reasons. And it possesses a divination still more perfect than this, when it conjoins the portions of life and intellectual energy to the wholes from which it was separated. For then it is filled from wholes with all scientific knowledge, so as for the most part to attain by its conceptions to the apprehension of everything which is effected in the world. Indeed, when it is united to the gods, by a liberated energy of this kind, it then receives the most true plenitudes of intellections, from which it emits the true divination of divine dreams, and derives the most genuine principles of knowledge.

— IAMBlichOS: *On the Mysteries*, pp. 118-119; translation by Thomas Taylor

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A VISTA IN 'BEAUTIFUL LOMALAND' AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The domes and superstructures of the central buildings, as seen through the shrubbery of
the surrounding gardens, hold the visitor spellbound.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII

OCTOBER, 1917

NO. 4

The Theosophical Society is not, then, a political organization?

Certainly not. It is international in the highest sense, in that its members comprise men and women of all races, creeds and forms of thought, who work together for one object — the improvement of humanity; but as a society it takes absolutely no part in any national or party politics.


Why is this?

For the very reasons I have mentioned. Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of individuals.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Key to Theosophy*, pp. 227-228

THEOSOPHY—UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL:

by J. H. Fussell

HE most direct meaning of the word *Theosophy* is 'Divine Wisdom.' As was explained by Mme. Blavatsky when she first (in our present day) proclaimed again its teachings, it is a term which connotes the 'Wisdom-Religion,' the 'Secret Doctrine,' the primeval truth which was ONE in antiquity and which was the basis of all the great religious Faiths of the world. Just as the one white light passing through a prism is divided into the seven prismatic colored rays, so the one white Light of Truth passing through the prism of the racial mind becomes divided into the different religious faiths. And just as no one of the prismatic rays is or can be regarded as the one white light, or contains the white light in its fulness, but only an aspect of it; so no one of the religious Faiths of the world contains or can be regarded as the *whole* Truth, though it may contain or present an *aspect* of the Truth.

For this reason Mme. Blavatsky, from the very foundation of the Theosophical Society, urged upon the members to study comparative religion, to study the great Faiths of the world, to seek out those foundation truths which were common to all and so find again the ancient Wisdom-Religion — Theosophy.

Nowhere, however, and at no time, did she urge the support of any one religious faith or system, seeing that all the religious faiths of the

world have become encrusted with theological dogmas and are hedged about with creeds. She makes the following important declaration:

It is perhaps necessary, first of all, to say that the assertion that "Theosophy is not a Religion," by no means excludes the fact that "Theosophy is Religion" itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together — not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all things in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our theosophical definition of religion.

Thus Theosophy is not a Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck — from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom — can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Accepting this definition of Theosophy as RELIGION itself, and not a religion, it must be clear that neither the Theosophical Society nor any official of the Society has any right to advocate or support any sectarian creed or dogma, or any one religious system, Faith or Church. And to the extent that any one professes to follow Theosophy, if he be sincere in his profession, that is, to the extent that he is a Theosophist, in place of advocating any sectarian creed or dogma, or any one religious system, Faith or Church, in the sense of 'a particular set of dogmas and beliefs,' to the exclusion of or in opposition to other dogmas and beliefs, he will seek behind all these for the kernel of Truth which is common to all religions, and for those truths which are to be found in degree in all. He will hold less and less to the outer forms, creeds and dogmas which divide, and more and more to those teachings which have been universally proven to be true, and which *unite*. To take any other course would be to go contrary to this universal and basic principle of Theosophy.

It is true that in the Theosophical Society are men and women holding different religious views, Christians, Buddhists, Hindûs, Parsis, etc., and to all such it says: Seek to get at the foundation of the religious faith you profess, and you will find a common meeting-ground with others of different faiths. In an open letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, (1887) Mme. Blavatsky said the following:

Theosophists know that the deeper one penetrates into the meaning of the dogmas and ceremonies of all religions, the greater becomes their apparent underlying similarity, until finally a perception of their fundamental unity is reached. This common ground is no other than Theosophy — the Secret Doctrine of the ages; which, diluted and disguised to suit the capacity of the multitude, and the requirements of the time, has formed the living kernel of all religions.

The same writer (Mme. Blavatsky) also says the following:

There is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom; impersonal, therefore bearing a different name in every nation; one light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves, and has its being. Like the spectrum

in optics giving multicolored and various rays, which are yet caused by one and the same sun, so theologized and sacerdotal systems are many. But the universal religion *can only be one* if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of the word. We Theosophists so accept it; and therefore say we are all brothers — by the laws of nature, of birth, of death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions. Let us then love, help and mutually defend each other against the spirit of deception; and while holding to that which each of us accepts as his ideal of truth and unity — *i. e.* to the religion which suits each of us best — let us unite to form a practical nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed or color.

In entire harmony with this is the following declaration in the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society:

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinion of others which he expects for his own.

This declaration, however, does *not* concede or give the right to any member to proselytize for any church or religious system, or to advocate the support of any church or creed — thereby tacitly, if not openly, condemning all other churches and creeds. For this would be a violation of the principles of Theosophy and tend to create dissension.

Having found the inner meaning, having reached “the common ground of all religions” which is “no other than Theosophy,” having found the *spirit* which giveth *life*, no one, no Theosophist, if he is faithful to himself, to the Higher Self within, can ever again go back to the letter which killeth, or the dogmas which separate. Having found “the living kernel of all religions,” the bond of union between Christian, Hindû, Buddhist, Parsi, and men of all professions of faith, he will henceforth be a devotee of Truth alone. He can no longer call himself Christian or Buddhist, or by the name of any other *separated* religious faith. He will not and cannot subordinate Truth to a half-truth or a partial expression of Truth. It will henceforth be Truth and Light he will ever seek and follow; it will be Truth and Light he will teach and advocate. He will not advocate the support of any church or any creed, but only Truth, Divine Wisdom — Theosophy.

Religion, considered fundamentally, *unites*; religions, churches, creeds, *separate*. Looking back through all known history, what is the record of the wars, hatreds and strife between nations and individuals? Have not the bitterest of these and of all human dissensions been due to differences in religion, differences in creed and dogma, sectarianism?

The principal purpose and aim of the Theosophical Society since its foundation by H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875, and still more strongly insisted upon since its reorganization by Katherine Tingley, in 1898, as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, has been and is to accentuate the fundamental principle of Theosophy, *viz.*, Universal Brotherhood. Harmony based on those foundation truths

which are the very essence of Theosophy; the basic truths common to all religions; to seek for the common ground; not to accentuate any creed, any dogma, not to support any Church or *any* religion, even the greatest, but to support RELIGION, Truth, — these alone can make men free. "There is no Religion higher than Truth," is its motto.

To come now to the application of the foregoing, and the reason for making this statement, the following has been brought to our attention. It is a statement published in the official organ in the U. S. A. of a society which claims to be 'Theosophical,' the same being a section of a society of which Mrs. Annie Besant, a professed 'Theosophist,' is President. The statement in question which quotes authoritatively from Mrs. Besant, is as follows:

Our President has not left us in doubt as to the activities to which we should devote our every available energy in the immediate future: we have not been left groping to find those excellent things for ourselves. In the *Watch-tower* for November 1916 she has with directness and force informed us that it is a matter of very great importance that we shall do what we can (1) to strengthen the work of Co-Masonry, (2) to help in the establishment of that intellectually inclined, old but yet very small church, known as the *Old Catholic Church*, among Theosophists, and (3) to aid in giving out the educational ideas for the future race. She has made it as clear as daylight that we are to take the light of Theosophy into the outer world, entering the four great departments of life which so much need the illumination of our teaching at this critical time: these are politics, religion, education, and social reform.

The language is unequivocal: Mrs. Besant has "with directness and force informed us" (the members of the so-called 'Theosophical' society of which she is president) "that it is a matter of *very great importance that we shall do what we can*" (Italics mine — J.H.F.) . . . "(2) to help in the establishment of . . . the *Old Catholic Church*. . ." That is, that these people who call themselves 'Theosophists' shall do what they can to help in the establishment of a *sect*; that they shall desert, if indeed they ever held to it, *unsectarianism*, and become *sectarian*. No clearer evidence, surely, is needed to demonstrate the fact that Mrs. Besant by advocating such action, and those who, acting on her instructions, take such action, are not Theosophists, and have no right nor title to the name 'Theosophist.'*

Against this misuse of the name 'Theosophist' and against the misinterpretation and travesty of Theosophy which such action taken in the name of Theosophy implies, every true Theosophist protests.

For the sake of those of the public who may have been misinformed or do not know the facts, it should be stated that *neither Mrs.*

*This statement is not in any sense a criticism of the Old Catholic Church or its teachings, nor would that church be named here had it not been named by Mrs. Besant. The Theosophical Society attacks no church, no man's religion; but neither does it advocate *any* religion, but seeks only for the Truth underlying all.

Besant, nor any of her followers, nor, again, any of the members of the so-called Theosophical society of which she is president, is a member of, or affiliated with, the original Theosophical Society founded by H. P. Blavatsky which is now known as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, of which Katherine Tingley is the Leader and Official Head, with International Headquarters at Point Loma, California.

But there is still another reason for making this present statement and for emphasizing the fact that neither Mrs. Besant nor any of her followers is a member of, or associated with, or endorsed by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which reason is to be found in Mrs. Besant's advocacy of 'Co-Masonry' and her urging her followers to actively participate in politics.

In regard to politics, the same general argument applies as in regard to religious dogmas, church creeds, etc., as given above. For the sake of the public, however, it should be said that as the Theosophical Society is *unsectarian* and does not therefore give support to any *church*, sect, or creed; so also is it *non-political* and cannot therefore support any political party or movement, or take part as a Society or through its members, in *politics*. For, as churches, sects, and creeds divide and provoke dissension, so do politics divide and provoke dissension and stir up strife; and are thus incompatible with the basic teaching of Theosophy, *viz*: Universal Brotherhood. The position of the Theosophical Society in regard to politics is clearly stated by H. P. Blavatsky in her work, *The Key to Theosophy*, in these words:

Do you take any part in politics?

As a Society we carefully avoid them, for the reasons given below. To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature, is like pulling new wine into old bottles*. Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy based on human, social or political selfishness, will disappear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who tries to weed his flower-bed of poisonous plants by cutting them out from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots. No lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old.

The Theosophical Society is not, then, a political organization?

Certainly not. It is international in the highest sense, in that its members comprise men and women of all races, creeds, and forms of thought, who work together for one object — the improvement of humanity; but as a society it takes absolutely no part in any national or party politics.

Why is this?

For the very reasons I have mentioned. Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of individuals. While, from the very nature of their position as Theosophists, the members of the Theosophical Society are agreed on the principles of Theosophy, or they would not belong to the Society at all, it does not thereby follow that they agree on every other subject. As a society they can only act together in matters which are common to all — that is, in Theosophy itself; as individuals,

each is left perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action, so long as this *does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society.*

The logic of this position is so clear that it is difficult to understand the state of mind of one, *professing* to be a Theosophist, who knowingly departs from it. In such case one can only conclude that there has been no real understanding of Theosophy.

Wide publicity has recently been given in the daily press to the recent action of the British Government in India in placing restrictions upon Mrs. Annie Besant, on account of her political activities. An Associated Press Dispatch, also widely published, reports that in the House of Commons, July 11th, the following statement was made by Mr. Austin Chamberlain, Secretary for India:

The Madras Government had offered to relax its prohibition of Mrs. Annie Besant, head of the Theosophical Society, so far as it affected her Theosophical and religious activities, but that Mrs. Besant declined the concession on the ground that it was impossible to separate her Theosophical and political work —*

Compare Mrs. Besant's statement with that made by Mme. Blavatsky which we again quote.

To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature, is like pulling new wine into old bottles.* Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy based on human, social, or political selfishness, will disappear of itself.

This is the crux of the whole matter. The work of Theosophy and of all true Theosophists is basic. Any attempt to mix politics with Theosophy, or to use Theosophy or the Theosophical Society to further political ends or in support of any political movement, would be to desert this basic position; seeing that such action and such support would necessarily accentuate the differences and antagonisms between men and parties instead of fostering the basic principles of Universal Brotherhood by which men can unite to act in harmony for the good of all. Just as the accentuation of religious dogmas and creeds is a cause of separation, antagonism, and dissension, so too the accentuation of political opinions and the support of one political party as against another, are likewise fruitful sources of separation, dissension, and antagonism. Hence

*When just about to go to press, information was received through the publication of an Associated Press Dispatch dated Bombay, India, Sept. 17th, that Mrs. Besant and two of her associates "have been released from internment by the Madras Government. They had been held for political agitation." The Press Dispatch further states as follows: "It was recently announced that the Indian government was prepared to recommend to the Madras government that the restrictions placed on these people be removed if the government were satisfied they would refrain from unconstitutional and violent methods and political agitation for the remainder of the war."

no Theosophist, if he is seeking truly to fashion his life on the principles of Theosophy, and certainly no Theosophical Teacher will attempt to mix politics with Theosophy, for this would be a direct violation of the principles of Theosophy, and could not be regarded otherwise than as showing an utter disregard for those principles and for the main object and purpose of the Theosophical Society, and as a failure to apply those principles in the affairs of daily life.

The only alternative conclusion, if the above be not held as applicable, is that Mrs. Besant has totally failed to understand the principles and teachings of Theosophy, and the first object of the Theosophical Society. It should be said that Mrs. Besant ceased to be a member of the original Theosophical Society, being removed from its ranks by a majority vote of ninety three per cent. of its members, as far back as the year 1895, and *at no time since* having been recognised by the members of that society as an exponent of Theosophy.

In conclusion, the original Theosophical Society, now known as THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, ever has been and is fundamentally and irrevocably *unsectarian* and *non-political*. And while Theosophists, "as individuals," as stated above by Mme. Blavatsky, are "perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action," and as stated in the Constitution to "believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy," it must be distinctly understood, as she further says, that this is so only "so long as this does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society," that is, *only so long as it does not provoke dissension and cause antagonism*. Official sanction or advocacy of any political movement or party or activity, or of any church, religious dogma, or creed, would be a direct violation of the principles of Theosophy and of the first object of the Theosophical Society. Founded as it is upon Theosophy, and holding to the principles of Theosophy, the Theosophical Society cannot be otherwise than fundamentally and irrevocably *unsectarian* and *non-political*, so long as it is true to its declared objects and purposes. And the history and work of the original Theosophical Society, under the guidance of its three Teachers, Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, have demonstrated that it has remained true to those teachings and principles. Furthermore, any society that deviates from those principles and teachings cannot be a Theosophical Society in the true meaning of that term; for Theosophy is more than a teaching or a mode of thought; it is a life, true living, right action. It is Theosophy that the true Theosophist will uphold, it is Theosophy he will seek to make the rule and guide of his life, for as H. P. Blavatsky said, "Theosophist is, who Theosophy does."

THE PASSING DAY: by M.

I WATCHED the pale moon rising in the blazing sky that was aflame with fires of the after-glow, which made the west a dazzling pageant, and the east a burning mystery, less brilliant than the bewildering glory of the region, where the clouds still sang the praises of the vanished ruler of the earth, but although less vivid, not less wonderful, in the vast sweep of softly glowing silences pulsing with tremulous tenderness of tones most sweetly harmonized, like memories that time has softened with the promise of oblivion.

Serene and with a regal reticence the full moon sailed aloft, not scornful of the fleeting pageantry; but, disregarding of all else, she rose fronting the sunken sun; and testified to his undying majesty by her own radiance.

And, as the turmoil of the sky died down, the soft moon gleaming freed herself from its infection, and soared supreme; then the sweet silence of the night enveloped all the land. So the day passed, as it had come, in gorgeous pageantry; and peace obliterated the loud record of the elemental festival.

It seemed to me a promise of the passing of the fierce frenzy that is now burning out the beauty of our civilization, and filling the world with smoke-clouds rising from the ravage of innumerable homes.

I thought, "another day will dawn, as this; what does it matter?"

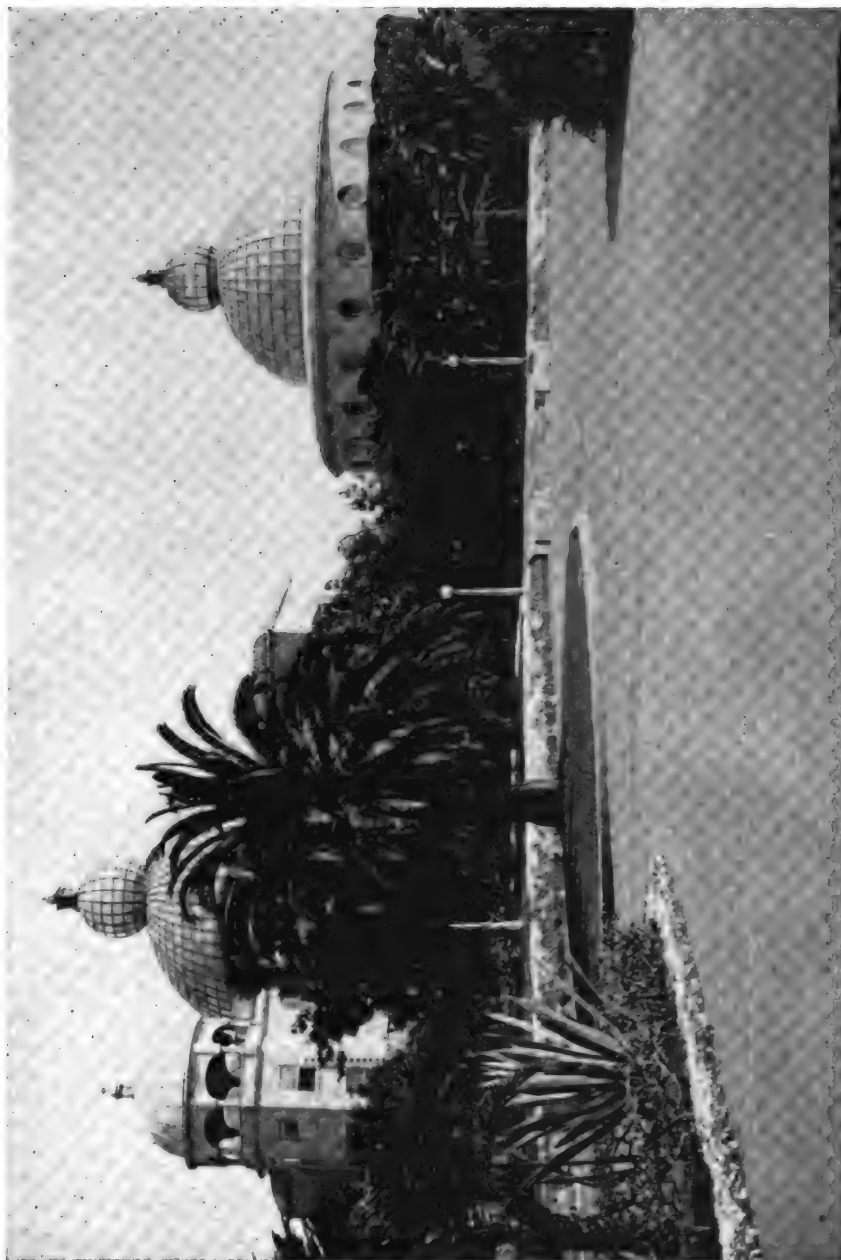
And then there came the certainty that never again the same day dawns. What shall the next day bring? New days may bring new opportunities, but there will be the wreckage of today to block the passage to the progress of tomorrow.

What will new opportunities avail, if men today destroy the power of men to profit by the morrow's opportunities?

True! The power of man may be as surely paralysed in peace and in prosperity as it may be destroyed by War, which is indeed itself the surest evidence of lost opportunities; it is incontrovertible testimony to the failure of humanity to recognise the true source of power. But it is more than this; it is no remedy for the evils that have made it seem inevitable; rather is it itself the ultimate expression of those evils.

Man's destiny is not to wallow indefinitely in the mud of mere brutality, but to awake to recognition of his possibilities. The war that man must wage is not such savagery as that which devastates the earth today, but war against the brutal element in human nature; it is a battle for self-mastery, and for that power that links humanity with the next rank in the great hierarchy of the Universe.

New opportunities will come; new opportunities are here; and whatever man makes of these opportunities, that is the future of the race.



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NORTH APPROACH TO THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY (LEFT) AND TEMPLE OF PEACE (RIGHT)

The flowering plant along the borders of the miles of walks and roads is the beautiful *Mesembryanthemum* *stilleum*. When this is in bloom, the embankments and terraces appear as if Nature had ribboned across them a delicate lacework of rose tint.



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'CASA ROSA', ONE OF THE FIRST STUDENT-HOMES OF LOMALAND

The residence of the Senior Physician of the International Theosophical Headquarters, Dr. Lorin F. Wood.



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A CORNER OF THE GARDEN SURROUNDING 'CASA ROSA'

View from the porch, with a glimpse of the upper dome of the Rāja-Yoga Academy
at the right of the palm.



Lomaland Photo & Engineering Dept.

'HOLLAND CREST,' ANOTHER OF THE LOMALAND STUDENT-HOMES

Here reside Professor Daniel de Lange and Madame de Lange, formerly of Amsterdam, Holland. As Founder-Director of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music, Professor de Lange needs no introduction to the music-world of the Continent. Professor de Lange is now one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The doors of 'Holland Crest,' his beautiful Lomaland home, are frequently opened to entertain prominent European musicians touring the United States.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

THE path of self-knowledge is still open to all men, now as ever. The scientific spirit proclaims an emancipation of the mind from superstition and imposed beliefs, and relies on knowledge obtained by studying nature by means of our faculties. The same spirit prevails in the quest for self-knowledge. But in this case both the field of investigation and the faculties used are wider in range than those of physical science.

This last statement is not dogmatic, but an inference from the generally accepted principles of evolution. Admitting, for argument's sake, the truth of any given evolutionary theory which holds that the human mind has reached its present level by gradual development from lowlier types, we feel bound to infer that evolution will accomplish still greater development of the human mind in the future. Hence the future possibility of higher faculties in man is scientifically valid. But it would be unscientific to suppose that all men will arrive at these higher stages simultaneously; for, on the contrary, everything favors the belief that some men will arrive before others. The conclusion that there may be now, and may have been in bygone times, men in advance of the normal evolution of the race, is irresistible.

Theosophy teaches that the path of self-knowledge has been known to mankind in the past; and an acceptance of this teaching gives the key to much of the mystic literature of the past. Theosophy does not teach this as a dogma, but adduces evidences in its favor. (See *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* — H. P. Blavatsky's works — for instance).

Scientific inquiry, having been limited to the investigation of external phenomena, has not satisfied the need for essential knowledge; hence it has not been able to avert catastrophe. For remedy we have to look elsewhere; nor, in the many lay-sermons that are preached, do we find much appeal to ordinary religious beliefs; on the contrary, these themselves are in the position of inquirers rather than teachers. Common sense, intuitive knowledge, are appealed to; in which appeal we discern the tacit assumption that man does in fact possess the power to answer his own questions.

In nature we everywhere find desire accompanied by the power to satisfy it; and man cannot be alone in possessing a desire — the desire for knowledge — which he cannot satisfy. It becomes a necessity for man, at a certain stage of his development, to have knowledge concerning the meaning of his life. He cannot get it from scientific observations and theories that deal only with physical perceptions and conceptions; nor can he get it from dogmatic statements which he cannot verify.

He can only get it for himself by the use of his own faculties and by accepting such aid as may be obtainable from people knowing more than he does. This latter aid must not rest on claims or authority, but must be judged by its own merits. Anybody who can make us see what we did not see before, or answer our questions, is our teacher to that extent for the time being.

In obtaining self-knowledge, the first step is to desire it; and, as these remarks are addressed only to those who do, this step may be assumed. The next step is to convince oneself that self-knowledge is within one's reach. The evolution of humanity can be greatly helped by simply inducing people to look within and recognise that divine-human nature which is as much a *fact* as is the animal-human nature. The world is in its present condition because so many people are looking on the ground, wearing blinkers, refusing to recognise the divine part of their nature, and trusting to laws which, while they suffice for animals, are not sufficient for man.

We cannot ignore the laws of nature, but must perforce accommodate ourselves to them. If we do not accommodate ourselves intelligently, we shall have to do so blindly and be buffeted about. It is just the same with those higher laws that control the moral and spiritual life of man. The laws are there, the facts are there, and they will exact from us a due conformity, whether willing and intelligent or blind and reluctant. Because we have permitted uncontrolled desires and inadequate theories to lead us along paths that conflict with these higher laws, compensation has been exacted in ways that terrify us. In the life of the individual it is the same. His life is controlled by a higher law, which he does not understand or perhaps even recognise; and he takes refuge in resignation or indifference or cynicism or some strange philosophy. But it is possible for him to study the laws that control his life, and thus to attain to a state of intelligent acquiescence in his lot.

The laws of our bodily health claim our observance; and if we try to contravene them, they exact painful compensation. There are laws of moral and spiritual health, felt through conscience and the sense of honor, compassion, etc. A man should be true to himself. He should have due self-respect — not a vain over-confidence in his personality, but faith in his higher nature. He should feel that there are higher laws in the universe as inviolable as those which science recognises; and that faithful conduct will bring its recompense in an inner peace and light. The greater the number of citizens of this sort in the world, the better will be the body politic. Such people, at peace with their own hearts, would be a power among men.

The higher evolution of man is a reality; but it is not to be looked

for as something sensational. It means the stepping-out from the customary sphere of mind into a larger sphere lighted by a fuller knowledge. It is impossible to say at what point any given individual might achieve this step. Having achieved it, even in small measure only, he would at once become an influence for good — a man ready to give rather than receive, one anxious to help rather than expecting to receive help. He would not, perhaps, become a conspicuous figure, for he would have achieved a humbleness along with his strength; and he would neither desire nor receive the praise of others.

It is declared in all wise teachings that selfishness is the great obstacle to knowledge; and experience demonstrates the truth of the saying. The selfish man dwells in an ever-contracting sphere. And there are many forms of selfishness. Life is not meant for the glorification of any man's personality; but it takes us long to find this out; yet everybody must find it out some time. When we do find it out, we have verified a law of nature. The man who has found it out, ceases to make self-satisfaction the aim of his actions. He realizes that he has no permanent existence, save as part of a whole, and his effort henceforth is to perform his proper function in that capacity.

But the point is that, along with this liberation from the delusion of selfishness, comes knowledge. Just as the selfish man makes his life narrower and narrower, so the unselfish man continually widens his sphere. This is matter of common experience, but Theosophy contemplates a great extension of the principle. It sets no limits to the possibilities of human attainment in knowledge by the road of emancipation from the thraldom of selfishness.

Knowledge is not a mere accumulation, which a man carries about with him in his memory; it is the ability to know what is desired. The difference between knowledge and mere learning is the same as the difference between the man who *has* and the man who *can*. Hence it is not surprising that the path of knowledge consists largely of unloading previous accumulations.

Be humble, if thou wouldst attain knowledge: be humbler still, when knowledge thou hast attained.

The reason why we have so much so-called knowledge that is futile and leads to nothing, is that it is not accompanied by discipline. In other words, it is not accompanied by realization; it is left in the theoretical and unapplied stage. The word 'genius' is often applied to individuals who have developed themselves in a lop-sided manner, by trying to attain knowledge without having made any progress in overcoming the obstacles in their own character. When we attempt to apply our knowledge to the overcoming of these obstacles, the struggle begins.

A man's enemies are they of his own household. The most difficult obstacles are the little personal faults that are so near, the little failings of temper and self-restraint, the self-love or anger or sloth, to which we so often yield. So long as these remain rooted in the soil, our efforts in larger fields are rendered futile. With these removed, we are not only free from them ourselves, but able to overcome them in the world at large, so that we become a power for good; and the forces which once were turned against us are now our servants.

It has often been said that Occultism consists in dealing rightly with the present moment. Great things are mastered in their small beginnings. The application of this maxim is in boldly confronting the weaknesses in our nature, in the faith that their conquest will lead us to the next step on our path.

Many people are learning by suffering. The French mystic, Éliphas Lévi, says:

To suffer is to labor. A great misfortune properly endured is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more truly than those who undergo no trials.

What a great consolation! Though we may find it hard to realize this while we are actually in the throes, yet in the calm moments that intervene we can draw strength from the thought. If we have no philosophy, suffering seems a cruel and useless thing, and a horrible sardonic despair may seize us. But if we can manage to realize that the pain comes because we are climbing a hill in our life's journey, then we become reconciled with our lot.

Pleasure and pain are great teachers. The more we develop (throughout successive reincarnations), the more sensitive do we become to pain and pleasure. At last the vibration from one to the other becomes too keen for endurance, and we seek a position of independence and poise, free from the disturbing action of the oscillations. It is said that the first step on the path of knowledge consists in finding our feet, getting our balance.

It is certain that a man takes a great step forward when he first succeeds in grasping the truth of Reincarnation and Karma, and in viewing his life as that of an immortal Soul enacting one of a series of scenes in the great drama. He takes a step, because he has established a link between his intellect and that fuller knowledge that is within him. The formation of this link will enable the Soul to shed more of its light into the mind. The recognition of these truths constitutes, in fact, a sort of initiation, and life can never after be quite the same as before. Henceforth he will learn more deeply and more quickly from the experiences of life. Now, in the case of many people, merely to direct their attention

to the truths of Theosophy is enough to give them an inner conviction; and this even though the mind, trammled by its habits of thought, may at first oppose. Hence the diffusion of a knowledge of Theosophy is the means of starting many on the road to self-knowledge.

It is dissatisfaction with the ordinary life that leads people to search for that which lies beyond — for a fuller self-realization. At first they are likely to make the mistake of seeking satisfaction in a mere intensification of sensation, in a mere enlargement of the ordinary experiences. But this only increases the source of discontent. With keener pleasure comes sharper pain. Thus they are driven to seek peace in a different path, and to make something else than personal satisfaction the object of life.

Since the higher evolution of man is contemplated by the scientific ideas as to evolution, it is but reasonable that we should stand ready for it. Already we have forced on our material civilization to a point where former standards of behavior no longer suffice to control the forces at our disposal. Unless we are to be torn to pieces by the powers we have invoked, and civilization is to go down in a catastrophe, the moral nature of man must be developed in equal measure. One way in which this is already happening is in the substitution of an international for a national commonweal. But besides going wider, we must go deeper — deeper into our own nature — there to discover greater powers of self-control, heretofore latent. But let it be borne in mind that the future is an unfolding of what has existed in germ in the past; that —

Man was and will rebecome God. (H. P. Blavatsky)

Man can become a God because he has been that (in potentiality) from the beginning. We must contemplate the future unfoldment of our latent divinity, both as individuals and as a race; for anticipation precedes realization. Each man finds the way for himself, but can obtain help and encouragement from teachers and teachings, in so far as these point to facts and do not dogmatize. And it is Self-knowledge that is the kind of knowledge to be sought. Man, know thyself, for otherwise thou canst really know nothing else. This is an ancient maxim.

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THE more numerous the obstacles which are surmounted by the will, the stronger the will becomes. It is for this reason that Christ has exalted poverty and suffering.— ÉLIPHAS LÉVI (Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant)

VIEWS IN SWITZERLAND: by Carolus

THE Matterhorn, or Mt. Cervin as the French call it, lies in the extreme south of Switzerland on the Italian frontier. The little village of Zermatt lies at the base of the Matterhorn, yet itself is 5315 feet above the level of the sea; so high are the cliffs at the sides of the valley that in winter the sun is not visible till 9:00 A. M. and by 3:00 P. M. the evening shadows have fallen.

The finest view of the Matterhorn obtainable by ordinary tourists is from the Gorner Grat, a rocky ridge about two miles vertically above sea level, where breathing becomes a little difficult to the traveler who is not acclimated to heights. A funicular or cog-wheel railway now runs from Zermatt to the Gorner Grat, which is, however, one of the few favored spots in Switzerland to which untrained persons can climb to an elevation of over ten thousand feet without difficulty, for the path is well-defined and easy. An unbroken chain of snow peaks surrounds the Gorner Grat; nature seems to have provided this isolated rocky place for the purpose of an observation center of a panorama which is unsurpassed in sublimity. A traveler (Stanley Hope) says:

The huge Gorner Glacier winds round its base at a dizzy depth below; beyond, are the snows of that glorious range beginning with Monte Rosa (which seems within a stone's throw) and ending with the Matterhorn. We lingered long in this wonderful spot . . . wrapped in that intense and awful stillness which at times pervades these mighty solitudes, broken only at long intervals by the sudden rush of an avalanche on the steep slopes of Monte Rosa or the low hum of a wild bee, attracted to this far height by the fervid noonday beams. We wandered along the ridge stretching towards the Stockhorn, where the gentian and other exquisite wild flowers which flourish at this elevation grow in the greatest profusion, peering up through patches of snow in shady nooks. . . . The Matterhorn seems to dominate the whole district of Zermatt like a pervading spirit. It is difficult to lose sight of it. Through rifts in the pine-wood, over grassy bluffs, from the depth of dark ravines, from one's chamber window, the giant peak is seen piercing the blue air above. The play of light and shadow upon it as the hours roll by is in itself a study.

The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult peaks to ascend; in 1865 it was conquered by the famous English climber, Edward Whymper, but the victory was marred by a terrible accident, his three companions and one of the guides being killed. The ascent was successful, though extremely hazardous, for after about 14,000 feet the only practicable foothold leads up the face of an almost perpendicular precipice, slippery with ice. On the return journey one of Whymper's friends slipped and dragged down all the others of the party except Whymper himself and two of the guides who were at the upper end of the rope and who were able to brace themselves against the shock. Whymper had previously made seven unsuccessful attempts to reach the summit, during one of which he slipped and fell two hundred feet, in seven or eight bounds, to the very edge of a gulf of eight hundred feet to the glacier below.

He was alone on this occasion, and being seriously injured, had great difficulty in reaching Zermatt. The ascent of the Matterhorn has since been made easier, and many climbers have reached the summit, but it



LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE VISP FROM ZERMATT

is no place for beginners, for its terrible precipices and slippery surfaces demand the skill and steadiness that can only come by long experience.

A white cloud on the left side of the Matterhorn will be noticed in one of our pictures; this is called the 'lee-side or banner cloud' and is frequently found on the sheltered side of high peaks when a moisture-laden wind is blowing. Much discussion has arisen as to its exact cause, some of the best authorities disagreeing on the subject. Tyndall says:

The wind blew lightly up the valley, charged with moisture, and when the air that held it *rubbed against the cold cone* of the Matterhorn, the vapor was chilled and precipitated in his lee.

Ruskin, who was a very acute observer, in criticizing this, says:

It is not explained, why the wind was not chilled by rubbing against any of the neighboring mountains, nor why the cone of the Matterhorn, mostly of rock, should be colder than cones of snow. . . . No true explanation of it has ever yet been given; for the first condition of the problem has hitherto been unobserved, — namely, that such cloud is constant in certain states of weather, under precipitous rocks; — but never developed with distinctness by domes of snow.

In one of his scientific lectures Ruskin gives a theory which he thinks to be nearer the facts than Tyndall's "rubbing against the rocks":

When a moist wind blows in clear weather over a cold summit, it has not time to get chilled as it approaches the rock, and therefore the air remains clear, and the sky bright on the windward side; but under the lee of the peak, there is partly a back eddy, and partly still air;



THE CASTLE AT VEVEY FROM THE LAKE

and in that lull and eddy the wind gets time to be chilled by the rock, and the cloud appears, as a boiling mass of white vapor, rising continually with the return current to the upper edge of the mountain, where it is caught by the straight wind and partly torn, partly melted away in broken fragments. — *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*

VEVEY

VEVEY is a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, situated on Lake Geneva, and is a favorite resort for tourists. It is the center for the extensive grape-culture of the canton of Vaud, and every fifteen years or so a remarkable 'Festival of the Vine' is held there. No two festivals are alike, but there is always a procession of the Seasons. The performances, which last for several days, include fancy dancing, chorus singing, processions in national and historical costumes, dramatic representations, and plenty of music of all kinds. The festival ranks, in a sense, with the Oberammergau Passion Play, and attracts thousands of visitors.

Vevey lies near the eastern end of Lake Geneva, not far from the ingress of the Rhône; its old streets are very quaint and interesting.



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OLD CASTLE AT VEVEY ON LAKE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Supposed to be the one where Amy and Laurie did their courting in Miss Alcott's *Little Women*.



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IN THE PICTURESQUE STREETS OF VEVEY

Notice the curious plastered buildings and the heavy window-shutters.



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ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND, AT THE FOOT OF THE MATTERHORN



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THE MATTERHORN AS SEEN FROM GORNER GRAT

THE SOUL OF INDIA FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT: by Kenneth Morris

(A School of Antiquity Paper)

WONDER what picture first rises in your mind, when you hear talk of the 'Soul of India'? A composite one, very likely; with an atmosphere, a local color, taken from some of Kipling's stories; perhaps an impression gained from Matthew Arnold's beautiful lines about the East awaking in deep disdain to watch the legions thunder past, and plunging in thought again; perhaps other impressions gained from the thin-spun arid metaphysics, or emasculated pathetic pleadings of certain Hindoo lecturers that have visited this country in recent years. On the whole, I suppose the result, the sum total, would be a sort of mournful, gorgeous inertia, patient with the patience of the impotent, and fed upon the poppy-juice of dreams. Before the mind's eye would appear a mixture of ineffectual quietism and sun-rich pageantry: a pomp of Rajahs and of elephants with jeweled trappings; a monotonous hymn, hopeless and passionless, chanted at twilight on the banks of Ganges or Jumna; fantastic temples, and temple gardens splendid with peacocks; villages, the same yesterday, today and forever, among the paddy-fields in the shadow of the jungle: — a sad monotone, a shrinking from life, the pathos of a vanished splendor, an opium-dream of the past. Some such mental impression as this, probably, is what we should get; and we should go on to contrast it with the virile, alert and progressive Soul of America, or whatever our own country might be.

But give me leave to suggest that there is no warrant in history for the idea that the West is naturally the home of progress, the East of stagnation; the West of the waking, the East of the sleeping nations of mankind. India herself has done a deal of legion-thundering in times past on her own account, for the matter of that. She has seen the swift march of native civilization; has had her eras of progress: her Elizabethan or Augustan ages, splendid in literature and art, and in adventure, spiritual and physical. And it is just as unlikely that she will see no great ages again, as that this winter will never give way to spring, or that tomorrow's sun will never rise. We have gained our impression of the Soul of India, from an India that is sound asleep; as if one should say: 'I know all about the soul, the genius, the higher capacities of So-and-so; why, I have heard him snoring.' For nations, like men, have their sleepings and wakings; and you cannot judge them by the slumberous and sterile periods, which come to all as surely as night-time or winter. Their Souls are not then in evidence; any more than ours are when we are asleep.

For the Soul is not an atmosphere, however picturesque; it is not a mere local color, however gorgeous or delicate or somber. It cannot be thought of as something helpless, pathetic, impotent or inert. It is not the Soul of India that we have heard cry out to be left alone, to be suffered to sleep on untroubled; only voices that know nothing of the Soul and its divine nature, could be guilty of such flapdoodleism. We may say that there are two flowers symbolic of India: the Lotus, and the Poppy: — the one, a crown of perfection upon the waters: a bloom facing the sky, and reflecting in its whiteness the purity, in its blueness the infinitude, of the upper ether; — the other, gorgeous, somber, sultry and luxurious, the scarlet mother of soul-killing delights and the pomp of extravagant poisonous dreams. The India of the Poppy pleads with you: 'Let me sleep on; let the world go down into ruin, but suffer me to drug myself now and forever with these opulent dreams'; she grows pale, emaciated, pathetic; she dares not face the world and duty, and the vigorous action that makes us men. But perchance still the India of the Lotus remembers her bloom that was of old time; she is beneath the surface now; her crown of loveliness and purity is not seen; but in that sub-surface silence, and by virtue of those sun-sweet memories and of the Soul that still is within her, surely she proclaims her intention to bloom out into the sunlight of life again, and take her royal place in the world.

For the Soul is that which is divine in us: that for whose high purposes the universe exists. It entered upon the Grand Adventure of the Life-Cycle, foreknowing the pains and perils to be met, that it might redeem the lower worlds of being, and permeate them with the essence of its own divinity. It is that which left its pure state in the heaven-world, to incarnate in these human generations; to build up these nations of men; to do mighty deeds and make mighty creations of art and empire: to achieve all things and suffer all things and win all things for the Divine. It is an active and royal essence; courageous, heroic, beneficent; compassionate, strong, adventurous and wise. When and where it is present, the cry is all for new worlds to conquer; since it is the Knight Errant of the ages, the Driver of the Chariot of Evolution. Purity is its characteristic, and transcendent thought, yes; but inertia, vague dreaming — never. Hear how Krishna, the divine Teacher or Avatar of the ancient Hindoo religion, rebukes the degenerate would-be teachers among his countrymen of modern times: "No man ever remaineth inactive," he says; and again, speaking as the Supreme Self of the Universe: "I am myself constantly in action; if I remained inactive for a moment, all these creatures would perish"; and "wherefore arise, cast off this doubt and hesitancy that afflict thy mind, and resolve to

fight!" — to fight, that is, against the difficulties of life, and the foes in thine own nature.

To what period shall we look to find the Soul of India — to find such teachings as these a living force in the life of the people? Unfortunately we have no ordered history of the ancient Hindoo ages; it is not till the time of the Moslem conquest, or say the reign of Mahmud of Ghazna in the eleventh century, that we come on anything like a definite record, with dates assignable to an ascertained long sequence of events. Even since then there have been epochs of real greatness and progress: such as that of the Emperor Akbar, contemporary with Elizabeth in England, when the Soul of India showed itself in gleams of a splendor deeper and truer than the trappings of elephants and gem-incrusted peacock thrones. For Akbar knew that there is no religion higher than truth; and sought and found, behind the creeds of his day, that ancient sublime Theosophy from which is drawn whatever virtue is in any creed or faith. But his reign was only a momentary waking from sleep; the heyday of Indian greatness had passed ages before.

What that heyday was like — or rather what those bright noon-periods were like, for there were many of them — we are not without means of guessing. We catch glimpses of them, now and again, through the eyes of Chinese or Greek travelers; then there are the rock-cut inscriptions of Asoka, the great Constantine of Buddhism, but in the purity of his character and the beneficence of his achievements differing from the Roman Constantine as light from midnight darkness. There is the story of the Buddha, whose life and times are made clear for us by the sunlight of the devotion of his disciples that shines on them. Again, pre-moslem India is rather like the dark star, obscured from the reach of our telescopes, which yet we know is there by its influence on the action of known stars in its neighborhood. Three times the seed and impulse of her greatness came to China from India. Then there is the picture we get from Megasthenes, whom Seleucus sent to Chandragupta's court at Magadha. Chandragupta was Asoka's grandfather. He tells us of the good government, the universal prevalence of law, order and contentment; the absence of slavery, and of crime; the valor of the men, and the high state of morality in every sense of that word. "In bravery," he says, "they exceed all Asiatics; they require no locks to their doors; no Indian was ever known to lie." That is pretty high praise, from a Greek, to whose countrymen, be it remembered, all non-Greek peoples were *barbaroi*, jabberers, an inferior grade of humanity.

But it is to a period still long before that of Chandragupta and Megasthenes that we are to look, to come upon India of the Lotus in her grandeur. What date to assign to that creative period in which she brought

forth the superb Sanskrit literature, who shall say? The West loves to belittle the age of everything; history is to be a kind of accordion, that you may get no music from, except by punching and jamming it together. Our learned will allow no great lapse of time between the writing of the Upanishads, and the coming of the Buddha; much as if one should say that Luther and Paul were very nearly contemporaries, or that Bacon, in time, followed close upon the heels of Plato. But plain commonsense would dictate at least this much: so sublime a revelation as the Vedic must have taken ages in which to crystallize, lose its purity, grow old and corrupt, before, in order to reform it and start afresh, the Buddha, that "Bright One of old time" had need to

lay his sceptre down,
So his heart might learn of sweet and bitter truth,
And go forth bereft of beauty, throne and crown,
And the sweetness of his youth.

You had much better take the traditional dates, which places him at twenty-five centuries before ourselves, and the death of Krishna at twenty-five centuries before him; and the Golden Age of the sacred Sanskrit literature at some time before that; since, whether the tradition is true or not, we have no means whatever of knowing that it is not; we deny it, upon no solid grounds under the sun, but mere whim and conjecture; we reject the evidence of those who may know, to replace it with whole-cloth suppositions of our own — who obviously do not and cannot know anything about it at all. I shall venture to say, then, that the Lotus was in its fullest bloom not later than five thousand years ago; and that the glorious Sanskrit literature comes to us from such an antiquity.

One could not, of course, in a short paper like this, give any idea of the vast wealth of literature that it is; with its sacred Vedas and Brahmanas and Upanishads and Puranas; embodying a clear, snow-capped philosophy which transcends all others as Himalaya transcends all other mountain ranges; its wonderful drama; its two great warrior epics, the Mahabharata and Ramayana, either of them I forget how many times longer than the Iliad. But I think that a few remarks upon the teaching and poetry of the Upanishads, with some illustrative quotations, may perhaps serve to indicate what the Soul of India really is: to enable us to sense at least the fragrance of the Lotus bloom, and catch a glimpse of the full-crowned splendor of its beauty.

They do not, as we may say, advertise their grandeur, these Upanishads — sacred poems, the more important of them some twelve in number. It is no matter, here, of "he who runs may read" — to any purpose. There is something living and elusive about them; they often

let loose on you` their poetry and their wisdom unawares; as if you should have talked long with one you supposed a peasant, and suddenly discovered in him a King of Faërie wielding enchantments. Your scholarly Max Müller complains of them, that, coming from what he calls the "dawn of religious thought," they are "not without its dark clouds, its chilling colds, its noxious vapors"; he finds in them "by the side of so much that is fresh, natural, simple, beautiful and true," much that is "not only unmeaning; artificial and silly, but even hideous and repellent." How did he know it was unmeaning? I think the attitude of the Upanishads to such an inquirer is that of Mr. F.'s Aunt: "This fellow has a high stomach; give him a meal of chaff." 'Twas the husks of grammatical and syntactical sense, mainly, that were thrown to him to feed on; something deeper and humbler than scholarship is needed, to get at the rich grain within. Mere philological learning may often prove a hindrance to the subtler perceptions (as Matthew Arnold argued in the case of Homeric criticism), by deflecting attention from the spirit, a subtle thing, to the gross letter. In your common daylight moods you may find, like Max Müller, only a childish story or rigmarole of tedious ritual; but when the Silence of the Soul is stirred, and the crystal vision awakens, it is very different. And even in your common daylight moods, look that a line be not thrown, so to say, from the Infinite, to dance and glimmer through the text, till you find the latent divinely wise part of you hooked.

In this magic — for what else are you to call it? — lies all the difference between a sacred book and a creed. The creed fixes you: "Stay here!" it says; "budge not, or perish!" — It was made by the brainmind of some fellow or synod of fellows; and your true brainmind will ever, as they say, be "talking through its hat." It pronounces on the things it knows not, and will have all the world kowtow to its dictum. It takes so many elm-planks of fudge, and knocks you together a neat coffin for the Infinite. But the worst is, the Infinite will not 'stay put'; rather, it will not enter any coffin, however handsome. You cannot pin down truth to a verbal definition; it must pass into the imagination, and there be born again with spiritual potency, before it begins to be true. Words and definitions are finite; but truth pertains to the infinite worlds, and we can perceive it only with that in us which is infinite too. So, whatever you shove in your creed-coffin, it must end by becoming a corpse; if it is your own mind goes in, consider the earth already six feet deep above its lost potentialities, and *Hic jacet* written, and the daisies as good as in bloom. — It always is your own mind.

But now see how the Sacred Book goes to work. It knows that behind mind and normal consciousness is an infinite light; and that

the salvation of mind and normal consciousness depends on the rising of that light till all the being of the man is permeated by it. It addresses its messages to that; it flings rockets to the imagination stowed away, seeking to kindle it to the true flame. It knows intellect and egoity for the barriers, and its end is to dodge them, and awaken the soul. It knows that if truth could be crammed into a nutshell of infallible words, the brainmind would seize upon the nutshell, never bother with its contents, but cry *Credo* and brag itself saved — and be damned the while more hopelessly than ever. So it — the Sacred Book — shuns infallibility, dreads churchism and sectism; and goes about to provide you a rough road for the brainmind, over which to pass with many jolts and bumps. Its business is to set you free: to wake you into setting yourself free; not to give you a comfortable luxurious coffin, though you perhaps desire that as the kind of bed in which one sleeps longest and soundest. It hides its truth in an ambush, so to say; whence, when you pass that way, it may spring out and surprise you into a glimpse of the Divine.

Hence the complaints of Max Müller, and of many like him who go to the Upanishad armed, beyond their philology, only with a patronizing tolerance, curiosity, or contempt. "Here comes a bore," I imagine the Upanishad saying; "let's give him a dose of his own medicine"; and forthwith deals out some fifty pages of directions to the hotri priest at the sacrifice; — of which, of course, our good enquirer can make nothing. "*There's nothing to make,*" says he; and goes off to lecture on the "dawn of religious thought," with its childish superstitions and what not.

And then the Upanishad turns, and a great wind suddenly blows in from the shining spaces, and on its hum and overtone we hear echoes out of infinity; we who read are sensible that a great light supernal has flashed, and wonderful unwonted things are stirring within: —

All this is Brahman the Supreme. Let a man meditate on this visible world as beginning, ending, and breathing in It.

The Intelligent, whose body is spirit; whose form is light; whose thoughts are true; whose nature is like ether, omnipresent and invisible who never speaks and is never surprised,

That is my Self within the Heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a grain of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. That also is my Self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than all these worlds.

We in the West, banishing Deity to a place beyond the sky, have banished ourselves from the Kingdom of Heaven that is within us; we have slammed the door, with our dogmas, on all the divine worlds. Believing in a personal God, we have made ourselves horribly personal little men. We take strictly our own standpoint: this we call 'I' seems the only reality to us; we attend to the interests of 'Number One,' count-

ing all things after and out from this five-cents' worth; we can hardly look at things even from a national standpoint, almost never from a universal. So we get our wars and all the contemptibilities of modern life. But the Upanishad, the voice of the Soul of India, strikes at the root of all such tomfoolery. Deeper than the personal self, it says, is the Universal Self; look within, and again within that within, and you shall find Deity, the Supreme Self of all these worlds and systems. Nearer and more intimate to you than the thing you call yourself, is the "Intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light . . . who never speaks and is never surprised."

Have we not here the water of life? It is no question of the "dawn of religious thought," as learned Max supposed; this teaching was old and old before the writers of the Upanishad were born. And yet also it is new and new; as new today as then — for the one who will read it out of his own heart and the heavens, consenting to receive the daily revelation. Today, now, the soul of man may burgeon inward and upward towards that infinite deep blue, apprehending the Self within the heart which is also, as it says, "that Golden Person who is seen within the sun." The value of this book is not in its antiquity merely, but in its everlasting modernity. We do not believe in the sea's existence, because Homer has that about *poluphloisboio thalasses*; or in the sun, because the Bible tells us Joshua stood him still in mid-heaven. *Vixere ante Agamemnona*, they were before Israel smote Amalek hip and thigh; but we believe in them because they are there now for us to see. The Upanishad is worth our study, not as a revelation made once for all to them of old; but because it deals with the universe and man as they are now; because it interprets for us what we see, and what we may know, and what we are. In this sense, no one need scruple to call it a Sacred Book.

It is in these sunbursts and golden dawns in the Upanishad that we come best on the Soul of India: a thing luminous and crystal clear, pure in color, reflecting the brightness of the Indian sky and sun. There is none of the atmosphere of creed or sect about them; they were never thought out in a lightless argumentative brainmind; but came on the wings of poetry, birds out of the eternal ether, direct inward or illumined perceptions. Some of the sheerest poetry in the world is in these books; the kind you cannot so knock out of shape in translating, that it ceases to be illuminous, beautiful, divine. Even Max Müller rises into something like soaring when he thus translates a passage from the Talavakara:

The Pupil asks: At whose wish does the mind sent forth proceed on its errand? At whose command is the first breath breathed? At whose wish do we utter this speech? What god directs the eye or the ear?

The Teacher answers: It is the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, the speech of speech,

the breath of the breath, the eye of the eye. Freed from the senses, the wise, on departing from this world, become immortal.

The eye does not go thither, nor speech, nor mind. We do not know; we do not understand how it can be taught.

It is different from the known; it is above the unknown: thus we have heard from those of old who taught us.

That which is not expressed by speech: that by which speech is itself expressed; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

That which does not think with mind: that by which mind is itself thought; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

That which does not see with eyes: that by which vision is itself seen; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

That which does not breathe with breath: that by which breath is itself breathed; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

Poetry, says someone, is the expression in words of the inexpressible; here then, we certainly have poetry. Indeed, in this great poem of the Upanishad — poem in essence, in thought, as well as in form — the ever-recurring thought-rhyme is *That Brahman*, the Supreme Self of the Universe; again and again, from that angle and this, the revelation of That is flashed back on us; the mind senses it as a refrain, a satisfaction, as in verse the ear hears the rhyme. There is a fundamental rhythm of ideas, innate, basic, echoed by the rhythm of the speech. "This is the teaching of Brahman with regard to the gods," says the Talavakara; "it is that which is now flashed forth like lightning, and now vanishes again." You are to crack open the most intimate thing in consciousness, the innermost of the innermost; and the kernel within that again, that is the Brahman, the divine Self of the Universe, the Supreme. — A Great King on a throne above the heavens, say we in the West: a Super-emperor aloft, busy rattling his thunders and ruling the creatures and worlds. (He must be over-occupied with some other world than ours now, one would think.) Such is the conception of meek Christendom (which has inherited the earth). But here in the Upanishad we find the Deific Beauty revealed to the quick, clear Soul of ancient India, anew and anew ever like a strange sunburst,

Out of the seas and the mountains,
And the waves of the rivers,

— out of the peacock skies of night and noon-skies hued in lapis lazuli; out of the golden opulence of the sun; out of the most secret and familiar operations of our own consciousness. IT is the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, the breath of the breath; that which lurks behind and is the Cause of these; the archaeus of our being: so intimate that in all the fields of consciousness it escapes our notice. You are to bring your

mind to the brink of the inmost thinkable; and that golden flaming mystery beyond and within — look and listen — *That alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.* The body itself is no longer to be a refuge for this personal 'I', the source of all our sins and woes; there is a more august Inhabitant, divine and universal; *The Intelligent, whose body is spirit. . . . That is my Self within the heart . . . who never speaks and is never surprised.* These words hint, they do not formulate; they disarm creedalism; as fast as you may make a dogma of them, they smash down and deny the dogma. It is always "not that which they here adore."

I am inclined to say that the Upanishad is altogether an epic of the worlds within; no wonder it seems unintelligible in parts; since we, who in this outer world have discovered the poles and all the islands, and ravished Africa of the last of her marvels, know next to nothing of the geography of the soul. Its realm seems a dark place to us; indeed, not even dark; for we have hardly turned our eyes in that direction, to see whether it be dark or light. 'I', we say, am the thing that hungers, desires, errs, and has glimmerings of aspiration: the flippant or woeful thing that the world sees and that does business with the world. As for *my soul*, it may come in handy presently to be saved or damned; for the time being I know nothing of it and care less, though whiles I may pretend to, of a Sunday. But the Upanishad is full of what brightness, what color, what beauty and augustness may be found in that hidden region; ancient India knew, though we know not or have forgotten. And now we find modern India forming 'churches' of her own, good lack! and aping our ignorance at pitiful prayers. Not so the Soul of India, the India of the Soul; who knew behind this personal consciousness, the Lord of the Body, the Immortal; and behind that again, That Brahman. The Upanishad reveals our personal selves, too, having strange communion at unknown times with that inner and higher part of us; what illumination there is in this:

After having subdued by sleep all that belongs to the body, he, not asleep himself, looks down upon the sleeping senses. Having assumed light, he goes again to his own place, the Golden Person, the Lonely Bird.

Guarding with the life-breath the lower nest, the body, he moves away from the nest; that Immortal goes where he will, the Golden Person, the Lonely Bird.

Brihadaranyaka-Upanishad, IV, iii, 11, 12

But this inner or spiritual geography, so to call it, is not confined within the limits of human consciousness: indeed, there are no limits of human consciousness — looking within, we apprehend anew the meaning and beauty of things, the sun and the sky and the earth and these systems of stars. Apprehend them anew; see that they, too, are a part

of ourselves: this is the doctrine of the Upanishad. There is but one thing. The Dwarf in the heart, the Self, That Brahman — that is also the Self of

That Golden Person that is seen within the sun, with golden hair and golden beard, golden altogether to the very tips of his nails, and whose eyes are like blue lotuses.

— With infinite intricate correspondences, upon a sublime and shining pattern, all these worlds and beings flow out from that Supreme Self, and then again are withdrawn into It. Reflecting or figuring these transcendental processes, and the oneness of the universe, and the links which connect the worlds within and without us, are all the stories, all the directions as to ritual; it is altogether a hymn of delight in the godhood which is everything: a wisdom beyond the wisdom of our schools: virile, yet delicate: true, but packed with gladness.

The Self is unborn, it dies not; it is not killed, though the body be slain.

If the red slayer think he slays, or if the slain think he is slain, they do not understand, for this one does not slay, nor is that one slain.

The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of every creature. A man who is free from desires and grief sees the Supreme Self through tranquility of the senses.

That Brahman is the Sun-Swan dwelling in the brightness; it is the air dwelling in the sky; It dwells in men, in gods, in the sacrifice, in the heavens; It is born in the water, on earth, in the sacrifice, on the mountains; It is the True; It is the Great.

There is one Eternal Thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts, who, though one, fulfils the desires of many. The wise who perceive It within themselves, to them belongs eternal peace, not to others.

ROGER ASCHAM ON LEARNING

LEARNING teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh mo miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouths. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience.

We know by experience itself that it is a marvelous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience.

AN OLD BOOK: by Philip A. Malpas



HO was Tiphaigne de la Roche?

About the middle of the seventeenth century several books appeared in Paris written by an author of this name, and considering the really remarkable knowledge he showed, it is surprising that he is not better known to literary fame.

Under the disguise of a playful satire on society as constituted in those days, this author wrote the book *Giphantie*, an anagram of his own name. It was published in 1760, a date which is important for those who might suspect that it was written after the event. In accordance with the custom of the time, he makes a somewhat ponderous titlepage which is none the less interesting for that.

GIPHANTIE
OR
A VIEW OF
WHAT HAS PASSED
WHAT IS NOW PASSING
AND, DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY
WHAT WILL PASS
IN THE WORLD.

The introduction describes the writer's great inclination for traveling. "I considered the whole earth as my country, and all mankind my brethren, and therefore thought it incumbent upon me to travel through the earth and visit my brethren," he says,

I have often found great folly among the nations that pass for the most civilized and sometimes as great wisdom among those that are counted the most savage. I have seen small states supported by virtue, and mighty empires shaken by vice, whilst a mistaken policy has been employed to enrich the subjects, without any endeavor to render them virtuous.

After having gone over the whole world and visited all the inhabitants, I find it does not answer the pains I have taken. I have just been reviewing my memoirs concerning the several nations, their prejudices, their customs and manners, their politics, their laws, their religion, their history; and I have thrown them all into the fire. It grieves me to record such a monstrous mixture of humanity and barbarism, of grandeur and meanness, of reason and folly.

The small part, I have preserved, is what I am now publishing. If it has no other merit, certainly it has novelty to recommend it.

Describing a vast 'desart' in Guinea, the traveler felt an intense desire to explore it, and in spite of the danger penetrated far into the sandy waste. Then arose a sandstorm, which, but for the protection of a 'benevolent Being,' would have proved his death. The storm subsides and he sleeps peacefully through the night.

On awaking he finds himself within sight of a green oasis which grows the more luxuriantly as he advances into the interior. Even the plants in that wonderful land seemed to possess consciousness, and their variety, as well as that of the birds, beasts, and fishes, was wonderful to behold.

Trees 'co-eval with the world' form an immense amphitheatre which majestically displays itself to the eyes of the traveler and proclaims that such a habitation is not made for mortals.

Wondering that he had not seen any inhabitants in these gardens of delight, the traveler heard a voice: "Stop and look stedfastly before thee; behold him who has inspired thee to undertake so dangerous a voyage."

"I looked a good while and saw nothing; at last I perceived a sort of spot, a kind of shade fixed in the air, a few paces from me," says the narrator. "I continued to look at it more attentively, and fancied, I saw a human form with a countenance so mild and ingaging that instead of being terrified, the sight was to me a fresh motive of joy."

The benevolent shade declares himself to be the Prefect of the Island, who had been prepossessed in favor of the wanderer by his inclination to philosophy, and had defended him from the hurricane. He explains:

This Solitude . . . is an island surrounded with inaccessible deserts, which no mortal can pass without supernatural aid. Its name is Giphantie. It was given to the elementary spirits, the day before the Garden of Eden was allotted to the parent of Mankind. Not that the spirits spend their time here in ease and sloth. What would ye do, O ye feeble mortals! if dispersed in the air, in the sea, in the bowels of the earth, in the sphere of fire, they did not incessantly watch for your welfare? Without our care, the unbridled elements would long since have effaced all remains of the human kind? Why cannot we preserve you entirely from their disorderly sallies? Alas! our power extends not so far: we cannot totally screen you from all the evils that surround you: we can only prevent your utter destruction.

It is here the elementary spirits come to refresh themselves after their labors; it is here they hold their assemblies, and concert the best measures for the administration of the elements.

In Giphantie, Nature has an opportunity of doing many things which would be impossible in the outer world. One of her works there is the constant endeavor to increase the numerous tribes of Vegetables and Animals and to produce new kinds. She works with admirable skill, but does not always succeed in perpetuating them, in which case they return for ever into nothing. The Guardians of the Island cherish them with the utmost care, and when they are sufficiently organized to produce their kind, plant them out in the earth. Hence the new plants sometimes discovered by naturalists and the sudden disappearance of certain exotics which, meeting an unfavorable climate, decay and are lost as a species. The Prefect speaks of many plants he has which can produce marvelous effects in medicine — such as one for fixing the human mind, only in fifty years of Babylon (Paris) he has never observed a mood worth fixing.

Here nature

incessantly repeats her labors, still endeavoring to give her works that degree of perfection which she never attains. Flowers she endeavors to make still more beautiful. Animals she

tries to make still more dexterous. Mankind she endeavors to render still more perfect, but in this is not so successful.

Indeed one would think that mankind do all in their power to remain in a much lower rank than nature designs them! and they seldom fail to turn to their hurt the dispositions she gives them for their good.

The nature of the elementary spirits was originally pure, consisting as to their material substance of fire, or air, or of their unmixed elements. But by mixture with earthly impurities their pure essence becomes spoiled and some have even become so degraded through the mixture of various elements that they have been visible to men. People have seen them in the fire and called them salamanders, and cyclopes; they have seen them in the air and called them sylphs, spheres, Aquilons; they have seen them in the water and called them sea-nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Tritons; they have seen them in caverns, deserts, woods, and have called them Gnomes, Sylvans, Fauns, Satyrs, and so forth.

From the astonishment caused by these apparitions, men sank into fear, and fear begot superstition. To these, Creatures like themselves, they erected altars which belong only to the Creator. Their imagination magnifying what they had seen, they soon formed a Hierarchy of Chimerical Deities. The sun appeared to them a luminous chariot guided by Apollo through the celestial planes; thunder, a fiery bolt darted by Jupiter at the heads of the guilty: the ocean a vast empire where Neptune ruled the waves: the bowels of the earth, the gloomy residence of Pluto, where he gave laws to the pale and tremulous ghosts: in a word, they filled the world with gods and goddesses. The earth itself became a Deity.

When the elementary spirits perceived how apt their apparitions were to lead men into error, they took measures to be no longer visible: they devised a sort of refiner by which they got rid of all extraneous matter. Thenceforward, no mortal has seen the least glimpse of these spirits.

The great column or refiner is shown and many spirits are seen ascending after purification like exhalations from the sun. It is explained that their visibility is artificially produced by the adoption of a very thin surface partaking of the nature of the spirits who assume them, much as looks describe a man. Human beings use these surfaces very much and thus it is that a "Babylonian would rather be nothing and appear everything than be everything and appear nothing." All is one gigantic sham in society.

There is a description of something like a telephone. A vast globe is ingeniously erected by the utmost skill of the spirits. By minute tubes to all parts of the earth sound is conveyed to the globe and the current which had grown weak in the imperceptible pipes is reinforced on its

entry into the globe in such a way that all the joy and sorrow of the world is heard with every kind of sound in a confused disagreeable murmur. By the placing of a rod on any point of the mapped surface of the globe any particular speech or sound can be detached from the rest — a sort of universal telephone 'central.' With the addition of a 'mirroure' anything can be seen at the same time; it is in the seer's power to "view the habitations of every mortal."

The traveler uses the 'mirroure' and the rod and sees and hears much.

"I beheld wise nations rejoice at the birth of their children," he says,

and deplore the death of their relations and friends; I beheld others more wise stand round the newborn babe, and weep bitterly at the thoughts of the storms he was to undergo in the course of his life: they reserved their rejoicings for funerals, and congratulated the deceased upon their being delivered from the miseries of this world.

And so the book goes on, describing the wonders of this 'Island' in the midst of an impassable desert. Of the many ideas given, perhaps the strangest for the time (1760) are those on the constitution of man. Discussing the principles, there occur some paragraphs of no little interest.

"The rational soul is united to the human body, the instant the motion essential to life is settled there," we read.

It is separated the instant that motion is destroyed; and once separated, it is known to return no more, it departs forever; and enters into a state of which there is to be no end.

The universal soul is united and separated in the same circumstances: But it is not always separated forever. Let, in any person, the motion essential to life, after having totally ceased, come to be renewed, (a thing which every physician knows to be very possible) and what will be the consequence? The rational soul, which departed upon the ceasing of the vital motion, cannot return; but the universal soul, always present, cannot fail of reuniting with the organised body set in motion again. The man is dead, for his soul is separated from his body. He preserves, however, the air of a living man; because the universal soul is resettled in his brain, which it directs tolerably well.

Such to you appears a person perfectly recovered from an apoplectic fit, who is but half come to life; his soul is flown; there remains only the universal spirit. Excess of joy, or of grief, any sudden opposition may occasion death, and does occasion it, in fact, oftener than is imagined. Let a fit of jealousy or passion affect you to a certain degree, your soul, too strongly shocked, quits its habitation forever: And, let your friends say what they please or say what you will yourself, you are dead, positively dead. However, you are not buried: the universal soul acts your part to the deception of the whole world and even of yourself. Do not complain, therefore, that a relation forgets you, that a friend forsakes you, that a wife betrays you. Alas! perhaps it is a good while since you had a wife, or relations or friends; they are dead; their images only remain.

How many deaths of this kind have I seen at Babylon? . . .

I shall now speak of the signs by which the living may be distinguished from the dead: And, doubtless, the reader sees already what these signs may be. To behold wickedness with unconcern; to be unmoved by virtue; to mind only self-interest; and without remorse to be carried away with the torrent of the age, are signs of death. Be assured, no rational soul inhabits such abandoned machines. What numbers of dead amongst us! you will say. What numbers of dead amongst us! will I answer . . .

I will conclude with opening a door to new reflexions. Suppose a man like so many others, vegetates only, and is reduced to the universal soul. I demand whether the race of such a man

is not in the same state. If so, I pity our posterity. Rational souls were scarce among our forefathers; they are still more so among us; surely there will be none left among our offspring. All are degenerating, and we are very near the last stage.

The interest in the above account for those who remember the Theosophical division of the human constitution into seven principles lies in the distinct indication of such principles. The whole chapter is too long to copy, but we are told "there are in us two contrary Beings, which oppose one another," as is "manifest by the clashing between the passions and the reason." The 'universal soul' is described as everywhere present and homogeneous, like a sea in which fishes swim, one may say. The animal soul is clearly distinguished from the higher, manly, rational soul. Matter is described as something separate. The universal soul may be present everywhere in the solar system or even farther, but it has its bounds, it is God alone that fills immensity. The 'motion essential to life' is distinguished. Here are five 'principles' described by a Parisian in 1760 and in other places he shows that he does not limit his 'principles' to these five alone.

Among the wealth of ideas put forward in this remarkable little book, the famous description of the photographic process, or, as some describe it, the *cinematograph*, has always been a stumblingblock for scientists and critics of every hue. Facts are pitchforks, but this pitchfork has no handle visible. The best that science can do with the matter is to relegate the thing to the storehouse of 'literary curiosities,' and not to keep it too closely under observation. For it was *published* forty years before the first glimmerings of photography dawned on the scientific mind, and yet today, more than a hundred and fifty years afterwards, it describes our most modern development of the art. The mocking omission of chemical details is disconcerting to say the least, for without such details, how can we tell just how much he did not know?

Here is the chapter, in its entirety:

THE STORM

Some paces from the noisy globe, the earth is hollowed, and there appears a descent of forty or fifty steps of turf; at the foot of which there is a beaten subterraneous path. We went in; and my guide, after leading me through several dark turnings, brought me at last to the light again.

He conducted me into a hall of middling size, and not much adorned, where I was struck with a sight that raised my astonishment. I saw, out of a window, a sea which seemed to me to be about a quarter of a mile distant. The air, full of clouds, transmitted only that pale light which forebodes a storm: the raging sea ran mountains high, and the shore was whitened with the foam of the billows which broke on the beach.

By what miracle (said I to myself) has the air, serene a moment ago, been so suddenly obscured? By what miracle do I see the ocean in the center of Africa? Upon saying these words, I hastily ran to convince my eyes of so improbable a thing. But in trying to put my head out of the window, I knocked it against something that felt like a wall. Stunned with the blow, and still more with so many mysteries, I drew back a few paces.

Thy hurry (said the Prefect) occasions thy mistake. That window, that vast horizon, those thick clouds, that raging sea, are all but a picture.

From one astonishment I fell into another: I drew near with fresh haste; my eyes were still deceived, and my hand could hardly convince me that a picture should have caused such an illusion.

The elementary spirits (continued the Prefect) are not so able painters as naturalists; thou shalt judge by their way of working. Thou knowest that the rays of light, reflected from different bodies, make a picture and paint the bodies upon all polished surfaces, on the retina of the eye, for instance, on water, on glass. The elementary spirits have studied to fix these transient images: they have composed a most subtle matter very viscous, and proper to harden and dry, by the help of which a picture is made in the twinkle of the eye. They do over with this matter a piece of canvas, and hold it before the objects they have a mind to paint. The first effect of the canvas is that of a mirror; there are seen upon it all bodies far and near, whose image the light can transmit. But what the glass cannot do, the canvas, by means of the viscous matter, retains the images. The mirror shows the objects exactly; but keeps none; our canvases show them with the same exactness, and retains them all. This impression of the images is made the first instant they are received on the canvas, which is immediately carried away into some dark place; an hour after, the subtle matter dries, and you have a picture so much the more valuable, as it cannot be imitated by art nor damaged by time. We take, in their purest source, in the luminous bodies, the colors which painters extract from different materials, and which time never fails to alter. The justness of the design, the truth of the expression, the gradation of the shades, the stronger or weaker strokes, the rules of perspective, all these we leave to nature, who with a sure and never-erring hand, draws upon our canvases images which deceive the eye and make reason to doubt, whether, what are called real objects, are not phantoms which impose upon the sight, the hearing, the feeling, and all the senses at once.

The Prefect then entered into some physical discussions, first, on the nature of the glutinous substance which intercepted and retained the rays; secondly, upon the difficulties of preparing and using it; thirdly, upon the struggle between the rays of light and the dried substance; three problems, which I propose to the naturalists of our days, and leave to their sagacity.

Meanwhile, I could not take off my eyes from the picture. A sensible spectator, who from the shore beholds a tempestuous sea, feels no more lively impressions: such images are equivalent to the things themselves.

The Prefect interrupted my extacy. I keep you too long (says he) upon this storm, by which the elementary spirits designed to express allegorically the troublesome state of this world, and mankind's stormy passage through the same; turn thy eyes, and behold what will feed thy curiosity and increase thy admiration.



Site of the New Râja-Yoga School at Santiago de Cuba

THE estate adjacent to Santiago known as 'San Juan de Râja-Yoga,' was purchased by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1906 to provide a permanent center for her humanitarian work in Cuba, begun immediately after the Spanish-American War.

In addition to its historical interest, the situation is ideal, and under Mme. Tingley's directions the beauty of the grounds has been greatly enhanced by extensive improvements. In 1908 she laid the corner-stone for a Râja-Yoga Academy, the building of which, however, was deferred, owing to the unsettled conditions in the Island at that time.

Additional illustrations and an article dealing with the interesting associations of San Juan Hill, in connexion with the fall of Santiago after the battle on these grounds, which terminated the war, will appear in the November issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.



Lameland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A SHADY RETREAT UNDER THE INTERLACING BRANCHES OF FLAMBOYANT TREES
AT THE SPANISH-AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ON SAN JUAN HILL, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

When in full foliage these trees form a dense canopy of cooling shade against the mid-day tropic sun.

The Flamboyant blooms in early spring before leafing, when it is conspicuous in its
gorgeous mantle of orange-scarlet blossoms.



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**VIEW OF THE LAGUNA IN THE VALLEY BETWEEN KETTLE HILL AND SAN JUAN HILL
A PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF THE GROUNDS**

The tree is a fine specimen of the Algorrobo whose wide-spreading branches and dark lustrous foliage mark it as one of the most beautiful and characteristic among Cuban trees. After the rains the Laguna is frequently the haunt of various species of migratory water fowl



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LAGUNA

In the distance, looking north, are the lower spurs of the eastern group of the Sierra Maestra Range. In the middle distance are groups of the Cuban 'Cedro' trees.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**A BEND IN THE PALM-BORDERED DRIVE WHICH ASCENDS FROM THE
MEMORIAL ARCHWAY OR SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS**

The picture shows an algorrobo tree and coco palm, survivals of the old Spanish
plantation that originally occupied this site.

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART III — STYLE CHAPTER III — MILTON

THE Elizabethans were all orators. The flow of great speech called for retardation: great obstacles to be encountered; a craggy and uneven course: lest by mere ease of attainment, attainment itself should come to seem not worth trying for. The Race Soul, having lavished itself in facile noble expression through a score of dramatists, began to look forward with apprehension; at this rate continued growth of any kind would be impossible; and there were still many great things and much perfection to express or attain. Shakespeare himself had done his noblest under the pressure of great internal stress: *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello* and *Julius Caesar* had been the record of his initiation, the direst stress that can happen to man; and the titan pangs of initiation had to be suffered by yet another before the noblest and best that was in England could be all recorded in song. Shakespeare had left one picture unpainted: that of the Soul as indomitable hero; the Soul fallen, in adversity, in hell, — and there unconquerable by all the thunders. The Gods desired that this picture, also, should be painted.

They searched, and found in due course a young fellow at Cambridge, called "the Lady of Christ's" (College) for the sweetness and refinement of his character, busy at the writing of Latin verses; and it occurred to them to take a peep over his shoulder, and read, that no chance might be lost. To this effect they read:

Ille quidem parce, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos praebeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympa catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus;
Qualis veste nitens sacra, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.

Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.*

— It might seem tinged with youthful and priggish bombast to some of us; but the Gods are not deceived. "He has the root of the matter

*He (the great poet) must live sparsely, after the manner of the Samian Teacher; herbs must be his harmless food; clear water in a beechen cup, sober draughts from a pure spring, his drink. His must be a youth chaste and void of offense, rigid morals, and hands without stain. He shall be as a priest shining in sacred raiment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the Gods. . . . For indeed, the Bard is sacred to the Gods; he is the priest of the Gods; mystically from his lips and breast he breathes Jove.

in him," said they. "Since these are the lines he has laid down for himself, it may well be that he is our man."

And they were right — not for the first time, by any means. Doctrine such as this was written deep in the heart and soul of the Lady of Christ's; than whom, never a stronger warrior breathed on English soil. The verses were no effusion from a too learned-strict young man; they were the expression of a wisdom, a high bardism, that he had not learnt as the scrivener's son of Bread Street in London, nor as the undergraduate at Cambridge; but that the soul in him had brought with it from the experience and struggles of many past lives — *the* Soul that was "like a Star, and dwelt apart."

Then the Gods set about the training of him. They gave him to perfect himself in many languages; as much learning as was to be had in the Classics, they saw that he acquired it. At his studies they kept him, or he kept himself, during his school and college years, daily until midnight; not, however, to the detriment of the sweet wholesome youth that was in him. They taught him also to see and love the beauty of the world, the beauty of common things; to hear whatever music might be heard in a rural Buckinghamshire landscape: to delight in country sights and sound such as you shall find in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Then, to get earnest of what in future they would demand of him, they sped him westward to Ludlow; prompted nobility to demand of Harry Lawes a Masque for an occasion, and prompted Harry to demand the words for it of him. The theme was to be: a sister and two brothers lost in Haywood Forest on the Welsh Border; the occasion, the installation of their father as Lord President of Wales. Here were two opportunities: one for Milton, one for the Gods. The masque form offered the first: to introduce therewith things that never were in a Masque before: not merely Comus,* strayed into Shropshire out of Greek mythology, and invested with dark significance in the world of morals; but also a complete expression of his own philosophy: a Platonic Idealism Miltonized — and made consummately artistic, say what you will. And that of the Lord President of *Wales* gave the Gods their chance: to flood their poet's brain for a moment with that haughty nobleness which was to mark his later writing, and get a foretaste of the quality they desired: molding in his soul that line which stands the first to be created in the Miltonian Grand Manner:—

An old and haughty nation, proud in arms.

Came troubled times: not yet civil war, but certainly the inevitable

*Ben Jonson had put him in a Masque, but made him a paunched Silenus or Falstaffian deity; Milton's Comus is his own creation.

promise of it for those blessed or cursed with foresight. On the one hand was a stubborn fatally foolish king and a corrupt and oppressive Church; on the other a Parliament of Pymys and Hampdens; stubborn too, and with marked ideas of its own on civil and religious liberty. The political part of it made so far no such appeal to John Milton as to call him to poetry; the ecclesiastical part did. It was the year in which Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the preacher in Saint Giles' Cathedral at Edinburgh, and set dour Scotland stiff-necked for a kind of religious freedom — freedom at least from episcopal direction; Laud at Lambeth was riding roughshod for episcopacy over English and Scottish liberties. It chanced that a ship was wrecked off the Welsh coast, and among the drowned was a young clergyman, Edmund King, formerly of Cambridge University; where he must have cut something of a figure, for a memorial book was now to be produced in his honor. To which, among others, the quondam "Lady of Christ's" was asked to contribute; and *Lycidas* was the result. It marks the passing of the young Milton, the sweet singer of natural beauty, into the old Milton, God's Warrior armipotent, the Master of the Grand Manner.

With the first line of it there is some presage of the change: a loftier diction than he had used before, except in that one line from *Comus*. A little farther on come new distinct signs of a certain nobility of spirit and high design, in lines which I shall quote as showing what this poet meant when he spoke of 'fame' as a thing to be desired:

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted Shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

— It is the fact of having done nobly; one cannot even call it desire for acquisition of good Karma, since it was the high rewardlessness

of right doing to which he looked. He was in love with righteousness for its own sake, he would conquer all passion and evil within himself for the lofty sake of conquering it, and of offering up to 'Jove' or 'God' — for he had not yet crystallized into dogma, and remained uncertain by what name to call the Divine Principle to which all such sacrifices are made — the sacred gift of perfect life and song.

But Style? It is when he comes to deal with the false teachers and the failings of a persecuting church, that he is kindled into his first great blaze of it; when

Last came, and last did go
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake —

Peter amongst the heathen deities, to rebuke, as their first founder, the ecclesiastics. A rage here begins to burn in Milton, that for the time being destroys his faculty of clear outward vision: catches up his whole universe, and sends it helter-skelter in roaring conflagration forward, as he denounces these

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful Herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw,
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

So far, allegory; brainmind, though infused with fires from the Soul, made it; and brainmind can interpret it easily: who are the blind mouths, who the sheep, and who the grim Wolf with privy paw, one may find in the notes to any good edition. Yet, too, the lines have not a little of that daemonic force which lifts poetry above mere temporary applications, and endows it with eternity. But then comes this: Style full-blown, mysterious and terrible: wholly baffling the efforts of the brainmind to interpret it:

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more.

What is it? Not the "spiritual and secular powers," nor the two houses of Parliament, nor the "axe that is laid to the root of the tree," or the "two-handed sword of the Apocalypse," or what not, as critics have guessed; — or, if you like, it is all these and much more besides; for ultimately I dare swear it is nothing less than great Karma itself, that rewards and punishes: an "engine" — that is to say, no personality,

no individual entity, but a Law, the fundamental Law of the Universe. Nothing less can it be; the very majesty of the couplet proclaims something lodged in the eternities. It is when you come on this spacious mysterious grandeur, this limitless sense and atmosphere of the Absolute, that you know the Soul's utterance, the voice deeper than to be from any personality, even the greatest. — It is the third high enunciation of the Law that we have had from English poetry. Marlowe's was remote, impersonal, unconcerned: a mere opening of poetic vistas through which, if we gaze, we discern the far goal. Shakespeare's was impersonal, eternal, august; a threat, and the premonition of universal recoil to follow upon a definite transgression; it befits the utterance of one who was rather wizard than warrior; who saw all things as a spectator, and remained serenely aloof. No aloofness would do for Milton; his word is stern, winged with danger, terrific; a threat denounced against living men. Karma has issued its warning to the wrongdoers through this fighting Prophet-Poet, and nothing more can be said; threats, rebukes, and incrimination after this would be foolish. Wherefore he leaves the subject, and continues

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is passed.

— But not for long. He was on the eve of finishing his poetic apprenticeship, and before this *Lycidas* was finished, he felt the oncoming of a tomorrow that should bring its "fresh woods and pastures new."

— So far, said the Gods, he has not failed us; now let us see if he can make the grand sacrifice, and forsake Poetry itself, and all eternal things, to wage a dull necessary warfare here upon this bank and shoal of time. — They had by then raised up Cromwell to be their chief of men in England; to him they attached their poet as Latin Secretary, with a deal of miserable work to do in the way of flaring up in Latin against learned men in Holland and elsewhere set on by enemies of the Republic to discredit the Cromwellian regime. So he produced *In Salamasmus*, *In Morum*, and the like; and in English, some still half-remembered half-obsolete, magnificent, but on the whole unimportant fulminations, also in prose. So passed the years of this Poet of poets' prime; wasted, you would say; but the Gods might think differently. Trumpery work; but much needed, or supposed much needed, at the time; and he, whose proper creations were so eminently not for time but for eternity, turned with the simplicity of the titan from the great work to the apparently small — because the Gods called him to it. Between *Lycidas* and *Paradise Lost* he was a mere political pamphleteer — he — Milton; the song for the Gods, which he had had in mind to sing even from childhood, indefinitely postponed so long as a common duty to his fellow-men

and freedom and national righteousness should keep him from it. —Yet still in those years he would turn occasionally to poetry; and once or twice, or more often, the great Gods were behind him as he wrote it; as in that great sonnet *On the Late Massacres in Piemont*; or that still greater one (imperfect in form) *On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament*. In both it is the whip of small cords he is wielding, against those who profane with intolerance or persecution the Temple of the Lord.

Then Cromwell died, and the night of time descended upon England.

And then at last, having found him duly and truly prepared, worthy and well qualified, the Gods decided that this was the man who should do their grand business for them. He had served them in the temporal and secular things; he should serve them now in the things that are eternal. And so they stripped him of victory, of his honors and his eyesight, of all that he lived for and loved; gave his mind, as a helpful hindrance to work against, the cold, harsh falsities of a creed; and, as it seemed, abandoned him

In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,

— to sing their Song for them.

It is no parable; it is the eternal way of Them — blessed be They! They know what it is that uncovers a Soul: that forces the mind to the great refuge of the Soul; that enables it — the mind — to be the organ through which the mighty music of the Soul is rolled. He had been faithful; whatever limitations, outgrowth of his age and creed, had been in his personal mind, he still had lived by those Latin elegiacs of his college days: had felt himself, as poet, a thing to be kept unstained, priest and prophet, that through his lips mystically Jove might breathe. It was the ultimate favor and mark of their love they bestowed on him: that old age in a ruined world; that darkness; those encompassing dangers.

It is surely the strangest book in existence, this *Paradise Lost*. Where else are soul and mind of the writer so patent, and so at variance? where else does the Soul make such grand capital out of the opposition of the mind and its views? In spite of that opposition, yes; but even also actually by the help of it. It is always retardation, the sense of overpassing obstacles, soaring over them triumphantly, but not without scathe and scar, that assists and accents the peculiar grandeur of the work. Not a sentence, but you feel that to fashion it mountains have been hurled into the meltingpot. The less you believe in its dogmatism, the better you can appreciate its symbolic truth; I think we shall only realize its value in full, when that whole brainmind scheme of doctrine has gone where the gods of Greece and Egypt have gone, and is no more

a question of belief with any one. We still have leave to talk foolishly of its effect on Christian thought. In this also we espy the duality of the authorship. The brainmind perhaps meant it to prop and expound an indubitable Christianity; the Soul meant it chiefly for a time when Christianity should be no more.

Be it remembered that it is always of the great first and second books that one speaks, and of here-and-there passages in the rest. Hell is the scene of the grandeur; come to earth, and you come into an atmosphere of personality and creed.

Emphatically, then, there are inner and outer meanings in *Paradise Lost*; the latter the work of Milton the Puritan; the former, of Milton the Poet. Commonly, one would suppose, when a great twofold work of the kind is written, the mind has at least some inkling of what is going forward above, and concerns itself obediently to make a vehicle of poem or story for the truths the Soul would convey: a vehicle that shall at once conceal and reveal; that shall be an excellent good yarn for the uninitiated, but for those with eyes to see, the Legend of the Soul, replete with ancient wisdom. But here it seems as if the Soul stood behind the blind poet as he dictated, and forced his imaginings to its purpose. Urania, he says, the Sacred Muse, came to him in the nights and revealed what should be written down in the days. But we can see that in the sum it was the Soul who was Milton: the Soul and the Titan, the muse Urania; the brainmind, the puritan and the blindness are incidentals. The whole will and life of the man were on the great side; it was no case of a temporary receptivity that could be used. But still, there was that stubborn dogmatic mind. . . . Indeed, he does say once or twice that it is all figurative or allegorical; that you are not to take it literally; — one supposes that the Soul made a mighty throw to get that admission from its reluctant puritan mind. But imagine the story flowing swift and easily, like the *Iliad* — and one imagines it without the very quality the Gods desired of it: the prodigious atmosphere of struggle, of agonizing (in the Greek sense): of locked horns, giants wrestling. Without that perpetual resistance we should not be so fundamentally reminded of the strength and heroism of the human soul. It is a reminder deeper than thought, more innate than the story; it rings out from the construction of every sentence.

Out of this duality, too, comes the life of the landscape: the depth, the recedingness of vast horizons — rather the absence of all horizon, limit or bound. You cannot get foot on hard ground; in the prison of deep hell you cannot come by prison walls; always, materially and inwardly, you are confined only by the infinity that flees out away from you on all sides. They blame him for “teaching a material hell”; but

in poetry you cannot speak of hell as a mental state; for the simple reason that poetry deals in concrete images, and may not touch the abstract at all. If you are going to present a poetic symbol of the human soul cast down into this "dungeon horrible" of the flesh, and seared with the fires of passion, you must present a picture, something concrete, visualizable; it is no poetry, if you destroy the illusion with abstract discantations interlarded, to save a muddle-headed public from dogmatic interpretation. Indeed, as all words and even thoughts are but symbols, and not the reality of truth in themselves, there is no absolute way at all of conveying truth; you can but give a man a symbol; it depends on his own powers of perception, whether he gets the truth, and how much of it. Poetry has to use such symbols as will quicken the imagination; because that is the faculty, chiefly, wherewith truth may be sensed. So the ultimate value of Milton's symbol is the poetic value: the power to awaken and decrystallize the imagination; and its greatness in this respect is inestimable. His pictures are pictures, and therefore concrete; but material they are not. They are not done in pigment; but the paints used are primordial darkness and light. They are concreteness raised to the point where immateriality, vastness, indefiniteness, are suggested, forced upon you, at every turn. The last impression left by them is that of the symbol of the Soul, its grandeur and tragedy. Brainmind-Puritan sets out to "justify the ways of God to man": — of — perhaps, for I am never too sure of the outer Milton's ignorance — a foolish, dogma-wrought God, sitting inanely in a fatuous heaven, and terrible only by reason of his super-Krupp weapon, the thunder. But what is it that the poem does justify? — The Soul in its fall and agony and sacrifice; the scheme of things; the Law. We all know now that the legend of the fall of the angels relates to the fall of the Divine Soul into incarnation; and in spite of Milton the Brainmind-Puritan, Milton the Titan-Soul wrote that large over his book. In his way he provided the incarnate Soul with such another august symbol as that of Prometheus on Caucasus or Christ on the Cross; it is the Archangel

vanquished, rowling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal.

For it is we who are the

Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;

and it is we who suffer torment and lamentable degradation, here in our oblivion and hot desires, in these

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell.

And this, I take it, is how this world of passion, wherein we agonize,

may well appear to the gaze of that supreme witness aloft, the Soul:

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible —

which is our ignorance, our blindness to the spiritual worlds, as the lightless flame is our passion and desires. And the Fallen Cherub is incarnate Man, whose

Form has not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appears
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured.

It is in passages like this last that one surprises Style at its fountain. Here is the 'spiritual excitement': that haughty impatience, inseparable from a profundity of moving sorrow, of compassion, which is characteristic of the superhuman reaches of our human consciousness. A 're-casting or heightening of the words' —

His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness —

(what magic lurks in that little unusual *her*?) — A torrent is let loose of deeper waters than those of our normal thought or emotion; an up-surfing of feeling more sovereign and absolute overtakes us; somehow, the greatness of the Soul, the everlasting pity, is revealed.

In this picture of Satan it is true that we hear the puritan get in his word edgeways now and again; I italicize it when it comes; but how the Soul, the Style-Wielder, does over-ride him! —

Darkened so, yet shon
Above them all the Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion,

— read *compassion*, you must —

to behold
The fellows of *his crime*, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain —
Millions of spirits for his *fault* amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt — yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered.

— There we have the very notes of Compassion and of Pride (in the sense of dauntlessness, unsubduability, consciousness of innate divinity): the hall-marks of the Soul. Flung in our faces is the great challenge:

human inextinguishable worth, the everlasting potentiality of godhood in man, only the grander, in the result, because framed so black and terribly: "darkened so," yet shining. The brainmind puritan would inject his little "revenge," "cruel" and the rest: the Soul was not to soar quite untrammelled, or how should it put forth its strength? But in spite of this cloven hoof-mark, where else in literature have we so deep, so fathomlessly deep and reverberating a presentment of divinity in fallen man? Useless to say that Milton was not speaking of man at all, but of the devil; the picture is drawn, and it is the picture the Gods demanded of Milton; for the sake of obtaining which, they gave him his long training. And it is drawn from the life: a life hidden from our uninitiated eyes, but existent, or he could not have drawn it. This mood and this life are in the fields of consciousness, of which we possess only a little acreage, though the whole wide domain is our heritage, and awaits us. It exists, and so it is human. As if one should say: Here am I, having my whole being within these few roods of land; outside these there is nothing. — Fool, out yonder are China and Kamchatka, France, Turkestan, Palestine — what not? and by one means or another you might come into them all! These hills and waters are proof for you of all the Mississippis and Himalayas; this garden-plot, of the solid earth; and the breath you draw, of the airs of space! — Humanity can imagine nothing in consciousness that was not once, or shall not be, or is not now, somehow and somewhere, human.

Again and again these Promethean lines ring out in *Paradise Lost*, despite all the puritan's efforts to damn the devil and justify his foolish conception of God. Again and again we get a surface enunciation of dogmas the very essence of ignobility, and yet through the words and defiant of the dogmas comes the thunder and nobility of supreme truth. As for instance:

For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. . .

— O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty! — and that strife
Was not inglorious.

— And thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time. . . .

— What though the field be lost?
All is not lost — the unconquerable will. . . .
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?

And here let us say that, before we can enter into our Soul-heritage: before we can burst the hell-bonds of personality and stand free Gods

where we are destined to stand, we must ourselves be just in that position: feel all that the Fallen Cherub felt: so thundered on, so hurled into flame and darkness, we must know within ourselves

the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield;

— that, the bedrock of our being, the one thing left in our possession.

Milton stood there; dogmatism or no, he more than half-consciously wrote himself into Satan: used the white-hot granite of his own substance to build the shining temple of his poem. He was blind; well then, in an ecstasy of inward uplift he invokes the memory of

Those other two, equal with me in fate,
So were I equal with them in renown —
Blind Thamyras, and blind Maeonides;

— renown meaning, with him, remember, service rendered, high action done. Cromwell had gone, freedom had gone, public virtue had gone; yet

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and by dangers compassed round.

His enemies and God's had triumphed; the world had gone down in ruin; and if ever any good thing should come to be on earth again, *he* would never see it, never hear of it: *his* hope and *his* vision were vanished; — very well then, with this supreme thing Poetry he would still justify God — the Soul. He would still pull down the pillars, vice and materialism, of their foul temple upon the Philistines; for it was he who

though blind of sight,
Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came. . . .

— This much is to be said for it and him: he painted just the picture Shakespeare had not painted: just the one thing. Shakespeare had drawn the world, and shown playing through it and upon it, ordering and transforming it, the supernal forces; now Milton had come, and with strange superhuman concentration of genius, and inspiration from the same sources, had painted out of himself the key, the Master, the Secret of it all, the Soul. To come at the essence and meaning of *Hamlet*, read Samson or Satan into the Dane; read there Divinity fallen and brain-imprisoned: Spirit incarnate, flesh-shackled, bound, blinded, embodied in Hell, in Gaza; — and the greatness of the Shakespearean masterpiece becomes at once evidently multiplied a thousandfold.

FROM THE 'GOLDEN PRECEPTS'

By P. A. M.

(Adapted from the *Voice of the Silence* by H. P. Blavatsky)

A MIRROR hath the Mind's defects,
It gathers dust while it reflects.
Unless the Soul above protects,
The Mind will reap confusions.

Like winds that whisper in the trees,
We need Soul-Wisdom's gentle breeze
To brush away the mind's disease,
The dust of our illusions.

Like perfumed petals of a flower
The Virtues made a Living Power,
Not preached but practised every hour,
To help on Man's salvation,

Atone the Past with all thy might,
Attune the Head and Heart aright,
Attain the distant mountain height,
And then — Renunciation!

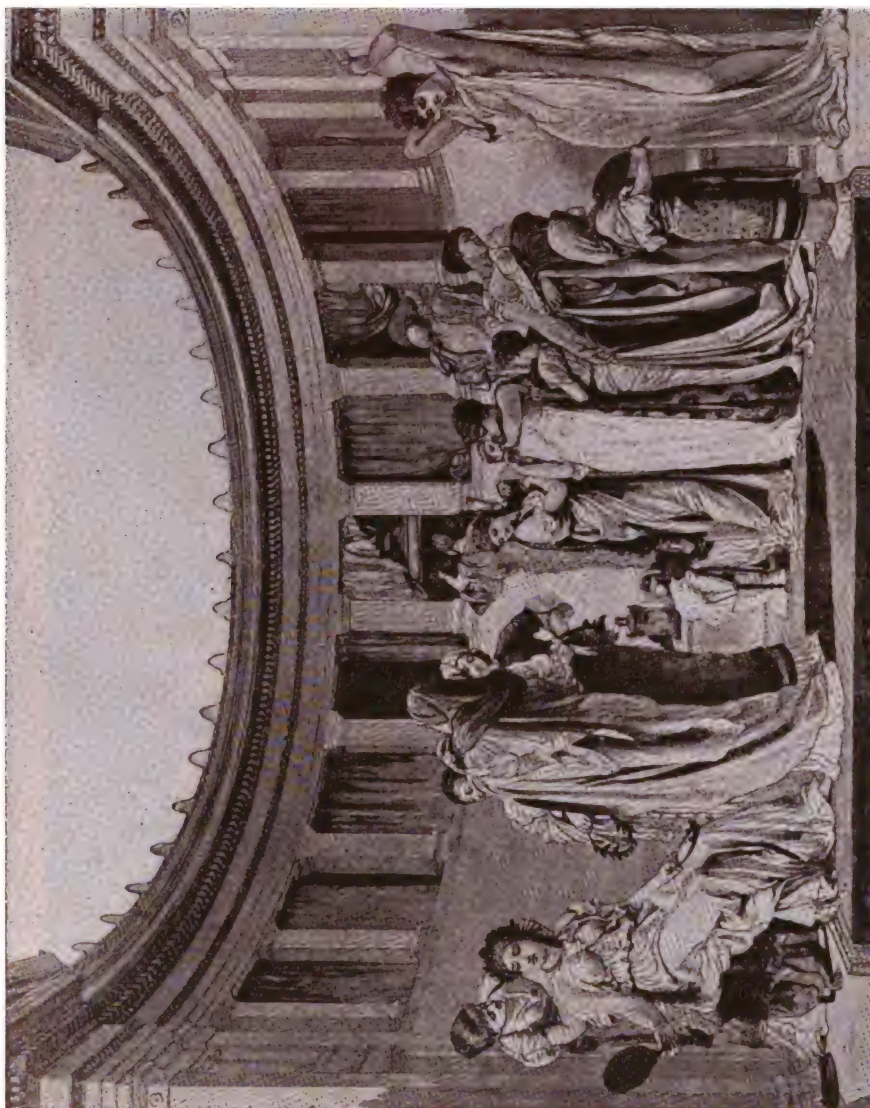
Compassion's Law must be obeyed.
Renounce rewards. Be not afraid;
Step out from sunlight into shade,
To make more room for others.

The life of self to Self resigned,
Our steps upon the Path inclined,
We live to benefit Mankind,
For all Mankind are Brothers.



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HERACLES AND OMPHALE, FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GLEYRE



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**PENELOPE AND HER WOMEN, FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR FREDERICK
LEIGHTON**

THE WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE ODYSSEY: by C. J. Ryan

A MYSTERY-DRAMA OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL.

IN old times, when life was simpler and the influence of the imagination greater, keynotes of thought were struck which have never ceased to resound. A certain number of these are in the form of legends or narratives which make a very direct appeal to all who hear them, whether simple or cultivated. Among them are the eternally young allegories of many nations which, under the outward form of epic poems or even historical traditions, reveal the tragi-comedy of the human soul. Even in this age of unrest and indifference there is a chord within the heart which echoes faintly to the music coming from them. Among the popular legends of antiquity which are really founded upon the deepest facts in our nature, there are many that are not commonly regarded as possessing an inner meaning. Some of these exist only in fragmentary form, and others require careful analysis with the aid of the key given by Theosophy to unravel their real significance. The story of the Wanderings of Ulysses (or as the name is, more properly, Odysseus) is one which can fairly easily be understood with this aid.

The wise teachers of old knew human nature thoroughly, and they knew that not only children but grown men and women are always ready to listen to an interesting story. In ancient times, when the cheap newspaper was not available to distract attention from the more permanent values of life, bards and story-tellers would travel about singing or reciting, as they still do in the East. Serious teachings about life and morals being put into the form of vivid and absorbing stories, the interest and sympathy of the masses of the people were aroused in the trials and triumphs of the heroes. Enshrined in imperishable forms, the great truths were presented by the effective method of suggestion. Allegory was a recognised method of instruction, as it is now in the Orient.

The basis of the legends of the class referred to was the experience of man, individually and as a race, in seeking a higher and nobler life, in the great quest for true enlightenment. The pilgrimage and tribulations of the awakening personality when it seriously commences to seek for purification, or in other words, union with its own higher nature, have been presented in various forms according to the varying conditions of the times, but the underlying principle or *motif* was always the same. At a certain stage of intelligence man is no longer satisfied with the ordinary pleasures and ambitions of life; he begins to suspect and finally to know that a greater life awaits him, and he becomes willing to endure

with patience the experiences in store for him which are necessary for his purification.

The vulgar Western belief of modern times, that we live but once on earth, has deprived us of a right understanding of many of the greater truths concealed in the ancient allegories. Once comprehended in the light of reincarnation — the key to evolution — human life no longer appears a meaningless frenzy, but something worthy and governed by justice.

The epics of the nations which tell the story of man's aspiration are built upon the trials, temptations, and victories that precede the final union of the purified lower personality with the Higher Ego, its overshadowing Divinity, the Father that lives in 'heaven.' Remember that 'heaven' is said to be *within* man. The goal of attainment is symbolized in various ways. It may be the vision of the Holy Grail, or the winning of a treasure such as the Golden Apples of the Hesperides or the Golden Fleece; it is sometimes a marriage with a princess after rescuing her from a monster, as in the story of Perseus and Andromeda, or with a goddess. Perhaps a wife has to be regained. In India the subject of the semi-historical Bhagavad-Gītā — included in the great epic of the Mahābhārata — is Arjuna's battling for his rightful heritage in deadly warfare. The Biblical story of the Israelites breaking out of bondage and passing through the Red Sea and then wandering for forty years in the Desert of Sinai on their way to the Promised Land is a very clear allegory: the parable of the Prodigal Son is unmistakable; and even the story of the patient Job is an allegory of the initiation of the soul which (in its own words) "knows that its redeemer liveth." Perhaps the story of Dante and Beatrice should be included in the same category.

In Ireland we find the legend of Bran seeking the mystic country of joy and peace; of Art the son of Conn overcoming ordeals in his search of a princess of the Isle of Wonders, and many others. In Wales there are the legends of Pwyll and Manawyddan, and the journey of King Arthur to the Annwn, the Welsh Hades, to obtain a magic caldron — a type of the Cup of the Holy Grail.

Thanks to Wagner, the Teutonic legends of Siegfried and Brünhilde and the rest are now familiar. The sacred myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is a very plain rendering of the drama of the soul; but, as a secular and popular story, nothing has appeared of more enduring fame than the Wanderings of Odysseus as told in the *Odyssey* of Homer.

Odysseus is representative of the awakened mind of man seeking, after long years of battling with worldly things — represented by the Trojans — to find, or more accurately, to regain, the knowledge of the

the soul. His faithful wife, Penelope, representative of the higher nature, the spiritual Intuition we might say, stands in the dim background of the whole poem as a permeating influence, calm, and waiting patiently for him to find her. While Odysseus, as the active mentality, is fighting against obstacles and pushing onward in rapid movement, Penelope sits at home and weaves her patterns, creating and preserving. Odysseus is not only separated from his wife but is an exile from his hearth and country; not only has he to keep constantly in action *but he has to find for himself* the true Path which leads homeward, a very significant point.

In tracing the plain Theosophical interpretation of the *Odyssey*, we need not follow the order of the poem as arranged by Homer or by whomever compiled the Homeric legends, but will take the simple narrative of the wanderings of Odysseus in their natural sequence of events. This paper is not an analysis of the poem from a literary standpoint in any way, nor shall we consider the archaeological problems aroused by sundry references to customs and the construction of buildings found in the text, interesting as these may be, particularly in view of the recent discoveries of early Mediterranean civilizations.

After leaving the battlefields of Troy, Odysseus embarks for his native isle, "Ithaca the Fair," expecting to arrive there quickly, but a tempest drives the fleet out of its course, and a great fight impedes his progress at the very outset. The destruction of all his ships but one, and of many of the sailors, follows quickly. One of the most curious stories of this introductory part is that of Polyphemus, the Cyclopean giant with a single eye in the midst of his forehead. Madame Blavatsky, in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, gives considerable attention to the partly-hidden meaning of this grotesque incident. She reveals the clue by showing that it is based upon historical facts, however little they may be known in modern times. Urged by curiosity, Odysseus ventures too near the giant, and with his companions, falls into his hands. In order to escape, they destroy the single eye of Polyphemus and deceive him by the stratagem of the flocks of sheep. The legend is based upon the disappearance from use of the 'third Eye' (the existing vestige of which is commonly known as the pineal gland in the brain) at a very early period in human evolution. H. P. Blavatsky says that Odysseus'

adventure with the latter [the pastoral Cyclopes] — a savage gigantic race, the antithesis of cultured civilization in the *Odyssey* — is an allegorical record of the gradual passage from the Cyclopean civilization of stone and colossal buildings to the more sensual and physical culture of the Atlanteans, which finally caused the last of the Third Race to lose their all-penetrating *spiritual eye*.*

**The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 769. See also *Isis Unveiled*, Vol II, p. 423.

The story of the one-eyed Cyclops, which preserves the memory of a transformation in the human frame far more than a million years ago, is found in many countries in different forms. In China, the legends speak of men who had two faces and could see behind them; in Ireland the hero who blinds the giant is called Finn. There is one living animal possessing the third eye in recognisable form today — the New Zealand lizard *Hatteria punctata*, a relic of long-vanished conditions on earth.

After their escape and some further perilous adventures, Odysseus and his companions soon reach the island of the enchantress Circe, which very clearly represents the fascination of sensual delights. Odysseus is unaffected by the gross temptations which overwhelm his companions, who are turned into swine by the goddess. He retains his human form and is helped by the Olympian god Hermes to frustrate the designs of Circe. Odysseus' boldness and "confidence in heaven" finally conquer the enchantress and compel her to serve him. She becomes transformed into a friend and counsellor. She restores the men to human form and instructs Odysseus how to find the way to the Underworld. This part of the narrative reminds us of a striking passage in a well-known Theosophical book, *Through the Gates of Gold*:

Once force the animal into his rightful place, that of an inferior, and you find yourself in possession of a great force hitherto unsuspected and unknown. The god as a servant adds a thousand-fold to the pleasures of the animal; the animal as a servant adds a thousand-fold to the powers of the god . . . The animal in man, elevated, is a thing unimaginable in its great powers of service and strength . . . But this power can only be attained by giving the god the sovereignty. Make your animal ruler over yourself, and he will never rule others.

Now comes the ordeal of Terror, an emotion not familiar to Odysseus. Circe has warned him that, before he goes farther, he must gain some necessary information about the future from Tiresias, the ancient prophet who lives with the Shades in Hades, though he himself is not dead. The approach to this great seer and the initiation itself are surrounded by fearful dangers; to pass safely through the multitudes of the vengeful shades of the dead calls forth the highest physical and moral courage of Odysseus. Like all the heroes of the epics of the soul, he has to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death in a very real sense; to meet and face and remain unappalled by the Shades, the lingering remains of past sins and errors; then to learn what is necessary for his further progress; and finally to return unharmed, though tried to the uttermost. This Descent into Hell, or the Underworld, or the 'Open Tomb,' has more than one meaning, and it is always introduced in some form in the myths of initiation. For instance, in the legend of Perseus and Andromeda, the hero, aided by the gods, flies to the hideous regions of cold and darkness and destroys the death-dealing Medusa before he can

rescue from the dragon the princess of Ethiopia in the fair southern land. Orpheus, Aeneas, and many others descend into the Underworld. We are told that in the ceremonies conducted in the profound recesses of the Great Pyramid of Egypt the candidates had to descend into the subterranean chamber or symbolic Underworld, for trial, reascending the third day strengthened and illuminated. The descent into the shadows is an indispensable part of every complete story of the pilgrimage of the soul, for it represents a necessary experience. "No cross, no crown." It is not mere *physical* death and resurrection or rebirth into a new body; that is but a natural incident, frequently recurring, in the far-stretching career of the soul, the close of a day in its life-story. When the true resurrection has been fully accomplished there will be little necessity of reincarnation on earth, except by the deliberate choice of great souls who descend for the purpose of helping humanity.

The tone of the poem changes at this point; the lightness and gaiety with which Odysseus has related his adventures is replaced by a deep solemnity, and the horrid scenes in Hades are described with intense vividness, and many curious touches of realism, as in the account of the blood-evocation — a necromantic ceremony the contemporaries of Homer would firmly believe in. In his description of the Underworld, Homer shows a real knowledge of certain conditions of the *post mortem* life, a knowledge more common then than now. He unveils only a partial glimpse of the lower states or planes, and, of course, he allegorizes everything for the popular understanding, but he gives a very striking picture of the weird and desolate sphere of restless phantoms, most of them merely "eidolons," *i. e.*, soulless images or dregs of what once were men whose real higher nature or spirit has passed onward. Leaving the impure remains to fade out, often painfully, in the lower astral planes, Odysseus gets a passing view of "stern Minos," the Judge of the Dead, the personification of the Law of Karma or Justice, rewarding the righteous and dooming the guilty, and he is privileged to gain a momentary glance into the heavenly world or Elysium of the gods in which live in blessedness during the periods of rest between incarnations on earth, the higher, immortal spirits of those whose fading shadows wander, decaying and disconsolate, below. H. P. Blavatsky says:

The Hades of the ancients is a *locality* only in a relative sense . . . still it exists, and it is there that the *eidolons* of all the beings that have lived await the *second death*. . . . (*The Key to Theosophy*)

Plato and Plutarch give more complete accounts of the Greek teachings on this mysterious subject: examined in the light of Theosophy they are seen to be practically identical with the Egyptian, Indian, and other ancient teachings on these states of existence.

Odysseus does not ask the shuddering phantoms to help him; he appeals to the prophet Tiresias, who, though shadowy himself, is fully human:

... the Theban bard, deprived of sight;
 Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
 To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
 Gave to retain the unseparated soul:
 The rest are forms, of empty ether made;
 Impassive semblance, and a fitting shade.

Tiresias sees what possibilities the future has for Odysseus, outlines his trials, and warns him against the rashness of his followers. Odysseus replies to the prophet:

... If this the gods prepare,
 What Heaven ordains the wise with courage bear.

Returning to Circe, who outlines in greater detail the dangers of his coming journey, and gives him good counsel, he once more collects his men and starts. Then comes the perilous passage of the Straits between Scylla and Charybdis, and the subtle temptation of the Sirens. The Sirens, whose outward appearance is exquisitely fair, offer the hero the satisfaction of the pride of knowledge. They tell him they know "Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies," and they sing with all the charm of celestial music:

O stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
 O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
 Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
 The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
 Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
 Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise.

Having passed through the initiation in the Underworld and having learned unspeakable things therein, Odysseus may be in danger of being overcome by pride and rash self-confidence and may yield to the fascination of the temptation. The mere satisfaction of intellectual desires threatens to lead him from the direct path into destruction, for the Sirens are maneaters. Knowing well the overwhelming power of this temptation, the hero takes every precaution. He has himself firmly bound to the mast so that he cannot fling himself out of the vessel, and he stops the ears of his crew with wax so that they cannot hear the Siren voices while they work the ship. Exposed to the full force of the temptation Odysseus struggles to be free, but he gets through in safety. The sailors, whose ears are deaf to the allurements of the intellectual seductions, seem to represent the lower elements in man's nature, particularly in view of the next incident of importance, when they kill and devour Apollo's sacred oxen to satisfy their gluttony. This so greatly arouses

the wrath of the god that he sends a great tempest and destroys the last of Odysseus' followers. The hero is now left alone with nothing but his own strength and the favor of Athena, his Guide, to bring him safely through. In his desperation and loneliness he meets with a temptation that nearly proves his undoing, *i. e.*, the dalliance with the lovely nymph Calypso in her enchanted Atlantean island upon which he is cast by the waves. Seven long years he lingers with Calypso, unmindful for the most part of his purpose, and dazzled with the glories of her magic realm. Now and again something faintly stirs within him calling him to be up and doing. The poet says he has never been quite able:

To banish from his breast his country's love.

Calypso even offers him:

Immortal life, exempt from age or woe.

but, with the help of Athena, the personification of Divine Wisdom, he has enough strength to resist this supreme test. This is one of the passages in the *Odyssey*, that show the profound wisdom of the poet and the high quality of his teaching, for here he shows the great difference between the real immortality gained when the lower elements of the personality are dissolved and ultimate union with the Higher Self is made, and an artificial prolongation of the unpurified life of the ordinary personality with its selfish cravings and desires. Odysseus recognises that to drink the elixir of life in any form before he is truly purified would be a fearful error. A great deal might be said upon the philosophy of this, for it goes very deeply into the roots of our being, but it would carry us too far for our present purpose. We are irresistibly reminded of the words of the Nazarene:

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.— Luke ix, 23, 24

Paul, the 'wise masterbuilder,' in common with all the great teachers of antiquity, refers to the same principle when he speaks of being changed 'in the twinkling of an eye,' a very cryptic saying suggesting the springing into activity of the inner 'eye' or power of intuition which sees the difference between the higher life and the delusions of sensual gratification. To Odysseus, after his luxurious existence in Calypso's magic island and the promise of eternal youth, the return to ordinary life and duty offers a great contrast and many trials, but at the bottom of his heart he languishes "to return and die at home." When he makes his decision the irresistible power of the Olympian deities is exerted in

his favor: Calypso abandons her enchantments and, like Circe, is transformed, from the tempter she at first appears to be, to helper.

Calypso's Isle is said by Homer to be far away, over:

Such length of Ocean and unmeasured deep;
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze.

Calypso was the daughter of *Atlas*, and the island was called "Ogygia the Atlantic Isle." H. P. Blavatsky points out, in *The Secret Doctrine*, that the poet, in certain passages, distinctly refers to the lost continent of Atlantis, mentioned later by Plato, and to certain historical events that took place upon that former seat of a powerful civilization.

Odysseus builds a new vessel with his own hands and sets forth joyfully, feeling sure he will soon reach his goal. But, although he has received the powerful aid of Athene and other Olympian gods, the opposition of Poseidon, who has been his enemy from nearly the beginning, is not withdrawn, and he still has many perils and trials. Poseidon, the god of the sea, was the father of Polyphemus, whose 'third eye' was destroyed by Odysseus. This is significant, for the sea often stands in symbolism for the great Illusion, the ever-shifting unstable elements in life. Odysseus is no exception to the rule that all who start on the great adventure for self-knowledge and the higher life must fight continually against the false ideals and illusions of their surroundings; they are swimming against the stream of the ordinary worldly consciousness. The hero in Homer's epic is just strong enough — with the divine aid — to save his life, and though wrecked and left without an atom of personal possessions, he reaches the friendly coast of the wise king Alcinous who helps him to reach his native land, Ithaca.

Upon his arrival home he discovers the terrible straits to which his wife and son have been reduced by the outrageous conduct of her admirers, and he soon perceives that his greatest battle is yet to come. Though the odds are apparently entirely against him, he knows that he cannot fail, for his cause is just and he has the help of Athene.

At this point we have another opportunity to admire the profound insight of the poet, and to realize that he must have been a true initiate into the mysteries of human life. Penelope, the wife of Odysseus, who stands for the climax of his endeavor, his goal, his higher self, does not immediately throw herself into his arms in welcome. Ragged, worn, and disguised as an old man, he is not easily recognised by her, though his old nurse and his faithful dog know him quickly. Even when Athene restores him to his prime of life and to greater dignity and beauty than before, he has to prove his identity to Penelope without possibility of doubt before she can accept him as her long lost husband. This hesi-

tation on her part is not, as some have thought, a blemish on the story; it could not be otherwise and remain true to the meaning Homer wished to convey, if our hypothesis of the general import of the poem be true. It is the law that the aspirant for recognition by the higher self should make a clear demand; he must recognise and call upon the inner voice before it can help him. A mystic writing on this subject, has said:

Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee. . . Look for him, else in the fever and hurry of the fight thou mayest pass him; and he will not know thee unless thou knowest him. If thy cry reach his listening ear then will he fight in thee and fill the dull void within. . .
(*Light on the Path*)

A great teacher said:

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Odysseus' final opportunity comes when he finds his palace invaded and his wife surrounded by a mob of suitors all trying to persuade her that he is surely dead and that she should choose a second husband among them. They are utterly repugnant to the hero; they have no power over him; but he must destroy them before he can regain his rightful place. They represent the last lingering traces of the lower desires, even "the very knowledge of desire" mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Voice of the Silence*, which must be slain forever, even though its force has passed away.

The suitors have already received a warning from Zeus in the form of two eagles fighting in the sky. This is, of course, a direct reference to the stirring up of the lower nature when the awakening of the higher aspirations compel it to realise that the time has come for the last desperate battle in which no quarter is asked or given. The scene of the struggle which shall decide is the very home of Odysseus itself. This seems strange, yet how could it be otherwise! It is from the heart that come the issues of life. The higher powers, symbolized by Athene in the background, give encouragement, and at last the battle is won and the evil forces annihilated. The master of the house, calm, purified, and restored to more than his former beauty, attired in his royal robes, proves his identity to Penelope and is joyously recognised by her.

From a practical point of view, the method adopted by Odysseus in attacking the suitors may seem singular, but there is good warrant for it in the mystical symbolism familiar to Homer. Although the struggle takes place in the confined space of the palace hall, at very close quarters, the hero depends upon his mighty Bow for success — the Bow that none other can wield — instead of trusting to his sword or spear, which only come into action later. In making the Bow so prominent Homer shows his knowledge of a profoundly significant symbol in ancient

psychology. The bow is the weapon of Apollo, the god of light, and the day of Odysseus' victory is sacred to that diety. In Indian philosophy the bow, or in some cases the arrow, stands for man himself who must be strong enough in texture to stand the strain or the spiritual archery will fail. The bow, not the sword, is the principal weapon of Arjuna, Prince of India, the hero of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, the Indian allegorical poem, famous as the vehicle of a profound philosophical teaching. In other Oriental scriptures the bow is a frequent symbol. One of the Upanishads says: —

Having taken the bow, the great weapon, let him place on it the arrow, sharpened by devotion. Then, having drawn it with a thought directed to that which is, hit the mark, O friend — the Indestructible. Om is the bow, the Self is the arrow, Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is not thoughtless; and then as the arrow becomes one with the target, he will become one with Brahman. . . . Hail to you that you may cross beyond the sea of darkness.

William Q. Judge wrote a very striking article on the practice and theory of archery as an illustration of concentration, poise, firmness, high aims, and other valuable qualities.

The Odyssey closes with the hero, now triumphant as the rightful king and leader, going forth and subduing the few remaining rebels, after which, the poet says, the "willing nations knew their lawful lord." His future peaceful and wise reign is left to the imagination, but it is secure, for he cannot fail after the final conquest of the enemies who found lodgement in his own house.

H. P. Blavatsky, has summed up in eloquent words what is the very core of the hero-stories such as the one we have been considering: —

There is a road steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. . . . There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those that win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve Humanity. For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come.

—H. P. Blavatsky



A LONG series of hierophants of Egypt, India, Chaldaea, and Arabia, together with the greatest philosophers and sages of Greece and the West, are known to have included under the designation of Wisdom and Divine Science all knowledge, for they considered the base and origin of every art and science as *essentially* divine. Plato regarded the Mysteries as most sacred, and Clemens Alexandrinus, who had himself been initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, has declared "that the doctrines taught therein contained in them the end of all human knowledge."

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Key to Theosophy*

MAN AND ANTHROPOID: by T. Henry, M. A.



CORRESPONDENT writing to *Science* (New York) says that in our current scientific literature we often find the assertion that man is a lineal descendant of the extant anthropoids — the orang, gibbon, gorilla, and chimpanzee; and that this error, though combated from the days of Huxley till now, has not disappeared from popular science. He quotes eminent authority against it and gives anatomical reasons. In conclusion he makes the following excellent remark:

Many of us believe that a sound science and a sound education demand fidelity to the facts of experience and to those theories which grow out of them.

This is an excellent principle; but a faithful application of it might prove disastrous to one's own views, as well as to the views which one is combating. It might, for instance, be asked what ground we have in the facts of experience, and in the logical inferences therefrom, for supposing that man has developed from *any* anthropoids, past or present; or that he has developed from any animal at all. If we confine ourselves to our observations of the actual history of the human race, so far as it has been possible to trace it, we find that it has remained true to type; that it has been subject to fluctuations, but not to continuous variation; and that there is no such chronological sequence between the coarser and finer grades of the human type as would justify us in surmising a continuous refining process commensurate with the progress of history. Coarse and fine grades coexist today, and they have done so in the past, so far as our observation goes. Fossil evidence must be regarded as too fragmentary to establish anything; yet it does not even tend to confirm the idea that the older forms are always the lowlier. As to the possibility of finding links between man and animal, though degraded forms of man have been unearthed, they are not more degraded than forms which can be found alive today; and there is no more reason for regarding them as stages in an ascent, than for considering them as degenerate specimens.

Next, there is the difficulty of accounting for the human mind, which is essentially different from any mind found among the animals, and cannot be found in any partial stage of development; for self-consciousness is either present or absent. What reason do the facts of experience give us for thinking that self-consciousness can be gradually developed from the unreflective mind of the animals?

Even as to evolution among the animals themselves, the facts of experience (at any rate those which science recognises as such) do not carry us very far; for, in place of a continuous flux of changing forms

and species graduating imperceptibly into one another, we find distinct types, each of which, though subject to fluctuation, back and forth, remains for long ages true to a standard type. We see, in fact, what may be disjunct stages in a line of evolution, but fail to find the connecting links. The small variations which arise from the interaction of outward circumstances with the adaptive power possessed by the animal, do not tend to add themselves up so as to make the larger variations. This at least is the opinion of eminent authorities today. While evolution is undoubtedly a fact, its method is much more complex than any of the theories have so far contemplated; and we have more to learn about it than has yet been learned. And, as regards man, the facts about his physical derivation are of minor importance to those concerning his mental and spiritual derivation. For, supposing him to have derived his frame and its functions from the lowlier kingdoms, the facts of experience warrant us in asking what was the nature of that power by which this marvelous evolution was promoted.

Every new Manvantara brings along with it the renovation of forms, types and species; every type of the preceding organic forms — vegetable, animal and human — changes and is perfected in the next, even to the mineral, which has received in this Round its final opacity and hardness; its softer portions having formed the present vegetation; the astral relics of previous vegetation and fauna having been utilized in the formation of the lower animals, and determining the structure of the primeval Root-Types of the highest mammalia.

—*The Secret Doctrine*: II, 730

There are centers of creative power for every ROOT or parent species of the host of forms of vegetable and animal life. . . . There are certainly 'designers.' . . . That they work in cycles and on a strictly geometrical and mathematical scale of progression, is what the extinct animal species amply demonstrate; that they act by *design* in the details of minor lives (of side animal issues, etc.) is what natural history has sufficient evidence for. In the *creation* of new species, departing sometimes very widely from the Parent stock, as in the great variety of the *genus Felis* — like the lynx, the tiger, the cat, etc. — it is the 'designers' who direct the new evolution by adding to, or depriving the species of certain appendages, either needed or becoming useless in the new environments. Thus, when we say that *Nature* provides for every animal and plant, whether large or small, we speak correctly. For it is those terrestrial spirits of Nature, who form the aggregated Nature; which, if it fails occasionally in its design, is neither to be considered blind, nor to be taxed with the failure; since, belonging to a *differentiated* sum of qualities and attributes, it is in virtue of that alone *conditioned and imperfect*.

—*Ibid.* II, 732

In these quotations we see that certain very important 'facts of experience' are given due weight; the omnipresence of intelligence is recognised as a fact; and this fact can and should be used as a legitimate basis for inference. The existence of other kinds of matter than the physical is also recognised by this writer as a fact, so that we are enabled to regard those changes which do not occur in the physical matter as occurring in the finer (or 'astral') matter. It is a fact of experience that something invisible unfolds in an animal as it grows from the seed to the embryo,

and so on to maturity; as also that something invisible departs from manifestation when the body decays. It is this invisible something which constitutes the real animal and is subject to evolution. Recent chemical discovery furnishes an analogy. It is believed that the chemical elements form a chain of evolution; but the elements are disjunct stages, and they do not change directly one into another. Instead, there are intermediate states, involving a subtler kind of matter, and called 'emanations.' What we know as the chemical elements are separate stages, which retain invariable atomic weights and other properties. There is no continuous gradation of matter, having every possible atomic weight, down to the minutest decimal; the stages are disjunct and sharply marked off; the intermediate stages occur in the subtler grade of matter. The animal kingdom shows just such a set of disjunct stages; and the analogy suggests that the transformations occur in the invisible ultra-physical matter.

Between man and the animal — whose Monads (or Jivas) are fundamentally identical — there is the impassable abyss of Mentality and Self-consciousness. What is human mind in its higher aspect, whence comes it, if it is not a portion of the essence — and, in some rare cases of incarnation, the *very essence* — of a higher Being: one from a higher and divine plane? Can man — a god in the animal form — be the product of Material Nature by evolution alone, even as is the animal, which differs from man in external shape, but by no means in the materials of its physical fabric, and is informed by the same, though undeveloped, Monad — seeing that the intellectual potentialities of the two differ as the Sun does from the Glow-worm? And what is it that creates such difference, unless man is an animal *plus* a *living god* within his physical shell? — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 81.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD: A FACT IN NATURE:

by J. H. Fussell



HIS ORGANIZATION DECLARES THAT BROTHERHOOD IS A FACT IN NATURE. ITS PRINCIPAL PURPOSE IS TO TEACH BROTHERHOOD, DEMONSTRATE THAT IT IS A FACT IN NATURE, AND MAKE IT A LIVING POWER IN THE LIFE OF HUMANITY.

Such a declaration, made in the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, one would think, would be plain enough even to the man in the street, as the saying goes. Certainly one could expect no quibble from a supposedly intelligent man, even though he might deny it; but would not such denial argue his non-intelligence? And yet there is probably no statement, not the simplest, most self-evident, that some men would not seek to twist if only such a course might appear to serve their purpose, and try to make out that it had some hidden meaning behind the actual words something mysterious, suspicious.

Ask a man regarding his relationship to another, born in the same family of the same parents, and because he says of him, "he is my brother"; and because, again, he says, "it is so, it is a fact" — and you would have as much reason to quibble, to suppose something suspicious, mysterious, as you would in regard to the statement: "Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature."

And as, according to this declaration, even the stupid, the non-intelligent, as also our enemies, are our brothers; and as, if we accept the principles of Theosophy as true, as indeed we do, we have a responsibility at least *to try* to enlighten the unenlightened; let us explain as far as we can, and examine what are the foundations for such a statement.

If it were a child asking for explanation — but no! a child has intuition; but a grown man, who has some knowledge, or at least the appearance of it, in regard to the meaning of words, and has had some experience of life — that is a different matter. Surely there are none so blind as those who will not see.

Universal Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of all men, of all mankind; the whole of Humanity of one kith and kin; — as an idea, surely it is not untenable, and it is ages old. Even from the standpoint of orthodox Christianity, we are all descendants of one first pair, Adam and Eve, if we accept the Biblical story literally. But then, of course, and here the quibble comes in, we are not all *brothers* and *sisters*, but cousins and uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces to the *nth* remove. So, of course, to speak of Universal *Brotherhood* as a fact is absurd. But what of that other teaching of orthodox Christianity, so glibly professed, so lightly ignored, that we are all children of One, the Father of all?

Is there, then, no Universal Brotherhood as a fact, a supreme fact in Nature? Or is it a mere sentiment, or a theological dogma?

For those who do *not* believe in Deity as the origin and supreme goal of all, or do *not* recognise the deeper implications of science, or follow to their logical conclusion the everyday experiences of life, both individual and collective, the Brotherhood of all men may seem to be a mere sentiment. So too for others is it merely a theological dogma, a religious belief, and consequently as such having no real meaning, no power; so lightly do some men wear their religion as a cloak to help them to pass, in the eyes of the world, for something they are not in their heart and life. There is little need to call to mind the fable of the wolf in the sheep's skin.

But to meet the unbelievers — honest indeed, many of them, and as such worthy of respect, compared with the hypocrites — let us see if we cannot put the matter before them from another standpoint; for even they will hardly deny Nature, and the facts and operations of

Nature, in her physical aspect at least. And the declaration is that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.

We must first of all, however, determine what we mean by Nature, for evidently only by carefully defining and explaining our terms can we expect to avoid misunderstanding.

By Nature, then, we mean the sum-total of the manifested life around us; and by physical Nature, the whole of the physical, material universe. As Goethe so beautifully expresses it,

'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.

Literally, of course, Nature means that which is born, that which has come forth into manifestation; and, for the moment, we will not inquire from whence. And of this sum-total we, men and women and all Humanity, are part. This we assume as a self-evident fact. The ancient Egyptians, and all other ancient peoples, even as most people do today, used to regard Nature as the Great Mother. Isis, in one aspect, was Nature, the Mother of all living. And "it is easy to see," says Helena P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, (II, 43), "that *Ad-Argat* (or *As-ter't*, the Syrian goddess...) and Venus, Isis, Ister, Mylitta, Eve, etc., etc., are identical with the *Aditi* and *Vâch* of the Hindus. They are all the 'Mothers of all living,' and 'of the gods.'" This plainly has a mystical and spiritual meaning, but we quote it merely to show the universal belief in regard to Nature, thus personified, as the Mother of all. At present we are concerned only with Nature in its physical, material aspect; and if we were to go no further, if we could accept this as a fact, not as a mere poetic fancy, or in any mystical sense, but as a demonstrable fact, then are we all, indeed, kith and kin, — brothers and sisters, — "born of One Sweet Mother."

But what do we find? As Madame H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, declares:

All the unselfishness of the altruistic teachings of Jesus has become merely a theoretical subject for pulpit oratory; while the precepts of practical selfishness taught in the Mosaic Bible, against which Christ so vainly preached, have become ingrained into the innermost life of the Western nations. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" has come to be the first maxim of your law. Now, I state openly and fearlessly that the perversity of this doctrine and of so many others *Theosophy alone* can eradicate.

How?

Simply by demonstrating on logical, philosophical, metaphysical, and even scientific grounds that: (a) All men have spiritually and physically the same origin, which is the fundamental teaching of Theosophy. (b) As mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one — infinite, uncreate, and eternal, whether we call it God or Nature — nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or one man without affecting all other nations and all other men. This is as certain and as obvious as that a stone thrown into a pond will, sooner or later, set in motion every single drop of water therein.

Let us then question science, and ask, what has she to tell us? And the answer of science is that we all are born in the same fashion, made of the same materials, live in general on the same kinds of food; that our loves, our hates, passions and desires, all have much in common; that underneath what is with most people but a veneer of what we are pleased to call civilization, is the same primitive, unregenerate animal nature — animal, not human nature, which latter, as all students of Theosophy know, has another, a divine origin. And I speak of the generality of humankind, not of those great souls who have transmuted all the lower forces of the animal nature, who have achieved self-conquest, self-knowledge and all of whose powers are used in the service of Humanity.

Then, too, there is a marvelous similarity in our thought-life, though the ideals of one race or people may differ somewhat from those of another; yet this often happens in the case of two brothers born of the same father and mother, and such differences provide no argument against the fact of their relationship. In very truth, all goes to show that the differences between races and peoples are in general no wider than those between brothers and sisters in the same family. Is it a far-fetched idea, then — that of regarding all nations and peoples and races as belonging to one human family; and are we going too far afield when speaking of all mankind as brothers *in fact*?

Let us look a little further. A few hundred years ago the people of Europe knew nothing of this vast continent, or rather double continent of the two Americas, the New World; and the majority of them knew but little or nothing of the Orient or of Africa, and nothing of Australia. Modern scientific research, however, is not only presenting it as a theory but actually proving, that far, far back in the past, there were connexions between the peoples of those continents and between them and these; that the Europeans are first cousins, aye, brothers, younger perhaps, but brothers nevertheless of the Hindûs, — in fact, that both belong to the same Aryan Race. Some assert, too, that there is a relationship between the ancient Egyptians and the Maoris of New Zealand, and some even find traces of the Mongols in America. But whether these two latter assertions are theories based on fact or not; whether or not we accept a dividing line between the Mongol or Turanian, the Aryan, the Red Man or American Indian, and the Black Man or Negro; there still exists that relationship between us all as children of our one Universal Mother — Nature.

Considering now some of the present-day facts, however, not theories, whether we regard the latter as truly scientific or as mere speculation, we find much food for serious thought. In our own day, no longer is there the separation between different countries that existed a few hun-

dred years ago, of which we have just spoken, as for instance before Columbus made his epoch-making discoveries. Today, what goes on in Europe, or America, or India, or China, is known tomorrow over practically the whole world.

Within a month or less after the outbreak of the European war, the commerce and finance of the whole world was shaken, not sentimentally, but actually and in fact; while today, after three years of fighting and wastage of both natural and manufactured resources, there is no nation on earth which does not have to bear part of the burden of the war. If we study the problem from the standpoint of the principles of economics, even the U. S. A., whose great cities are glutted with gold, while apparently profiting so enormously in certain respects from the war, is gaining nothing in true wealth; but is, like the Nations of Europe, suffering impoverishment. The apparent riches which many of its people are acquiring are fictitious only; they are the price only of wastage and as such inevitably carry with them the impress and characteristics of that which they represent.

It is not out of place to recall the trite simile which likens Humanity to the human body. It is indeed very much in place to speak of it here, for it illustrates a principle that is apt to be overlooked by those who are reaping their harvest of gold from the suffering of their brothers on the other side of the Atlantic. There is much practical wisdom in Paul's description in I Corinthians, xii, from which the following is quoted:

v. 12 For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: . . .

v. 15 If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it not therefore of the body? . . .

v. 17 If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? . . .

v. 25 That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another.

v. 26 And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. . .

And the still older fable of which Paul's illustration is an adaptation, the fable of the quarrel between the different members and organs of the body, shows how futile and indeed ruinous is their dissension. In the childhood of the race, the greatest truths were oftentimes veiled in allegory, or told in a simple fable; today we, at least many of us, flatter ourselves that we look at Truth unveiled; that we are no longer children to be beguiled with fairy tales or childish fables, but men and women demanding facts and scientific demonstration. Well, so be it, and hence instead of the fable illustrating for us the interdependence between the organs of the body, that the stomach, for instance, cannot

live independently and for itself alone (albeit many people act as though it could, or at least crown it, metaphorically speaking, as the king organ of the body), we flatter ourselves we are so much wiser than the ancients because modern physiology demonstrates scientifically that the proper functioning of the stomach depends upon the blood supply, and that the blood supply depends upon the digestion; and that, in fact, heart and lungs and stomach and brain and all the organs of the body are interdependent, each upon all, and all upon each, for the general health of the whole physical organism, the body of man.

But are we much or any wiser than the Ancients for all our 'scientific' knowledge? How do we know they did not possess scientific knowledge which may not have come down to us as such, or which may not yet have been rediscovered? Fables and folk-tales live on in the common consciousness of the race; but the very fact that so many of them are true to science, are simple popular expressions of scientific truths, surely is evidence that scientific knowledge, as such, and beyond a doubt scientifically expressed, was possessed by the wise ones in those days. And perhaps many of the great truths concerning men and Nature were put in the form of fable, or folk-tale, or fairy story, not so much in order to teach the people, though perhaps that was one of their purposes, as to prevent the people from forgetting and losing sight of these truths. Today we have rediscovered some of them. We have learned again through physiology, the scientific fact of the interdependence of the organs of the human body, but we have not profited therefrom in the application of our knowledge to the human race as an organism. The teaching of Paul, "now are ye members one of another," which was but the expression of a far, far older teaching which we shall quote later is today little more than a dead letter, and men and nations think, in spite of all the spiritual teachings to the contrary, and in spite of all practical experience demonstrating the opposite, that one can benefit by and from the misfortunes of another.

But Nature's law is not to be so cheated — Nature's law of Brotherhood, Brotherhood as a fact in Nature! And if this holds good from the consideration of man as a physical being, still more does it hold from a consideration of him as a thinking spiritual being. The ties on those inner planes of thought and spirituality are immeasurably closer, and the interaction more potent for the weal or woe of all humanity.

But it is not enough merely to *recognise* that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and that Brotherhood is Nature's law. This is indeed the first step, but man who would really be man must go further; he must make Brotherhood a living power in his own life and so help to make it a living power in the life of Humanity. Something more is required

than the recognition of a fact; it must be acted upon; for, in a sense such recognition, until acted upon, is negative. Man cannot rest there, he must act. There is no standing still in life. Life demands action; it is action. Stagnation is death. And man's action must be either with the law, in accordance with the fact, or against it; but the fact still stands. Brotherhood still stands as a fact in spite of unbrotherliness.

Are two brothers, born of the same father and mother, less brothers in fact because they contend against one another, perhaps hate one another? Brothers they still remain, albeit brotherliness is absent.

"Unbrotherliness," says Katherine Tingley, "is the insanity of the age." And it is rightly called insanity, seeing that insanity primarily is inability or refusal to recognise the facts of life, to act in accordance with those facts, and fashion one's life on lines of right action.

It is an appalling fact, but a fact nevertheless, that hatred binds as fast as love; unbrotherliness as closely as brotherliness. In reality, it is the *thought* that binds; thought itself is the connecting link. Whatever a man thinks of, that in a measure does he become; he assimilates to himself the object of his thought, binds himself to it. "Man," says William Q. Judge,

made of thought, occupant only of many bodies from time to time, is eternally thinking. His chains are through thought, his release due to nothing else. His mind is immediately tinted or altered by whatever object it is directed to. By this means the soul is enmeshed in the same thought or series of thoughts as is the mind.

And elsewhere, he says:

Man is a soul who lives on thoughts and perceives only thoughts. Every object or subject comes to him as a thought, no matter what the channel or instrument, whether organ of sense or mental center, by which it comes before him. These thoughts may be words, ideas, or pictures.

Hatred and love both depend upon thought and feed upon it. We think we wish to get away from that which we hate, but so long as it occupies our thoughts, *i. e.* so long as the hatred continues, we do but bind ourselves more and more closely to it.

From this it might appear that to get away from that which, or those whom, we hate, we need only to cease to think of it or of them, but this is only partly true; for there are other ties that bind us and them together in indissoluble bonds. In truth there is no cure for hate but love, compassion, brotherliness, — that is, mutual good feeling, friendship, helpfulness — and it is a law of the Universe that we shall come together again and again until love and compassion and sympathy and friendship take the place of hatred. For, as Gautama, the Buddha, declared: "*Hatred never ceases by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love.*"

A great Teacher once said that "we are continually peopling our current in space" by every thought that goes out from us. We are too apt

to regard ourselves as limited within the boundaries of our physical bodies, or to regard our influence as extending no further than our immediate surroundings, the sound of our voices, the visible example of our lives, the destination of a letter or the circulation of our thoughts in a printed book. But if we consider further we shall realize that this is by no means a complete statement of the facts, though we are too prone to act as though it were. Each one of the many or the few who come under the influence of our voice, our example, or the expression of our thought, is himself a center from which radiates the influence of *his* life; and through the influence of our lives, our thoughts, our example, his life has become modified, in however small, however infinitesimal a degree, it may seem to us, or perhaps in some great degree; and through that modification his influence on the lives of all others whom he may contact is modified also and so on and on in ever widening circles.

But there is a still deeper basis for the statement, "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature"; namely that it is based in that which is the origin of Nature. For while Nature, as said, is that which is manifested, that which is born; its origin, that from which it comes, is Divinity itself. Nature is but the garment of Divinity, not Divinity itself; it is the veil of Isis, not Isis, though Isis is the mother of all living, "the one that is and was and shall be," whose veil no mortal has raised. Indeed, to stand in the presence of Divinity, to gaze upon Isis unveiled, one must have undertaken the supreme task of self-conquest, self-knowledge, and not only undertaken the task but completed it; he must have conquered self, he must have achieved self-knowledge, attained immortality, and become one with Divinity — Deity Itself, "In whom," the Initiate, Paul, declares, "we live and move and have our being." It is this fact, this "identity of all souls with the Universal Oversoul," that is the spiritual basis of the statement that "Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature." And how beautifully the same teaching is expressed in the following dialogue, which ages ago was part of the instruction of those who sought the higher knowledge. It is a dialogue between a Teacher and his pupil:

Lift thy head, O Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?

I sense one Flame, O Gurudeva, I see countless undetached sparks shining in it.

Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?

It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, 'Thy Soul and My Soul.'

This teaching of Universal Brotherhood as a fact, not a mere sentiment, but an *unescapable* fact in Nature, one of the supreme facts of

Life; this teaching of the essential Divinity and of the identity of the inner, real natures of all men — just as the same sun is mirrored in a thousand mirrors; this teaching of the interdependence of all men, and that all are governed by the same immutable and universal laws of life; this it is which is the heart of Theosophy, and to teach and demonstrate which the Theosophical Society was formed.

Were but this teaching, this fact of Universal Brotherhood accepted, could there be war? Had it but been accepted and acted upon all down the ages by those whom men generally regard as the enlightened, the leaders of the people, would the long history of the human race be so marred by the almost continuous record of war and strife?

In one of the oldest of the sacred scriptures of the world, the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, it is said:

Even if the good of mankind only is considered by thee, the performance of thy duty will be plain; for whatever is practised by the most excellent men, that is also practised by others. The world follows whatever example they set.

Why is there war? Because there is unbrotherliness. Why is there so much unbrotherliness in the world? Because 'the most excellent men' — those whom the world in general regards so — are not brotherly and do not practise Brotherhood, they do not realise that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. A great Teacher, whom millions in the world profess to follow, once said: "Love one another."

There are two great commandments which Jesus is said to have given:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

And he said:

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Did he mean what he said? Of what value to profess to follow him, if his commandments be disregarded? Must it be acknowledged that the "Book of the Sacred Law", the "Word of God," is but a 'scrap of paper' to be disregarded whenever its dictates do not fit in with our ambitions, our loves and hates? Yet the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self," is based on the fundamental law of our being, on the law of Brotherhood as a fact in Nature. Some day we must wake up to the truth of this. Why not now; why delay?

Jesus said: "A new commandment give I unto you, That ye love one another." In one sense it was not new, for it had been taught in all ages past by all the great teachers of Humanity; and yet were he here today, he would say the same, "A new commandment give I unto you" for it would indeed be new to this day and generation. We know

the words well enough, but as a commandment we do not know it; it has no force, no power. Is there not need of Theosophy then, with its teaching that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and to demonstrate it as a law of life?

In his *Jean Christophe*, the great French writer, Romain Rolland, declares:

To save the light of intelligence; that is our rôle. We must not let it grow dim in the midst of our blind struggles. Who will hold the light if we let it fall?

And in his recent work *Au Dessus de la Mêlée* (After the War), he says:

Try to forget your ideas [those ideas which separate one from another] and look into each other's eyes. "Don't you see that you are me?"— said old Hugo to one of his enemies.

—For indeed "Universal Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature."



BARREN KARMAN

THERE are three conditions, O priests, under which deeds are produced. And what are the three? Freedom from covetousness is a condition under which deeds are produced; freedom from hatred is a condition under which deeds are produced; freedom from infatuation is a condition under which deeds are produced.

When a man's deeds, O priests, are performed without covetousness, arise without covetousness, are occasioned without covetousness, originate without covetousness, then, inasmuch as covetousness is gone, those deeds are abandoned, uprooted, pulled out of the ground like a palmyra-tree, and become non-existent and not liable to spring up again in the future.


When a man's deeds, O priests, are performed without hatred, . . . are performed without infatuation, arise without infatuation, are occasioned without infatuation, originate without infatuation, then, inasmuch as infatuation is gone, those deeds are abandoned, uprooted, pulled out of the ground like a palmyra-tree, and become non-existent and not liable to spring up again in the future.— WARREN, translated from the *Angullara-Nikâya*,

iii, 33 (a Buddhist work)

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

(Illustrated by the author)

CHAPTER VII

LTHOUGH there was no dedication written in the book that Julia had burned, it was not difficult for her to guess the name of the sender; yet it stirred no jealousy in her heart. She had no fear that any other woman would rob her of her throne. But in Theosophy she recognised a rival that she could not cope with if once it were allowed an entrance in the studio. Nor was she jealous of Art, believing as she did that she could herself become the channel through which artistic inspiration should come to her husband. She held herself more as a leader than a fellow-student. Her rôle of wife was the most sacred thing she knew, and its responsibilities were boundless as her own ambition.

It may be that the goddess Art smiled somewhat pitifully on the presumption of her human rival, knowing the frailty of womanhood, the instability of human life, and her own immortality.

Julia had heard that "Art is long, and life is short"; but she believed that youth and love and life were inexhaustible. Convinced that her love was wholly unselfish, she did not hesitate to make her husband entirely dependent on her. In the studio she reigned supreme; and Martin was well content to have it so. She was the central figure in all his more important works; she was in fact the *genius loci*, the spirit of the studio, and she could brook no rival influence there.

When she had read that book and understood the spiritual nature of the Theosophical ideals, she shuddered and drew back alarmed at the vast horizon suddenly revealed. It was as if the solid walls had ceased to shelter her from the dull horror of infinity; as if her little world had lost for a moment its reality; and as if utter impotence had fallen upon her. She was afraid. She realized the danger at a glance, and in desperate defiance she had burned the book, believing that in doing so she broke a spell that had been cast upon her husband. And yet she feared. Was it too late? No! Her love was stronger than destiny, and made her bold to brave his anger. She was triumphant when he kissed her for she knew that she had won. And yet his lips were cold, and there was something almost scornful in his tenderness. But she was unmindful of it in her gladness. She had defied the Gods and vanquished them by love; and yet it has been said: "The mills of the Gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small."

Martin plunged into work again on a more ambitious composition than the last. In it he intended to embody much of the archaeological

lore he had accumulated, as well as to display his mastery in handling a pageant.

The year passed busily enough for him, and when the time for finishing his picture for the Salon came round, he felt that he could count upon a more pronounced success than had rewarded his last year's effort.

Occasionally he saw Clara Martel's name in the theatrical news. It seemed that she was in America winning some little notoriety, but he knew nothing more. And now another interest had come into his life, for Julia was soon to become a mother.

The coming of the child seemed ominous to him. It would occur about the same time of year as that which brought the first visit of the strange girl with the big brown eyes that stamped themselves so vividly on his imagination at the time. Then too it was the time when all his labor of the year was tested in the ordeal of the public exhibition. But the coming event did not distract him from his work, and he saw no cause for any anxiety on Julia's account. She was serenely happy and confident. But just at the last, when his picture had gone in, and he was free to give more attention to his wife, there came a telegram announcing his father's serious illness, and begging him to come home at once to see him before he died. Martin could not refuse. Julia was well, and Lady Marshbank who had just arrived assured him there was no need for him to stay in Paris, so he left immediately.

The journey naturally enough recalled that other journey to England, when he met Julia, and changed the current of his life. What would the returning cycle bring him now, he wondered. His natural mysticism had been crushed by the materialistic spirit of his surroundings and of his own scientific studies in archaeology, but it was not dead, it was degraded into superstition. He looked for omens and found them in occurrences that his brain-mind told him were purely fortuitous coincidences.

The prospect of his father's death filled him with a vague sense of catastrophe, which was altogether unwarranted by the natural and peaceful close of a long life. Nor was there anything alarming in the separation, since he had long ago broken his home-ties with the parents who had not been at any time demonstrative in their affection. Somehow he felt as if called upon to meet some crisis, the nature of which was altogether a mystery to him.

His father was sinking slowly, but lingered on, and Martin decided to stay with him, because his wife wrote so cheerfully, and Lady Marshbank added her assurances that all was going on well. He read all sorts of trivial literature and exhausted the magazines and papers. In one of these he came upon an item under the heading of theatrical gossip, from which he gathered that Clara Martel had given up a promising

career upon the stage in order to devote herself to the study of Theosophy and the propaganda of what the paper called the 'new cult.' This news hardly surprised him, but it seemed to have some peculiar significance, as a stray thread woven into the web of destiny in which he had become involved. There seemed to be some link between them that was forged perhaps in other lives. He was pondering over this news when the servant brought in the letters. He looked for Julia's handwriting, but found in place of it a letter from Lady Marshbank informing him that the event was to be expected shortly, and promising to telegraph the news.

This definite announcement brought to him the realization of a new aspect of life. So far his interests had all been centered in his art, that is to say, in himself. Julia herself was but a satellite who fostered the self-sufficiency of the great central sun of his little universe. He was so absolutely devoted to the cultivation of his own tastes and hobbies, and so entirely convinced of his whole-hearted devotion to Art, that he had not, until this moment, realized that a new center of interest could take possession of the home, in which he had occupied the chief place. The thought that he must take a back seat in his own house was somewhat of a shock to his abnormal egotism. To calm his mind he strolled out into the garden, and stood for a long time watching the gold-fish in the lily pond, until a groom came to bring him a telegram that had just arrived. It read: "The child was still-born this morning. Complications feared. Come if possible."

His father's condition was unchanged, and the call was too urgent to be neglected. He decided that his place was with his wife, and left for London by the express. Catching the night train for Dover he was in Paris by next morning, but too late. His wife was dead.

Martin was staggered by the blow. It seemed impossible that Julia could be dead. She seemed to him the very embodiment of life. He had occasionally meditated speculatively upon the possibility of his own death, but never of hers. Death had not touched him closely hitherto, and it surprised him in a strange way. The very foundations of life were shaken; he seemed to be standing on a quick-sand. His mind was shaken from its fancied security and found no resting point, except that lifeless body on the bed, that looked like Julia, but was not. He could not grasp the truth. He found his brain listening for her step. His eyes wandered continually to her favorite corner in the studio, then to the empty easel. Some letters lay there waiting for him, and he wondered why they did not interest him. One was from the Salon, evidently, but he did not open it.

What was it that had happened? Something incredible, impossible; Death. His little world was utterly shattered, and now he was alone.

Lady Marshbank was kind and motherly to him, and he accepted her presence there as if she were in fact his mother, but she was not able to reach him. He was shut in beyond the reach of sympathy. He talked to her quietly, like a child wondering at the strange thing that had befallen. She wished that he would show some feeling, but he had none to show beyond astonishment and loneliness.

All day long and nearly all night he wandered about the studio. He could not sleep and refused food, and when at last the funeral was over, he was completely worn out. Then the doctor could no longer refuse to give him the sleeping-draught he demanded; but its effect was only temporary, and his demand was so insistent that the doctor gave him a prescription that he could get made up when necessary, merely accompanying it with a warning against allowing its use to become habitual. A futile warning. From that day he was never without an opiate at hand. He smoked continually and ate seldom. Soon he found means to procure the drug in other forms, and then the days as well as the nights were passed in a dream, in which his loneliness was blotted from his memory along with his former ambitions and aspirations. His life was nothing but a long debauch.

He excused himself from going to England for his father's funeral; and he did not go to see how his picture was placed in the Salon. He had forgotten it. The papers were unopened, he was no longer curious to know what people thought of his great work. The world was dead to him. Julia had made herself necessary to his life, and now that she was gone, he had no care to live. She had rescued him from his high ideals, and cured him of dreams; and now they had their compensation, making him their slave. She had obliterated his early life, and closed the door she thought was opening on to a new world in which she had no part; now she was gone, and he was adrift without a past to fall back on, or a future to look forward to, and for the present moment what wonder if he chose oblivion.

Extreme in everything he did not hesitate to increase the dose continually, and was in a very short time reduced to a moral wreck, whose physical decay would follow swiftly.

Winter found him in Egypt; and, when it was known that the great English artist had returned, his studio was besieged by natives whom he had used as models on former occasions; but now they got small consolation from his servant, who could only say that there was no work for them at present, for the artist was not painting pictures now. He only smoked and dreamed. They all understood the matter, and were sorry for themselves; for he had been very generous to them.

One old Arab who had been dragoman for him on several expeditions, came to him and tried to persuade him to make an excursion to a newly discovered buried temple or tomb some distance up the Nile, but Martin refused to go. Arabi tried hard to arouse his interest, thinking that if he got him away he might contrive things so that he should be forced to do without the drug for such a time as might be sufficient to enable him to break off the habit. But Martin was not to be persuaded. Old Arabi was sad because he had known so many victims of the fatal drug, and also because he looked upon the artist as one who in heart had reverence for the ancient Gods of Egypt, one who although an alien was yet a brother in a spiritual sense. He would have saved him if he were allowed. Martin himself was fond of the old man, who had been quite a traveler and had known many artists in his day. He had a wonderful store of anecdote and legend, which he would spin into most delightful stories, having the native faculty of romance. Martin would listen to his stories when he could tolerate no one else near him, for he had grown irritable and morose when he was not actually dazed with drugs, and almost oblivious to his surroundings.

One day old Arabi came to the studio and begged admission. He had a dream to tell, a dream that concerned the artist, and this explanation opened the door for him, though it was closed peremptorily to everyone else.

Martin was in a very irritable mood and hardly tried to conceal the fact that he wanted to be alone, but Arabi was gently imperturbable and quietly insistent, so that in a little while, when coffee and cigarettes were brought, his host was almost amiable and was anxious to put the old man at his ease.

"Well now, what is this dream? I used to believe in dreams: and then I lost faith in all that sort of thing; and now — well — tell me the dream."

Arabi slowly blew a cloud of smoke and watched it circling and swirling away into invisibility.

"That is like a dream," he said. "At first it is strong and all alive and then it gets fainter and is gone, so that you cannot bring it back. But there are some dreams that stay fixed; they are the true dreams, sent to us to be remembered." There was a pause for another whiff, and then the old man went on. "I was standing in a garden and the trees were full of fruit and flowers, and there were bees and birds and grasshoppers, and the pink lotus in the pond was full of blossom. And I saw a woman coming toward me with her face unveiled. I do not know who she was, but she had dark eyes and looked like a queen. I bowed to her and kissed the hem of her robe; and she spoke to me, say-

ing: 'Arabi, you have been faithful to the one we must not name for many lifetimes, and I know that you are faithful still. Look up! what do you see?' I looked and saw a man wandering in a black forest full of reptiles writhing in the swamp; and down among the roots of trees, where the black mud was almost like water, there were things like alligators, but black and shiny and with dull white eyes. They seemed to be watching the man, and somehow I seemed to know that if he slipped and fell he never would get up again, but so long as he could keep his feet they dared not touch him. He leaned against a tree and in his hand he held a bunch of big red poppies; and the lady said to me, 'Ask him to throw away the poppies and to follow me: tell him that I will save him from himself, and bring him to a safe place, if he will trust me; but he must throw away the poppies. That he must do himself, or else I cannot help him.' Her eyes were beautiful; I think she was a queen. When I looked back to where the man had been I saw no forest, nothing but the garden and the flowers and the trees full of fruit; and then I woke."

"And what has that to do with me?" asked Martin trying to seem unconcerned. Arabi sighed gently and smiled as one might in speaking to a sick child.

"The man was you, sir."

"Ah!"

There was no use in trying to misunderstand the dream. Its meaning was too obvious.

There was a long silence, and Arabi smoked quietly muttering to himself an invocation or a prayer in Arabic.

"What are you muttering there?" asked Martin irritably.

Arabi waved his hand courteously, but kept silence.

Martin began to pace the floor as he did formerly when trying to find a clue to some allegory or dream-picture. He felt that those eyes had found him out, and that now they would not let him die in peace. In peace? Was he in peace? His life was little better than a long nightmare, which he seemed powerless to break; and yet she said that he must throw away the poppies. He knew the meaning of that symbol, it was plain enough. But no! it was too much for him to do. Better to die and finish with it.

Arabi got up to go, and said, as if in answer to something that Martin had spoken, "Death is like sleep, and life goes on in sleep; perhaps it is the same in Death. I think it is."

"Is there no rest even in death then?"

"There may be if a man dies properly. Sometimes there is no rest in sleep."

"Then you believe that death is not the end of it?" asked Martin.

Arabi carefully threw his cigarette end in the bronze dish and said: "There is no end. That cigarette is ended, may I take another?"



"Help yourself," said Martin.

Arabi took one and lit it.

"So! one cigarette is ended and another lit, and there is no end of it, although that too will end. Good day, sir, and thank you."

Saying so and bowing courteously the old man went out, leaving the artist staring at the cigarette end on the dish.

"Yes! Life is like a cigarette: and it may be as he says that life follows life: but what of that if only memory is cut

off by death? But is that possible? Ah! Who can say?"

Martin started once more his wandering up and down the studio, following the various lines of thought that opened out involuntarily from the message he had just received. His scientific skepticism had fallen away and left him helpless against the wild vagaries of his disordered brain. Now no theory appeared improbable if it seemed but to fit the occasion, and he was convinced for the moment that he had received a warning from the Great Queen herself. Clara Martel was no longer a distinct personality to his mind, but seemed somehow to be herself a mere phantom used by a higher power as a medium of communication between the living and the dead. "Throw away the poppies?" he repeated doubtfully. Then going to the cabinet he took out the box in which he kept the drug, and looked round almost as if he thought those eyes were on him now. He set it down and looked at it, then opened it slowly, but impatiently snapped down the lid again, muttering, "Throw it away? Yes: throw it away! Well! Why not?" Again he looked

round the room suspiciously. It was getting dark. The servant came in with a lamp and asked if he should light up.

"No!" said Martin. "You can leave that. I am going out. Give me my hat."

The man went for the hat: Martin put the little box under his arm and lighted a cigarette.

"Your coat, sir?" suggested his servant, seeing him starting to the door in his long studio coat, but Martin ignored him and went out as he was.

Instinctively he avoided the fashionable streets, and wandered on into a quarter generally avoided by Europeans after dark, that is if they are respectable; but Martin was following no clearer plan than that of finding a safe place in which to throw away the box he carried. He felt as if it were alive and would come back and haunt him unless he could destroy it utterly. He was in a kind of waking nightmare, tormented by his craving for the thing he carried, and haunted by the warning, "He must throw away the poppies." At last in a bewildered way he stopped at a café, where he thought he was not known, and ordered coffee and cigarettes. He kept the little box under his hand as if it were a jewel-case, and more than one pair of eyes turned curiously to get a glimpse of it. He was conscious that his studio coat and shoes seemed to attract attention, and it annoyed him. When he rose to go an Arab sitting outside got up and followed him. He turned impatiently and found that the man was Arabi, who bowed respectfully and said:

"This is not a good place for you, sir, will you let me follow you? They know me here."

"Where am I? I did not notice where I was going. I can take care of myself, but I shall be glad to talk with some one. I am tired of my own company. Yes, come along. Show me a place where we can get coffee that is fit to drink and where they won't stare at me."

Arabi looked at the box and said:

"They think you are carrying some rich jewel there. Will you allow me, sir, to put it in my pocket?"

"Yes, do!" said Martin eagerly. "It is nothing. I was going to throw it away."

Arabi took the box, and recognised it. He guessed the truth at once, and smiled to himself, for this was more than he had hoped. He thanked God devoutly, and felt that now he would be able to help his friend the Englishman, who had shown his faith and had gone so far as to intend to "throw away the poppies."

He talked in his most entertaining manner, telling stories of the old temples and the mysteries, such as he had not hitherto revealed his

knowledge of: for in his philosophy it would be wrong to so much as appear to believe in such things unless the one to whom he spoke had shown himself worthy of trust or capable of understanding spiritual things.

Martin was fascinated, and rejuvenated in spirit by this unveiling of a soul. The faith of the old man rekindled the dead fire in his heart; and for a time his bodily craving for the drug was conquered by his mind, busied as it was with deeper interests and the pictures created by the spiritual side of his imagination.

So Arabi talked on, and gradually re-introduced the scheme he had proposed for an expedition up the Nile to visit the site of a newly discovered 'treasure-house of mystery.' This time the scheme was eagerly accepted and impatiently adopted. Arabi took charge of everything, and at once attached himself to Martin's person, watching him like a mother and doctor and nurse, as well as serving him as dragoman. He was his servant and his teacher, his counsellor and his entertainer, whose fund of anecdote and allegory was unlimited; and now and then he seemed to assume a higher rôle, speaking with dignity and authority that somehow seemed quite natural. At such times his master felt that he was a mere infant by comparison with this illiterate Arab, and almost as it were a humble disciple giving obedience willingly to a respected teacher. He was not left alone for more than a few moments till they were fairly on the way. Arabi seemed to have no need of sleep, and to be incapable of impatience, as well as insensible to the occasional outbreaks of the sick man, who was at times almost insane for lack of his accustomed dose. But Arabi was inflexible and imperturbable; and at last sleep came to the exhausted brain of his friend and patient, and the old man lay down, first thanking God that the long fight was over and the battle won: then he too slept like a little child.

Martin Delaney dreamed that he was back again in the old studio, where first he saw the Queen, and where her messenger had found him. Once more he stood before the easel, and looked at his own work, wondering a little at its majesty. It was his own work, yes, but completed, lifted beyond the stage of doubtful experiment into the region of accomplishment. What he saw now on the canvas was the work of one who knew his purpose, and who at the same time was able to make his knowledge subservient to his own soul, that higher self, that seems to the uninitiated as a being from another world, a ministering angel, or a God perhaps. A soul seemed brooding over the masterpiece ready to reveal the mystery of Art to the beholder who could evoke the spiritual presence. The Great Queen in the picture looked at him from those deep brown eyes, and smiled her benediction. The studio was full of her presence as of old; but now that presence was more intimate; it was

no longer foreign to his own individuality; it was indeed an emanation, as it were, from his own soul, a kind of connecting link between his brain-mind and his spiritual intelligence. The consciousness of unity was momentary; and again he seemed to be listening to a message that certainly was never spoken in audible words, but which transformed itself into intelligible language as it reached his mind. It seemed to come from the painted Queen, and yet the whole air tingled with sweet sound around him and the words formed themselves in his brain spontaneously. It said: "The Gate is passed; behold the Path before you. Follow it!" The studio vanished, and he saw the panorama of his life flash past him as a fragment of a great drama in which he had a part to play: but there was no break in continuity between the past, the present, and the future. The present was in himself; and all around unbroken continuity. He tried to catch the sequence of the pictures, and in the effort something seemed to break; the vision vanished; and he heard a voice singing softly in the night.

"Oh my Beloved; I am waiting for you in the glamor of the changeless day, which knows no night. Come to me in the rose-garden, where I sit singing to the silence. Oh my Beloved; while you linger in the shadows, the garden is forlorn, and I am but a dream. You are my life, Beloved, when we are One; but until then, you are but a wandering ghost, and I a dream."

The plash and ripple of the water against the sides of the house-boat made an accompaniment to the song and emphasized the stillness of the night. A single ray of light ran through the darkness and revealed strange visionary distances that called him on. It was again that picture of the Path, seen long ago, but nearer now. He was no longer in the shadows outside the Gate, but stood in the way and felt his feet upon firm ground, and faced the distant mountains joyfully.

And Arabi too dreamed a dream, in which he saw himself waiting on a river's edge for one who followed timidly the path he knew so well. His friend was far behind him, but he knew that the ferry-man would wait for him, and that they two would cross the broad stream together and go up the great marble stairway to the Palace of the Queen upon the other side. He waited patiently, and heard the singer tune his lute to a new theme, the words of which were in another tongue but seemed to him like a mother's song, saying something like this, as he translated it.

"The roses that bloom in my garden are sweet, and the lilies are fair. The river flows by, and the ferry-man waits for your call. Oh my children! Ah, fairer than roses and lilies, and sweeter to me are the smiles and the tears of my children beside me. Oh come! I have waited, and hearkened, and watched from afar, while you wandered among the red-



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IN WESTERN VERMONT: VIEW NEAR CASTLETON

A typical scene in western Vermont near Lake Champlain. The high hill to the left is 'Lion's Peak,' on which there is a remarkable monument in memory of a high Mason, built of bricks sent from several hundred Lodges. Lake Bomoseen, named after a famous Indian chief, is seen in the foreground. Castleton, near which this view was taken, is the village from which Ethan Allen and his patriotic band of Vermont militia set out to capture Ticonderoga and Crown Point on Lake Champlain in 1775.



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A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCENE NEAR CASTLETON
WESTERN VERMONT

poppy-fields dreaming their dreams, and you heard me not calling my children. Come home to me, Come!"

Arabi smiled and murmured: "The children are coming home."

The singer was silent, and the ripple of the water lulled the sleepers dreaming peacefully, as countless generations have done, passing up and down the ancient water-way, that is as young today as when it bore on its breast the royal barges of the Great Queen herself. It seemed to Arabi she was calling them from the past to come to her in the Eternal Present, where there is neither you nor I, nor any difference of me and Thee.

So the night passed and a New Day dawned.

The End

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

International Brotherhood League Work The large hall at the military cantonment in Balboa Park, San Diego, Cal., placed some months ago at the disposal of Mme. Tingley and the International Brotherhood League workers, continues to be well patronized by the young recruits. During most of the week it serves as an attractive reading, writing and rest room, with some of these workers in attendance to promote the convenience and comfort of those who have been launched so suddenly upon new careers. On Saturday evenings this hall is always crowded to capacity by the sons of Mars, who enjoy the dramatic, musical and other items provided by young and old hailing from the hills of Lomaland.

Similar work is carried on in the recently enlarged Isis Lecture Hall, in the center of San Diego city, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, which the men from military, naval and aviation encampments are learning to appreciate highly.

Isis Theater Meetings Characterizing intuition as a quality of the soul, and in no sense belonging to the brain-mind, Mme. Katherine Tingley, in her address at Isis Theater on August 19, arraigned some of the fallacies and faults that are responsible for the present unfortunate state of affairs in the world today. The address was devoted in part to the consideration of questions sent Madame Tingley within the last few days, the first of which had reference to a lecture given recently by an English clergyman representing the Old Catholic Church, and who claimed to be also a Theosophist. Mme. Tingley said: "The fact in itself

should be sufficient to show that there is a contradiction of terms, and that the lecturer, in his efforts to interblend Theosophy with dogmatism, surely must have little in his own religion to give; or else the Theosophy which he has attempted to blend with dogmatism is not based on the principles taught by Madame Blavatsky. I say this in a kind spirit, for I do not know the lecturer and have nothing against him personally; but in defense of Theosophy which is presented by the Theosophical Society of which I have the honor to be the head, and which is based on the original teachings of Madame Blavatsky, I do feel that I should be quite guilty if I did not touch upon this question, because silence might seem to give assent."

Referring to the lecturer's advocacy of offering prayers for the dead, Mme. Tingley said: "Those who have studied Theosophy know how erroneous is such a position; those who have not, should be told that it is absolutely untheosophical. In the first place, it suggests a personal God, in which the Theosophist does not believe. Such a teaching is a travesty upon the immutable laws of life, and shows distrust of those beneficent divine laws, as though they could be changed or turned aside by such prayers. The Theosophist believes in Deity — the unknowable, the omnipresent, all-powerful, all-compassionate, impersonal Deity."

Mme. Tingley advised all those who wish to know what are the Theosophical teachings in regard to death and the life after death — for she said that "the dead are very much alive, more alive in a sense than we" — to read the Theosophical manuals, particularly Manual No. 5, entitled 'Man After Death.'

Another question touched upon was the fact that Theosophy was more than merely a philosophy. Said Mme. Tingley: "Theosophy is religion itself. It is the oldest religion in the world — the parent of all religions; and all that is true and beautiful in the different religious beliefs of the world, not only of our own times, but of the past, came from that primal truth. Far back of written history it existed, and in those days Theosophical truths were so scientifically applied that life was simple and beautiful. But today all human nature is in mask. We are not sufficiently in the realm of knowledge to do justice to ourselves and to others, through the lack of intuition and the finer discrimination of the soul."

"Theosophy," she declared, "brings a great hope to the human heart and mind. It enables one to separate error from truth, to distinguish between the husks of truth and truth itself. It helps us to make our lives strong, and pure and free; to separate the weaknesses in our own nature from the better side; and so come to know what the soul, the real self is, and thus gain the power to help others."

A special music program and two short addresses by Râja-Yoga students were given at Isis Theater on August 26, Madame Tingley at the last moment finding herself unable to be present, as had been announced. The following musical numbers were rendered in addition to the previously arranged

program: First Movement from *Quartet in E-flat* (Rheinberger), for piano and strings; *Nocturne* from Quartet in D (Borodin), by the Râja-Yoga string quartet; and songs by the young ladies' chorus, *Orpheus With His Lute* (Edward German), and *By the Waters of Babylon* (Neidlinger).

Hildor Barton, speaking on 'Eternal Vigilance the Price of Liberty,' said in part: "The value of this lies in our interpretation of the word liberty. In its higher sense true liberty can come only through the conquest of the lower nature. The real joy of life comes in the performance of right action."

Montague Machell spoke on 'Theosophy the Illuminating Power in Human Life.' "The mission of Theosophy," he said, "is to bring light to those who tread their path in darkness. Probably the greatest light which Theosophy can shed on mankind is by insisting that each man is his own redeemer — that within each of us is that real self, the divine self that in so many of us has always had to take a secondary place, but which alone is lasting, is unchanging, is of real account. It is to be found not off in space, up in the sky or on some distant star, but within our own hearts. We may ignore its mandates and live in spite of it, but if so we are living in vain; and we must continue to come back to this same sphere of life again and again until experience and suffering shall have awakened in us the longing for something higher and nobler. Or we may start right now to refashion our lives in accordance with the broad teachings of Theosophy, putting the real first, and taking in hand the unreal, the selfish, the vain and the transitory. From the moment we begin to do this we have begun to insure for ourselves and our fellows real happiness, real growth, real liberation. Theosophy alone can bring truth, light and liberation to discouraged humanity."

A large audience was present on September 2 at Isis Theater, when students from the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, Point Loma, gave one of their always delightful music programs. Every number on the program was received with applause. Special mention should be made of the orchestral selections, *Melisande* and *The Death of Melisande* from Sibelius' suite, *Pelleas and Melisande*, which were excellently rendered. Through the addition of several new members, the complement of the Râja-Yoga orchestra has been filled out to that of a complete symphony orchestra, this being the first time that the full combination has appeared in San Diego. Among several songs rendered by the Râja-Yoga international chorus of mixed voices were *Sun and Moon* by Gretchaninoff and *The Elder Blossoms* by Kopylow, two of the newer Russian composers. Rex Dunn, the conductor of the orchestra, played two violin solos of his own composition, *Russian Melody* and *Scottish Souvenir*, which were well received.

Short addresses were given by two of the Râja-Yoga students, Miss Joan Coryn and Sidney Hamilton. Miss Coryn spoke on 'The Protective Power of Theosophy,' saying in part:

"The protective power of Theosophy lies in the knowledge of self that its teachings give one. We students understand Theosophy from the view-

point of the Râja-Yoga system of education, which is simply Theosophy applied practically to everyday life. We know what a protective power it has been in our own lives when we realize what we should have been without it, for the Râja-Yoga student gains that knowledge which enables him to discriminate between right and wrong, to analyse himself and overcome his own weaknesses."

Mr. Hamilton, speaking on Theosophical optimism, said in part:

"Its basis lies in the spiritual nature of man, and yet there is reason enough for optimism when one observes the growth and changes in nature, for there is optimism in the growth of trees and flowers, in the clouds and sunshine, in the fluttering of birds in the sky, in the broad expanse of ocean and in the rushing torrent. Then, too, the fact that man is dual, two in one, that within him is the angel as well as the demon, the divine as well as the animal, surely furnishes us with every reason to be optimistic.

"The mind is the great battle-ground where the contest between the angel and the demon is ever fought; and what greater joy and satisfaction can there be than to feel at the end of the day that the angel has come off victorious in the struggle?"

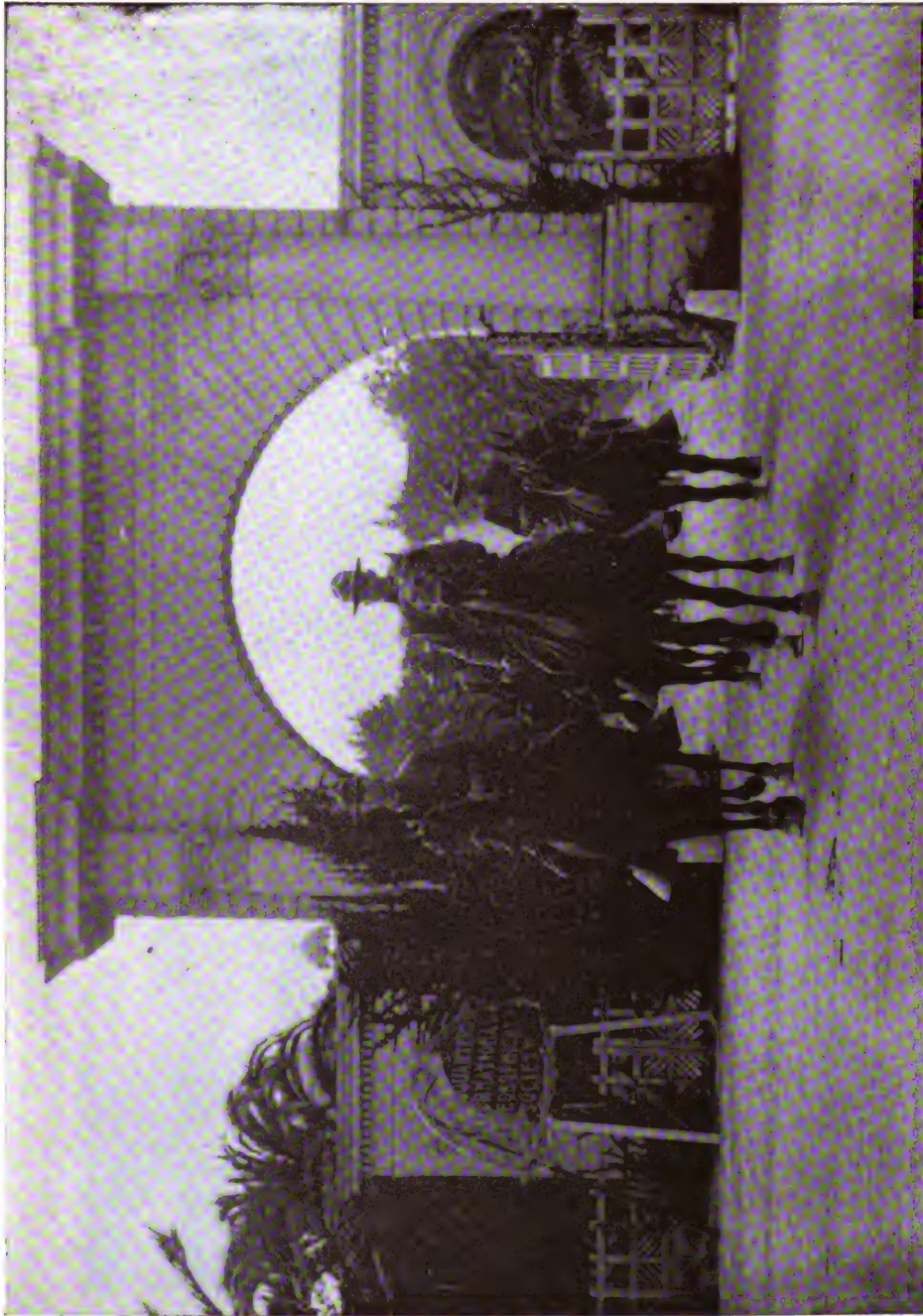
About the The following is taken from an article published in the
Greek Theater Los Angeles *Times*, August 4, 1917, entitled 'Out-door
Lomaland Theaters of California' by Horatio F. Stoll. After de-
 scribing the Mountain Theater on the slope of Mount
 Tamalpais near San Francisco, the Stratford Nature Theater at Del Mar,
 the Greek Theater at Pomona, the Grove Theater of the San Francisco
 Bohemian Club, near Montrie, the Forest Theater at Carmel-by-the-Sea,
 the Greek Theater at the University of California, Berkeley, and the one
 at Claremont, the writer then refers as follows to the

BEAUTIFUL GREEK THEATER OF POINT LOMA

As far as beauty of location is concerned, none of these theaters modeled on Greek lines can approach the outdoor play-house erected by Madame Katherine Tingley in the grounds of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, which stands at the entrance to the Bay of San Diego. The audience is seated in semicircular tiers with an exquisite Greek temple in the background. Beyond one sees the restless Pacific Ocean, with just a glimpse of foaming beach.

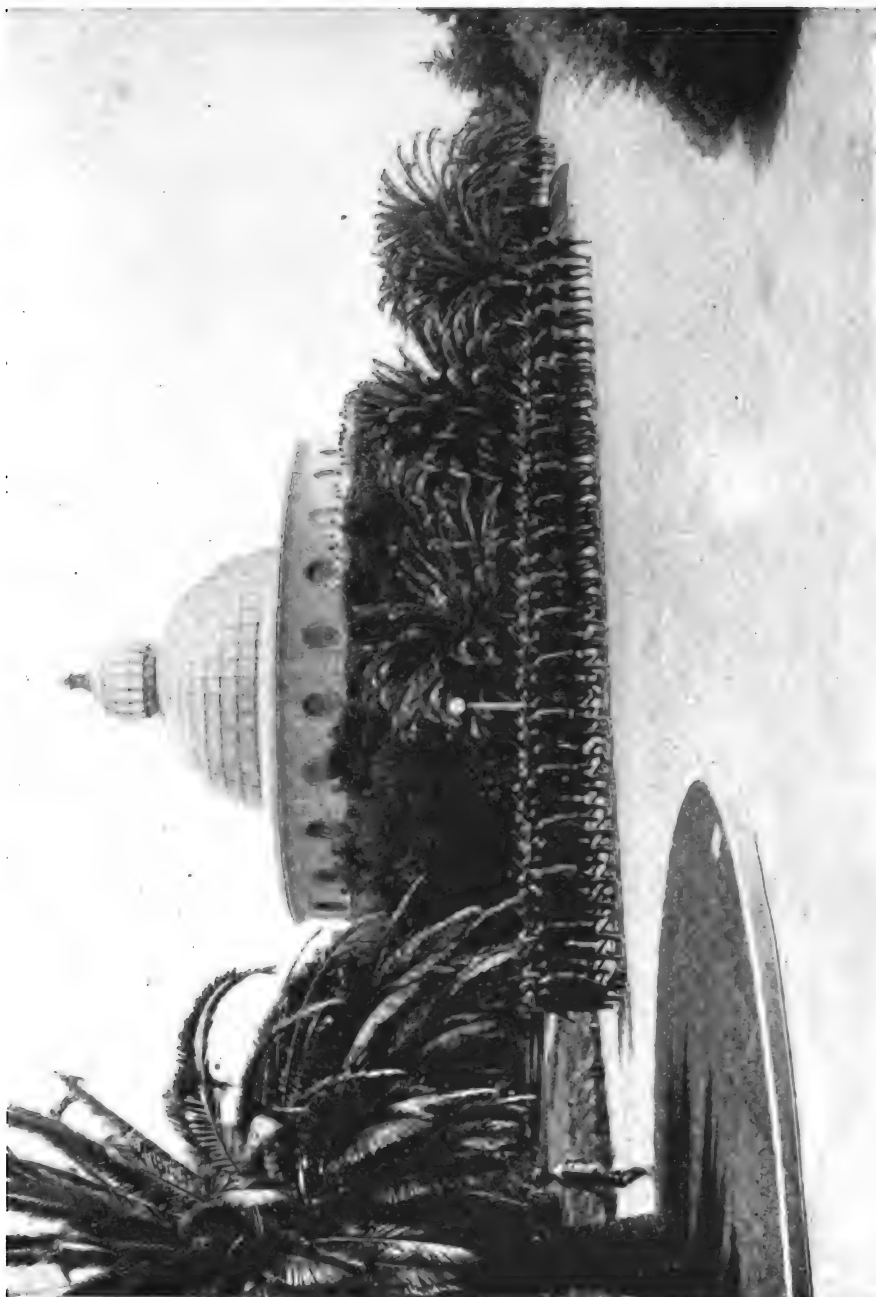
This Greek Theater was the first of its kind erected in this country, having been started in 1901. Among the distinctive plays given by the students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy have been *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus, presented for the first time by Mme. Tingley in New York in 1898; *The Travail of the Soul*, a drama of the soul's evolution, acted in pantomime and accompanied by descriptive music; *The Conquest of Death*, *Hypatia*, and *The Aroma of Athens*, in which figure such historical celebrities as Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Euripides and Aspasia. None of the names of the actors is mentioned on the programs.

Nothing more enchanting could be imagined than the last mentioned play which reproduces the costumes, music, dances and games of an Athenian flower festival. The classic forum garlanded with greenery is an inspiring picture in itself, and when you add the children and maidens draped with spring blossoms the effect is superb.



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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY PASSING THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE ON THEIR HOMEWARD MARCH
AFTER BEING ENTERTAINED AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



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THE REAR OF THE COLUMN: TWO COMPANIES OF THE U. S. TROOPS DEPARTING FROM 'LOMALAND'
AFTER THE ENTERTAINMENT



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS IN BALBOA PARK SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

This social center for enlisted men of the U. S. military and naval encampments at Balboa Park is open every afternoon and evening, devoted to reading and writing. Entertainment is given here from time to time by volunteer workers of the International Brotherhood League and the versatile students of the Raja-Yoga College, who also conduct free French classes every afternoon except Sunday. Our illustration shows members of one of these classes and their teachers in front of the 'International Brotherhood League Hall.' Mme. Katherine Tingley, Foundress and President of the League, and the originator of the Brotherhood work for soldiers and sailors, is seen looking over the shoulder of one of the lady teachers.

SCIENCE AND ART

Research in Terrestrial Magnetism Probably few men living have bestowed more attention upon the mystery of terrestrial magnetism than has Dr. L. A. Bauer, the director of that department of the Carnegie Institution. In the Journal of the Franklin Institute for May, 1916, are to be found some of his latest thoughts on this subject, which are a refreshing contrast to much cold don't-believe-what-I-can't-see speculation current in many 'scientific' quarters.

In reference to some diagrams of fluctuations (in terms of the known materials and methods in current use, which may quite possibly be altogether inadequate to respond to the complex and recondite actual forces involved) in the Earth's magnetism as registered photographically, he goes on to say:

These [irregular] magnetic curves may contain the printed record of mighty cosmic events, the full import of which is at present a sealed book to us. [How unlike the usual language of the text-books!] Thus through the Earth's 'electric pulse,' and through its 'magnetic pulse,' strange things come to our knowledge. A truly prophetic vision must have been that of Orpheus, who declared, "With the lodestone you can hear the voice of the gods, and learn the mysterious things of heaven."

If matters are to go on at this rate, shall we have the charge of belief in ancient astrology leveled at the respectable Carnegie Institution?

In quoting the words of William Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, "*magnus magnes ipse est globus terrestris*" (the Earth itself is a great magnet), and in defining polarity as something having the power alike to attract or repel, at least one obvious inference, drawn previously by some one who must have interviewed Plutarch, the lecturer passed over. Plutarch wrote:

Like as iron drawn by a stone often follows it, but also often is turned and drawn away in the opposite direction, so also is the wholesome good and regular motion of the world.

Perhaps a somewhat cryptic saying, because in our time some — free from a rather unscientific superstition as to a one-sided 'law of attraction' — who have ventured really to investigate the possible dynamics of the Earth's motions, rotational, precessional, and inversional, from the standpoint of 'electro-magnetic' theory derived from a very narrow range of materials, instruments and assumptions, have concluded that no 'couples' of sufficient power could be formed to control these phenomena.

But it is just possible that serious *lacunae* exist in the chain of reasoning — is it not? On all fours, possibly, with our efforts to settle the question of etheric motion. Why should we assume at the outset that our few instruments can measure, or even detect, the finer, yet immensely powerful forces, which hold 'magnetic' suns and 'magnetic' planets in their grip? Only a few years ago the 'electron' was invented by Dr. Johnstone Stoney, and we are just beginning to make 'life-size' (enlarged) models thereof — but the 'magneton' is scarcely even invented yet, by the moderns. It may save trouble to suggest that it is not a 'mode of motion.'

What we chiefly need is not more hypotheses; but as Fabre would say, more *facts* would be decidedly preferable; and the magnetic survey under-

taken by the Carnegie Institution is at least one step. Others, very probably of still greater importance, lie hidden at our very doors — so to say. But a clearer perception of Nature's problems awaits the freeing of the human mind from the constant turmoil attendant upon selfish thought, ambition, passion and general indifference to his own higher nature. Only when the former are conquered and laid low will real Science, true knowledge of Nature, descend upon his clarified vision.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

The *anima mundi* . . . was septenary with the Hermetic philosophers, as with all ancients. For it is represented as a sevenfold cross, whose six branches are respectively, *light, heat, electricity, terrestrial magnetism, motion, and Intelligence*. . . . The ancients defined the seven forms of Cosmic magnetism as *super-sensuous* in their hidden behavior, but as objective phenomena in the world of senses — the former requiring unusual faculties to perceive them.

A Promising New Sculptor 'Art for humanity's sake' is the slogan of progress, as 'art for art's sake' has often been that of selfishness and disease, and the former is well exemplified in recent plastic work done by an Italian artist living in New York City. The sculptor plainly holds a brief, which is for the abolition of capital punishment, and because of this his work has a certain grim power that stirs one deeply. A native of Italy, the first country in the world to abolish the death penalty, the sculptor, Onorio Ruotolo, is passionately alive to the theme itself in all its mockery, gloom and horror. He has visited the death chamber and murderer's row at Sing Sing, and has made the acquaintance, sympathetically, of a large number of doomed men. One feels that their sufferings have burned into his very soul. *The Doomed Man*, a single figure, conveys simply yet powerfully the awful psychology of despair that crushes the condemned man, who, though living, is dead to society and dead to hope. A group on the same theme shows a woman beside the outstretched body of her son — legally murdered, but *all she had*, — and in the artist's words "represents the one woman whose unheard appeal goes forth for clemency whenever a man is condemned to death."

In the light of Theosophy, however, with its inspiring teachings of Re-incarnation, Karma, and Universal Brotherhood, the situation is not a hopeless one, and the theme in its entirety demands something more than solely an accentuation of the shadowed side. There is ever the Imperishable Self, the Soul Triumphant, the Higher Law, the deathless Spirit of Hope — a superb presentation of which comes to mind at the moment, by the way, in Mercier's *Quand Même*. Could not—indeed, should not—that imperishable part have been portrayed symbolically, as well as the other part? Katherine Tingley's words come before one, "O man, the Divine Law is more merciful than man's laws. *You have another chance!*" There are two aspects to everything, for every circle has an ascending as well as a descending arc, and "these two, light and darkness, are the world's eternal ways." Darkness alone is only half the tale pleading for interpretation.

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

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Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

YOU do not, however, properly apprehend the abundance of the power of the gods, their transcendent goodness, and the cause which comprehends all things, when you denominate their providential care and defense of us subserviency. And, besides this, you are ignorant of the mode of divine energy, that it is not drawn down and converted to us, but that it has a separate precedency, and gives itself indeed, to its participants, yet neither departs from itself, nor becomes diminished, nor is ministrant to those that receive it; but, on the contrary, uses all things as subservient to itself. The present doubt also appears to me to be erroneous in another respect, for supposing the works of the gods to be like those of men, it inquires how they are effected. For because we are converted to our works, and sometimes adhere to the passions of the things which we providentially attend to, on this account you badly conjecture that the power of the gods is subservient to the natures which are governed by them. But this power is never drawn down to its participants either in the production of the worlds, or in the providential inspection of the realms of generation, or in predicting concerning it. For it imparts to all things good, and renders all things similar to itself. It likewise benefits the subjects of its government most abundantly, and without envy, and by how much the more it abides in itself, by so much the more it is filled with its own proper perfection. And it does not itself, indeed, become anything belonging to its participants, but it causes the things which receive it to partake of its peculiarities, and preserves them in an all-perfect manner. It also abides at the same time perfectly in itself, and comprehends them at once in itself, but is neither comprehended nor vanquished by any one of them. In vain, therefore, are men disturbed by a suspicion of this kind.

IAMBlichOS: *On the Mysteries*; pp. 159-160, Translation by Thomas Taylor.

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THE SAN DIEGO RIVER VALLEY ABOVE LAKESIDE, NEAR THE BASE OF EL CAJON PEAK

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII


NOVEMBER, 1917

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THEOSOPHY in its abstract meaning is Divine Wisdom, or the aggregate of the knowledge and wisdom that underlie the Universe. . . . and in its concrete sense it is the sum total of the same as allotted to man by Nature on this earth, and no more.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 56

THE TREND OF INVENTION: by Philip A. Malpas

S though in fulfilment of the fancy of a 'best-seller' of its season, an intelligent couple of Pitcairn Islanders visited London not long ago. They were vastly struck by the display of ingenious inventions the city has to offer.

"We didn't see any poor," says one of the visitors, "but that was perhaps because we were not looking for them. All the people did not seem happy with all these wonderful inventions around them. In Pitcairn everyone is happy and contented. There are no quarrels to speak of—perhaps a word or two; the next minute it is all over and forgotten. . . ."

Invention is a fascinating occupation described by Edison, it is said, as one part inspiration and ten parts perspiration, but as the Pitcairn Islander observed, many inventions do not bring happiness. Perhaps in this lies the answer to the puzzle: "If advanced students of the hidden mysteries of nature and of science exist, as they are said to do by some, why do they not make their knowledge public at once and have done with it?" As it seems that they do not, we punish them by believing them to be a myth. When occasionally they do, we want to burn them like Galileo, and he only said what could be found in many a volume extant in his time. What would have happened if he had told something quite new to the world it is hard to guess.

Motive is the key to it all. If inventors had in mind only the advancement of the happiness of the human race, many inventions would never have been published, and without a doubt, many more, and more important ones, would be known to the world at large. "For the sake of the soul alone the Universe exists," says a scripture. It is a medium for the soul to obtain experience. As training and experience, invention is an excellent thing; as a means of making money, the opposite, though perhaps not worse than a hundred other things necessary for our civiliza-

tion, if no injustice is done through its means, and no dangerous secrets of nature are revealed.

Unhappily for the vanity of those of us who, rushing to the Patent Office with the latest creation of our originality, think we have done something to make the world revolve, well, just a little faster, for the greatness of our 'something new under the sun,' it hurts us to be told that Solomon was right after all and that we are only now raking up the rubbish heap of old memories and there is never a new thing among them all. For this is the memory we used to deny when discussing re-incarnation and say that we ought to remember our past deeds for which we suffer now or enjoy effects. We thought that memory must be always mere brain memory, and supposed that we ought to expect some wonderful process to give us back without effort into one brain what we recorded on another, something after the fashion of a man who would record one song on a phonograph cylinder and expect to hear it from a totally different cylinder.

To quote from *Theosophical Manuals*, No. XI, p. 74:

We find that our boasted inventions are old and are largely derived from the astral storehouse of Atlantean or Lemurian antiquity where the principles that our inventors look for are preserved in germ. When the time is ripe, or in other words when the cycle has come round again, the principle breaks through into the seeking minds, and the last link desired for success comes in a flash, or by what is called 'a happy accident.' In America the rush of invention has been especially active, one reason being that the people are more receptive to the pressure of the stored thought of the past than Europeans. Then, again, sometimes men originate brilliant ideas but have not enough education or opportunities to push them to perfection; in such cases a receptive and well-qualified mind will pick them subconsciously out of the astral light by a kind of thought-transference and utilize them for the benefit of mankind.

Put in other language, the statement about America may in part be described as an assertion that the American memory of past lives is better than the European.

There is a very real connexion between the success of an inventor and his morality. Between the fashionable woman who would like to catch an angel so as to have new and rare feathers in her hat, and the humble inventor who would give his life if haply some invention of his could make the world, the children and the poor, happier, there is a vast difference. She may have her little social triumphs; he may have his little failures, in silence and unknown. But in the great world-memory, which never forgets, there are seeds sown for future opportunities and future increase of ignorance; time adjusts all things. The inventor who uses his whole power to make money or for selfish triumph is not necessarily fortunate when he is successful. Even in England, in 1916, "all the people did not seem happy with all those wonderful inventions around them," as our puzzled friend the Pitcairn Islander observed.

In the west it is difficult to enter fully into the oriental attitude that the knowledge of something not commonly known is no justification for its immediate publication and exploitation, but rather the reverse. It is even more difficult to realize that of the many inventions of olden time, now forgotten or imperfectly restored, a large number have been of set purpose concealed or encouraged to die out of memory, by those who have rather the moral progress of the world in mind than its financial or physical interests.

Our memories are so short, physically, that we forget how wonderful our most common exploits of today would have seemed to our imaginations of even twenty or thirty years ago, and we are liable to underestimate their importance. A tale by Mr. Judge of aeroplanes and airships fighting in the great war of which Plato and all the oldest writers speak, who dare, was about twenty years ago so childishly fanciful that, apart from the pleasant style in which it was written, it was, from the every-day point of view, hardly worth reading; it was too absurd and far-fetched. Yet he knew. And now we begin to know. H. P. Blavatsky within the last thirty years indicated, foreshadowed, almost detailed, many inventions and discoveries, some of which are today the wonders of modern scientific achievement. But somehow one misses the acclamation by the world of her priceless work during her lifetime, and even today we find men with famous names in all departments of knowledge using, whether consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, her inexhaustible store of information, and her name is conspicuously absent from their acknowledgments, if they ever make any. If an inventor or leader of thought will read through her books *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, he cannot fail to find material and ideas and even direct statements of coming discoveries and inventions which are daily crystallizing into everyday shape, and for a hundred years to come it will be so. Seeking similar indications in other writers of the past of similar class, we can find many indications which are only now being realized. To continue the case of the airship, we find old Roger Bacon the physicist, seven centuries ago, telling us of many inventions he had seen, and among those which he knew of but had not seen, was an airship or aeroplane. I suspect that he claimed little originality in ideas, for he boasts of his researches into the Arabic wisdom, and doubtless through them he received much from the Greeks and Chinese, and they in their turn received much from old Atlantis, over 11,000 years ago at the least — some relics of whose scientific attainments we cannot equal today even with our fine instruments. Doubtless there were others throughout the ages who knew of the science of aviation as one of the oldest sciences in the known world, and their dim hints encouraged the search

for millenniums, until we in our glorious twentieth-century progress have at last reattained some beginning for the grand and glorious purpose of — war!! Were they right to conceal or are we right to publish?

Of the minor inventions, toys if you like (since to speak of the really important ones is not yet the fashion among the intuitional scientists, it would seem), we find traces throughout our very imperfect history of the lens — microscopes and telescopes. Bacon shows how the lens may be made to do harm to an enemy by burning, seven hundred years ago. In the early centuries of the Christian era we find Synesius with what appears to be a telescope pure and simple, for looking over the sea, hence called a 'waterscope.' In the gems of the ancient world *we find microscopic engraving*. In the world of untold antiquity we find temples dedicated to planets and stars, as symbols of their gods, and those planets and stars are some of them telescopic. Doubtless as far as the imperfections of so-called history can reach we shall find indications of the use of the lens, even in the, or rather our, night of time, when the three old Hyperborean ladies had only one monocle among them and had to pass it round when they wished to see a visitor from that promising little new country called Greece in after days, — the story is in all the mythological dictionaries. But really and truly to the intuitional scientists the lens is a child's toy. What need had a really clear scientific insight for such relatively crude instruments as microscopes and telescopes? They came in with the degeneration of the human development, perhaps that which is indicated in some of the old writings as the result of the awful 'flood' which destroyed Atlantis. The intellects of the best men became as 'those of half-grown babes.' Plato speaks of it in either the *Timaeus* or the *Critias*, where he says that for ages the struggle for life was too keen to allow of the luxuries of intellectual study, such as history.

Marvelous as are such discoveries and inventions, they are apparently despised by many of the brightest ornaments of human wisdom, towering minds which shine out through the lapse of ages and the worst fogs of dogmatism. Putting two and two together, may we not suspect that some of these, like the best of the alchemists, had got beyond such trivialities, and were really on the track of the 'one only thing' that mattered, as they joyously hint?

Really it does seem as if some such state of affairs did and does exist. Their humor bursts out irrepressibly in rare cases, as if to laugh at the mole-like efforts of the societies and academies, as in that huge joke of the eighteenth century where the modern cinematograph, *in color*, and so lifelike as to deceive the sight, is described in detail in 1760, in a fantastic sketch evidently intended to be a playful skit on the Pari-

sians, (the first foreshadowings of photography were not 'discovered' for forty years afterwards). That sketch in some of its most absurd and fanciful parts contains scientific truths to which our scientists have not yet come, though speculative writers have. This so-called 'happy anticipation' of photography by Tiphaigne de la Roche has always been the stumbling-block of photographers who dare to think. He evidently knew something, and not being able to keep it to himself according to the laws of his society, which was probably searching for more important discoveries and could not afford to have its members sidetracked by such minor matters and the absorption of public exploitation and adulation, put it forward as a joke, a dream. It is only a strong position that enables discoverers to ignore fame and the 'great men' of the day in this manner, and that society must have had something worth while in prospect to be able to afford to do it. Though perhaps this apparent neglect of official science was not really so severe as it seems, and quietly, unostentatiously, its members may have placed some of their minor, though to the world extremely important and epoch-making discoveries, at the disposal of that world. There seems to be strong indications of this in the medicines and chemical discoveries given to science by Paracelsus, Glauber, St. Germain, and others. They were not ungenerous, but they apparently saw no use in giving more than could be utilized at the time. Judging by the revenge the world took for what they did give, this view is not surprising. More often, perhaps, such discoveries, or the seeds of them, like those so lavishly sown by H. P. Blavatsky, were given to the world when the time came, so indirectly as to demand no acknowledgment from those who were so worldly (and therefore imperfect as scientists) as to seek honor for themselves for what they in their turn put forward.

Another type of such a discoverer, or rather inventor, is found in Jules Verne, the delight of our boyhood days. Without traveling far from home, he wrote volume after volume of fanciful stories for boys, full of the most wonderful inventions. Of course, we all knew such things were impossible — submarine voyages in the ocean, crossing Africa, finding the North Pole, airships mechanically propelled, the circuit of the earth in less than three months. The very boldness of the ideas made them unthinkable in real life, and he was not persecuted as a pioneer scientist or thinker would have been, had he dared to put these things forward as serious forecasts. There is room for suspicion that, directly or indirectly, he knew more than he cared to say, unless it were as a fantastic story of mechanical invention. Whether this is so or not, it is a definite method followed by such thinkers as Plato. What he knew otherwise, say, of Atlantis, he puts forward as a tale

told by Critias who says it was related to his great-grandfather by Solon and by the old gentleman to him when he was a boy. Even then the wily narrator mixes up and confuses both the story and the tellers and his 'memory' in such a way that it is hard to realize that he is in deadly earnest in what he says, unless one studies his method. Critias is said to have been very unpopular in Greece and a modern European University professor cannot understand why Plato treats him as a friend. May it not be that he does this precisely to avert from himself the unpopularity which Critias assumes, for any reason but the real one, that he had said more than was liked in describing the history of Atlantis, even in so obscure and confused and guarded a way as he did?

About thirty years ago much was made of the wonderful inventions and discoveries of a Philadelphia man, John Worrell Keely. They were really wonderful, but somehow there was a difficulty in getting them to work under the guidance of any but Keely himself or of one in touch with Keely. They indicated some such thing as wireless power generated in an engine that might be held in the hand — a power of almost inexhaustible duration. He tried to commercialize the force and instruments, and it was for that very reason he was told by H. P. Blavatsky that he would never proceed beyond a certain point, and would never succeed commercially. He went on with his work, and the next thing that was heard was that he was reduced to using wires for the conduction of his force. Even then there was no commercial success, and when he died, there was of course the usual howl of 'fraud' because the wires were found in the house and were supposed to have been used by him to cover alleged frauds as to the power being derived from his instruments alone. The whole affair is now almost forgotten, and, to the public, John Worrell Keely is not a man whose name bears any particular honor, rather the reverse. He seems to have been one of those who would have been more honored if he had maintained secrecy, as so many other originators have done when they were dealing with matters ahead of the age.

Coupled with her statement that the Keely motor would never be a commercial success, was the condition of success, namely, that it would have to wait, perhaps thousands of years, for the poor to need it more than the rich, before such a power could be trusted to the public, could be trusted to civilization: — the taint of money-making was its death warrant. Or what is almost the same thing, it could not be used for selfish purposes.

On the rare occasions when such retiring researchers as those whose efforts are directed to humanitarian ends and not individual profit are seen encouraging inventive effort, a careful consideration of their ac-

tions will usually show that the invention is a secondary purpose altogether, a mere tool for the formation of character in most cases. In the wonderful history of Count Saint-Germain we find him as an inventor on various occasions, but though apparently in command of unlimited wealth when he so desired, his personal wants seemed few. At times he appeared almost poor, and yet he often treated valuable diamonds as things of no value. Helping others to invent, he seems to have made little money by his greatest inventions or discoveries, if any. He could enhance the price of diamonds to an enormous extent, and yet he did not appear to avail himself of this power to his own enrichment, while we do find him inventing or helping to invent simple industrial processes, and even giving employment to many workers in a factory, but always there seems to shine through all that he did the one motive of helping others. He is hugely delighted when some royal pupil finds out something for himself in one of their investigations, and yet, with what he knows on other lines, it seems absurd that he should need to trouble about such matters, so trivial they are. It is as though a great captain of industry were to busy himself as an operative workman in one of his own factories.

All through history we read of alchemists who can make gold, and yet the evidence all seems to point to this power never being used for personal ends, even where it was sometimes convenient to allow the public to suppose that it was so made and used. Surely such a process in nature is not to be allowed to run to waste?

Supposing that such a power represents, however, a mere material symbol of a moral attainment of immensely greater value, which seems to be the case, then there is no waste. If we assume for the sake of example that the color of a flower attracts the pollen-carrying insect and so insures the propagation of the plant through ages, the color, though beautiful, is no waste effort of nature, though to the little child it may be immensely desirable, like gold to the man, while the preservation and increase of the species may be far beyond the brain's conception. Gold is useful in many ways, and it is quite possible to conceive of a distant future where it will be no longer a symbol of selfishness or undue power or greed or anything evil, as it is now, only too often. In such a civilization there might be no natural bar to an almost unlimited power to transmute other metals to gold, just as a gardener is now granted the power to transmute seeds into gorgeous blossoms even though they fulfil many purposes unsuspected by him, in addition to the obvious ones.

There seems to be a strong connexion between the Universal Law of Compensation, or Karma, and invention. If an inventor chooses to use his mechanical powers, by study and practice to invent some use-

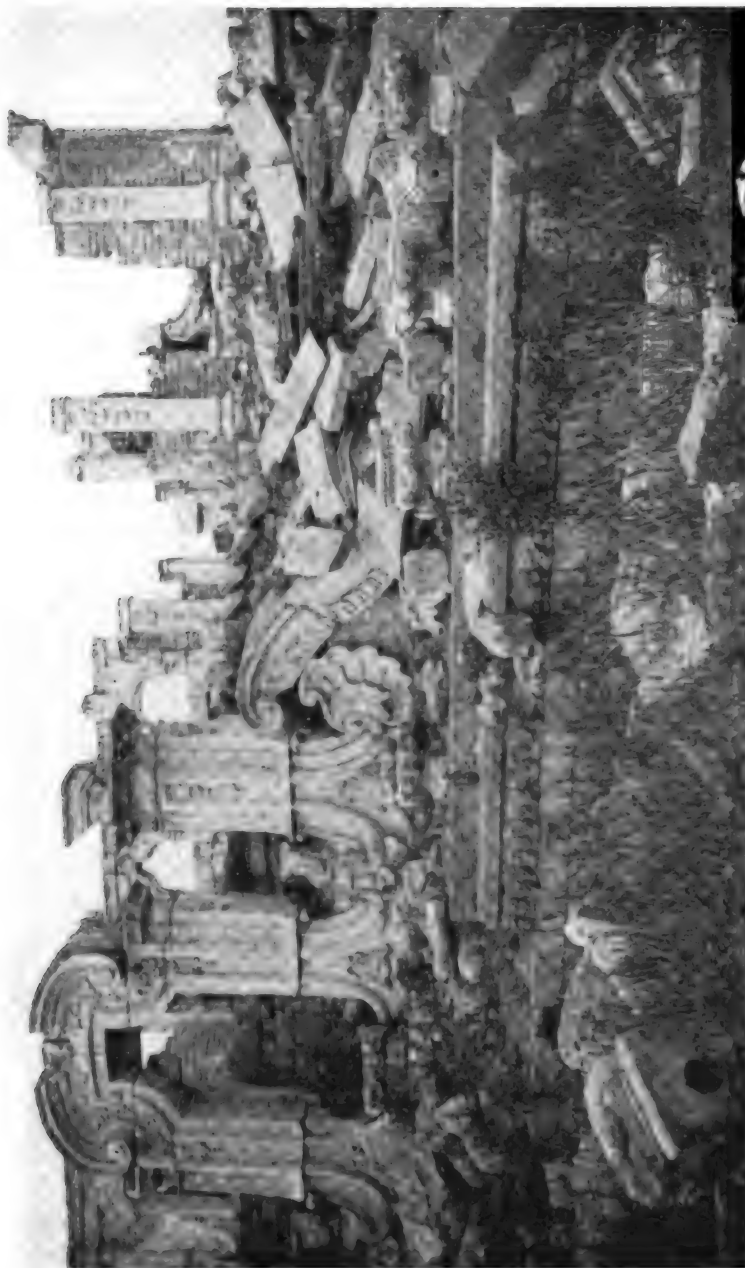
ful article, it seems a worthy occupation from which he is as much entitled to derive fair returns as he would be in any other occupation involving work. And if he can combine with his work a desire to be of benefit to the community at large, so much the better. If he learns mental, intellectual, and moral discipline from his work, he is fortunate. But on the other hand, a gnawing desire for a wholly disproportionate profit, an unfair expenditure of energy on a selfish object, a dragging down into the market-place of faculties which have no place there, an intellectual stealing and sale of natural secrets that cannot be guaranteed to produce only good, must surely produce an awful burden or responsibility and worse.

The knowledge of such a basic law would seem to account for Roger Bacon's secrecy when he wrote in a secret anagram the formula for gunpowder, which he probably derived from the Chinese through the Arabs, even though he sought no monetary profit from the article. All the philosophers and scientists who have advanced far in their investigations seem to realize that everything they take must be paid for or *justified as a human benefaction*. If all inventors worked on these lines is it too much to suppose that in a hundred ways, accidental or purposeful, direct or indirect, the world would be trusted with inventions of the greatest value to humanity which have been taken away until we show at least a glimmering of moral purpose as a basis for scientific investigation?

In regard especially to explosives and the horrors of hypnotism, the words of a great Teacher written a quarter of a century ago are significant:

It is high time then that the psychologists and believers, at least, should cease advocating the beauties of publicity and claiming knowledge of the secrets of nature for all. It is not in our age of 'suggestion' and 'explosives' that Occultism can open wide the doors of its laboratories except to those who *do* live the life.

All the alchemists have arrived at the last at the point where they realize that 'the one only thing' is the only thing that matters. And to attain that 'one only thing' *the life* appears the only road, the life of morality in harmony with nature's law, morality as a real mode of living, not its pale counterparts of the sects. As the real inventor throws off brilliant inventions like sparks in his search for the great work of his life and cares little for them, so in the search for the soul (or sole, or sol, of the old philosophers, not the sentimental affair of — well, sentimental people) the true inventor is brilliant, though his real object be hidden, and until he finds himself, as the old Greek philosophers bid him do, he is unsatisfied. The greatness he seeks is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men. The greatness they give him he thinks of little worth. He is the Inventor *par excellence*.



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GENERAL VIEW OF A RUINED BUILDING IN PEKIN, CHINA



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NEARER VIEW OF SAME, SHOWING DETAILS OF ARTISTIC WORK



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A NICHE IN THE SAME BUILDING



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RUINED PEDESTAL IN PEKIN

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange *

PART V

MANY attempts have been made to give mankind a better system of musical training; great minds — as for example Dr. Hugo Riemann — have devoted a large part of their lives to solve the problem; but, although their efforts must be highly commended, and although their ideas on music and musical training are of great importance, yet they do not solve the problem.

One of the reasons why these most interesting and important attempts give such meager results may be that in music the attention of the student has generally been directed to the more material side of this art. If we glance at works on musical theory we find everywhere exercises for the development of merely intellectual skill, but very little attention is paid to the question of the real significance of music: in other words, to a certain degree, the spiritual meaning of it has been overlooked. Is it not because man has lost sight of the fact that he himself is of divine origin, that the language of the Gods has been neglected to such an extent that for the average man it has become a negligible quantity?

Surely the human race of today could hardly enjoy the beauties of musical art without a thorough development of its intellectual and material side; yet nowadays the influence of the intellect has become so prevalent that the spiritual side has been almost lost sight of; and this is a real block to a deeper conception of art. For if art becomes simply a display of intellect, cleverness, and skill, instead of being the expression of the most intimate feeling of man's soul, it cannot maintain its place as "the highest expression of a pure and harmonious life."

Without doubt, the spiritual side of art is the most important.

Real music is to be sought for *behind the sounds*.

But what is the spiritual significance of music? Who can give an explanation of 'the music behind the sounds' — that mystery of art?

Although these are the vital questions in art, no work on musical theory answers them. It matters very little whether the average man knows that the major chord is composed of a fundamental, a major third, and a pure fifth, or not; or that two consecutive fifths are not allowed. He must learn to understand *what lies behind the sounds*, just as people are only now beginning to realize what is the mysterious significance of a poem.

Illustrating this idea by an example, we ask: How is it that when

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Palestrina, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Verdi, Wagner, etc., use the same chord, the effect is different every time?

Musical scholars will tell you that the difference is the result of a different disposition of the said chord. This may be, but it is not always the cause; many times the disposition is not different and yet the effect is. It is difficult to find an intellectual reason for it, nor will you find any reasonable explanation, by means of the intellect, of the impression made on the mind or soul by a word or a sentence. Perhaps the mood in which the composer wrote these notes may exert a mysterious influence on the hearer's mind.

Behind sounds there is magic!

How can we discover the mystery of it?

An answer to this question is so difficult because we are searching for the way but do not know if we are searching in the right direction. Undoubtedly the great composer can show us the way, but many of the so-called good musicians, the well-trained men, do not understand the suggestions given by these great artists. The latter try simply to reproduce their divine inspiration in one or another musical form, while the former lay stress on what is merely the external form, and often forget to point out what is the intrinsic meaning. If the question is, how to give a thorough training to a young musician, to a musical scholar, who wishes to become acquainted with all the secrets of this art, it will be necessary to fathom all its technical, material, and intellectual mysteries; but all this cannot arouse in his soul the *intrinsic* meaning, the real significance of musical art. The latter lives in the spirit of everyone; it is impossible to imagine a man or a woman who does not possess in his or her own mind the faculty which can awaken music. And this has nothing to do with musical training in the ordinary sense. For example, if we compare a well-trained musician with a street-boy or with an Indian tribesman, we shall find that the musician can give us information as to how sounds may be combined to make a piece of music, while the boy or the tribesman will whistle or sing a simple melody, knowing nothing at all of the technical side of music. And yet their simple melodies may contain more music than the musical composition which is the result of the combination of sounds produced by the well-trained musician. One feels inclined to watch the musical utterances of those who do not know what the so-called music of the present time is, lest one may lose sight of what music really is. As for the boy in the street we can leave him and his music to their fate, but as for the Indian, and other so-called uncivilized tribesmen, they may be of interest to us because they prove that besides the musical training of the Western nations there still exist other ways which enable men to express their innermost feelings in music.

What are these ways? It is difficult to say, for we know very little of the means used by those tribes for the development of musical sense among their fellows; it is said that they learn music simply by ear. This may be true, but we must not overlook the fact that music has an entirely different significance for them from what it has for us. In our life, music is simply an entertainment of a lower or higher order; in the life of the so-called uncivilized tribes, music is a magic power, it is more or less the language of the Gods. Must we then go to them to have the mystery of music unveiled for us? Perhaps so. Surely, it may be a hint for us, that among the composers we see a propensity to take their inspiration from the folk-music of the different nations and tribes. If, however, we wish to profit by such a hint it will be necessary to study the question more earnestly. We must go to the bottom and trace the question to its origin. And this would only be possible by going to live with these tribes and by identifying ourselves with their life, and in this way becoming acquainted not only with their music and their ideas, but with the ideals that govern their existence. Then, and only then, we could begin to fathom the importance which music may have in their life. Possibly after such an experience, one's views would be sufficiently enlarged to provide an answer to the following question: What have we to learn from those peoples who not only consider music as the most lofty gift of the Gods, but who use that art according to that point of view?

Our Western civilization has lost sight of the significance of musical art from the point of view just above mentioned. For us it has become rather an entertainment, of a lofty kind it is true, but yet an entertainment; and surely we shall not be able to appreciate the real value of that art until we begin to treat it as one of the highest gifts of the Gods, as the genuine language in which our hearts can communicate with the Divine.

If we cultivate it in such a way it is self-evident that music will become something very different from what it has been to us up to the present time. It will become the loftiest form of whatever man wishes to express, when his soul is uplifted to a higher plane. It is only in moments of exaltation when earthly or mere brain-mind thoughts find no longer any place in man's soul that music makes itself felt. In these moments sounds of wonderful beauty and serenity are heard; sounds which awaken images of . . . Who can find words to describe such images? But although, one feels the impossibility of reproducing these *feelings*, yet one knows that these *images* are the sole reality, the truth.

How is it that these uncivilized tribes understand the meaning of art better than we, the so-called civilized nations? Is it perhaps because

the fundamental principle of their conception of life has not been shaken by the materialistic waves of western civilization? However that may be, let us take for granted that the culture of musical art, as those tribes understand it, — although at a lower stage of development if viewed from a technical standpoint — is much more in harmony with the purposes and principles of that art than ours is, so that we have to learn our lesson of art-culture from them, to which culture, of course, we can apply our higher technical development.

What, then, have we to learn?

We have to learn not that a scale is a scale, a chord a chord, an interval an interval, but that behind all these things, and in the combination of all these things, there is magic, a magic which we can use only after having purified our natures, after having built up our characters, after having developed the spiritual side of our being, after having learned to use our latent faculties which now we do not know how to use, faculties more powerful than anything in the world. H. P. Blavatsky speaks of them in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, page 562. She says:

At one time the shareholders of the 'Keely Motor Co.' put a man in his [Mr. Keely's] workshop for the express purpose of discovering his secret. After six months of close watching, he [the man] said to Keely one day: "I know how it is done, now." They had been setting up a machine together, and Keely was manipulating the stop-cock which turned the force on and off. "Try it then," was the answer. The man turned the cock, and nothing came. "Let me see you do it again," the man said to Keely. The latter complied, and the machinery operated at once. Again the other tried, but without success. Then Keely put his hand on his shoulder and told him to try once more. He did so, with the result of an instantaneous production of the current. This fact, if true, settles the question.

Indeed, "this fact settles the question." Everyone has music in his soul, but he does not know how to bring it out; he is like the man who thought he knew how it was done, but who was not sufficiently developed naturally and spiritually to produce the current. If a true man "puts his hand on the shoulder of the one who thought he knew," all is right, and "the current is produced," but without "the hand on the shoulder" the current does not manifest itself. Why? Because the real spiritual touch is lacking.

Now, think of musical training. By what means are the spiritual faculties stimulated in the ordinary musical training of today? Do we find that the men or women, who devote their lives to art, have built up their characters in such a way as their position of priests of the Gods demands? Many are only able to reproduce, not to *recreate*. And how do they reproduce? They prove by their kinds of reproduction that they do not understand even the words of the creators; their reproduction seeming to be only meaningless sounds. And yet all these men and women have music in their souls; but, alas! they are ignorant; they do not

know how to use their faculties; they do not yet realize the divinity in their nature, and so it seems impossible to them to give expression to this quality — which they possess — unless “the hand is put on their shoulder.”

Yet let us not speak only of those who devote their lives to the study of musical art. Can we believe that art exists only for those who devote their lives to it? No, art belongs to everyone, for everyone is divine; and, because everyone is divine, and because art is one of the highest expressions of the divine in man, everyone must be able to use the language of the Gods, provided he has developed the qualities and faculties which enable him to feel and realize that the divine spark illumines every sense and thought. Have we ever been told that this is the first and the last word of all musical training, as it is the first and the last word of everything in life?

As soon as a child begins to lisp it begins to create its own music. Instinctively everyone agrees with this idea. Does not every mother and nurse sing lullabies to her little ones, and do we ask if they have beautiful voices, or do they need to take music-lessons before singing? Certainly they do not. A woman does not need a beautiful voice to be a good mother, and to sing the lullabies in the right way for *her* child. We would rather say, that, if a woman is really a good mother, her voice will naturally possess the qualities that *touch the soul of her child*.

So we see that in this case the real influence of the music does not consist in what we ordinarily call ‘beauty,’ but in what we call ‘soul-life.’ And, therefore, if we wish to awaken the musical faculties in the minds of our children, we have at first to awaken their soul-life; and to combine the expression of it with the music which the great musical creators gave mankind. If possible, let the child itself try to reproduce these messages of the Gods with its own voice, but arouse at the same time its musical imagination, so that it may learn to express the feelings of its soul-life in melodies of its own; because finally it is *these* which express the inspirations and aspirations of its soul-life, not the melodies of others, however sublime they may be.

And as soon as this young soul has evolved sufficiently to understand — not by his brain-mind but by spiritual comprehension — in what way soul-life and sound are connected (which can only be felt) the mind can be trained so that it becomes the natural instrument which the developing soul can use at will.

It is only along these lines that music can grow and become, after a certain time, a living power in our lives. And, without doubt, musical training must constantly be related to the development of spiritual life, for as soon as music is practised along other lines, egotism takes

hold of man's soul, and instead of being one of the highest expressions of the godlike spirit in man it becomes an expression of the lower passions of his nature. In such a case, the gift of the Gods changes and becomes a stumbling-block that evokes and awakes only mean thoughts and feelings in man's soul.

Heaven's dew-drop glittering in the morn's first sunbeam within the bosom of the lotus,
when dropped on earth becomes a piece of clay; behold, the pearl is now a speck of mire.
(*The Voice of the Silence*)

THEOSOPHY AND RATIONALISM: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IT is more than forty years since H. P. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society, and thirty since she began her work in London; and these years have marked a constant and steady progress in the permeation of the world of thought by Theosophical ideas. But society is great and complex; and it takes a long time for the tide, with its alternately advancing and retreating waves, to wash in successive surges over all the different strata of the complicated structure. And so we find, in looking over what purports to be an adverse criticism of Theosophy, in a small and sectional newspaper, a faithful repetition of what Theosophists have been accustomed to encounter during the whole of those past years, from the earliest beginnings; and, as far as this newspaper is concerned, it is as though Theosophy were now promulgated for the first time.

The attack, in short, is not an attack on Theosophy at all, but merely a fight waged against a man of straw, an attack upon a misrepresentation. As such, we recognise in it the familiar features. The objections are those which rise instantly into the mind of an inquirer on his first casual acquaintance and perfunctory examination of Theosophy, and which are dispelled in the light of better acquaintance and further study. It seems hardly worth while to trouble with them; what can one do but advise further study? There is of course considerable presumption in the idea that obvious objections, which would thus rise in the mind of the casual reader, would not also have occurred to the mind of those promulgating the teachings, and would not consequently have been fully met and provided for; this is human nature, but it militates against any claims of temperate judgment which the objector may make. As a matter of fact, of course, these objections have been made and answered time and time again *ad nauseam*; and H. P. Blavatsky, thirty years

ago, wrote a book in question and answer form, called *The Key to Theosophy*, for the express purpose of dealing with such objections; while, since then, Theosophical writers and lecturers have been continually employed in repeating the process. So, as said, it seems scarcely worth while to trouble about such objections. Nevertheless, as it does not behoove us to grow tired of repetitions before our assailants do, we can but go on repeating what has been said to similar objectors in past years — that one's claims to temperance of judgment are not vindicated by an attitude which permits one to attack a subject without first giving it a reasonably thorough examination.

Next, we observe that this writer not only assails Theosophy but a great many other things with it. He assails religion, belief in the soul, and belief in the after-life. This considerably weakens the force of his attack on Theosophy; for his objections smack of a dissatisfaction with things in general, and we begin to wonder whether the fault lies in the thing attacked or in the attacker himself.

Next, the critic assails things which do not pertain to Theosophy in particular, but are problems that attend any and every inquiry into the meaning of life. He attacks difficulties which are due to the imperfection of human understanding, and which Theosophy did not create and cannot be held responsible for. Theosophy, on the contrary, merely tries to throw a little light on them and deserves credit therefor.

But lastly, it is evident that this writer, has drawn his information from a wrong source. From some of the things which he mentions as being Theosophical teachings, it is very evident that he has encountered the writings of one of the cults which abound and which use with more or less freedom the familiar terms of Theosophy. This illustrates the injustice which such misrepresentations of Theosophy inflict upon the public, in putting off honest inquirers with spurious goods which not only fail to satisfy but also scare off the inquirers from further pursuit of the subject. We can only say, *Go to original sources*, and read *The Key to Theosophy*, or the manuals published by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — the original Theosophical Society as founded by H. P. Blavatsky.

We feel much sympathy with this inquirer, who is obviously seeking earnestly for a firm foundation of belief amid the quicksands of dogma and sham which encompass him; and in whose criticism we think we detect a certain reluctance and half-heartedness, as of a man who should say: "I wish I could think there was some truth in this!" More shame, again we say, on those who by faulty presentation or positive misrepresentation have so obscured the teachings of Theosophy. As an instance of the confusion of mind induced in the critic by his imper-

fect acquaintance with his subject, we may note that, while in one part of his article he assails reincarnation, in another part he unwittingly uses one of the commonest and best arguments in its support. This he does in the course of his attack on another Theosophical teaching — that of Karma. Theosophy enunciates these two doctrines, which are mutually dependent. Our critic, in attacking the one, unwittingly defends the other. In trying to upset Karma, he sets up reincarnation — which he has but just tried to knock down. Here is what he says about Karma:

In looking over the field of human activity for some evidence of 'absolute justice,' we find some hundred beings in high places, and others in low; some in the possession of wealth and luxuries without limit, and others in the lowest depths of poverty, wretchedness, and all-around misery. . . .

And more to the same effect, all showing the inequality of human fate and the apparent total lack of justice in the affairs of men. But this is the best and commonest of all arguments in favor of reincarnation! — as all who are even slightly acquainted with the subject know. Theosophy admits (as of course it must) the fact of human inequalities; but says that the injustice is only apparent — not real — because the Soul lives many successive lives on earth, and the justice can only be seen by viewing the life of the Soul *as a whole* — not simply within the limits of a single incarnation.

Again, in attacking (as he thinks) reincarnation, our critic really attacks other things as well; like a man wielding a sword at random and striking down friend and foe alike. It is, alas, all too common for disputants thus to use weapons which, though they may do damage to the opponent's position, can be used with equal effect to damage other positions, including that of the wielder himself. We often draw swords and then find that we cannot so readily sheathe them again. Thus, if we admit the force of his argument against reincarnation, we shall be logically compelled to admit the force of the same argument when it is used against — say, the doctrine that the human race is propagated by reproduction. He says: How absurd is this doctrine of reincarnation! Would people be born again and again for the purpose of killing each other in battle?

Think of the doctrine of reincarnation, where souls keep returning for the purpose of going to war and killing each other's bodies!

What is to prevent us from saying: "Think of the doctrine of reproduction, where human beings keep propagating human beings for the purpose of going to war and killing each other's bodies!" *Ergo* — the doctrine that humanity propagates itself by reproduction is absurd; go tell it to the marines. What difference is there between the cases?

We thus see that our assailant has hit the wrong target. It is a fact — hard and unwelcome, no doubt, but still a fact — that humanity does continue, age after age, to kill itself and undergo all sorts of other miseries. Does our critic object to this fact? We are sorry, but Theosophy did not make the fact; Theosophy only explains it. The real issue, as between reincarnation and the position which our critic may be supposed to hold on the question, is whether or not the people that are born in successive ages to undergo these experiences are the same Souls as before or entirely different ones. Instead of attacking this question, he has attacked the bare fact that people do thus continually suffer; he has hit the wrong mark.

But, as before remarked, we have a fellow-feeling with this critic, because he is so evidently burdened by the injustice and darkness of man's lot, and so honestly and anxiously striving to find light amid the darkness and a rock amid the quicksands. And, when he was sick of dogmas and was looking for something he could assent to, this pseudo-theosophical book fell into his hands and gave him — more dogmas. And this article is his weary protest at being once more mocked. And we sympathize with him. For Theosophy is the foe of dogmatism, and strives but to fix men's attention on the actual facts which they may discern in their own nature. This writer does not believe in a soul; does he believe in justice, conscience, love, compassion, truthfulness, purity, honor, courage? Or are these also mere folk-lore, invented by the few to enslave the minds of the many? If he does not believe in these, why does he talk about them; or does he perchance believe in their opposites and not in themselves? There is injustice and cruelty in the world; then why not let them stay there? Because we believe in justice and kindness. Now, the question we would put is: Are these higher sentiments facts or not? We may assume an agreement as to the answer; both our critic and ourselves desire to see these qualities prevail over their opposites, and are working to that end. But whence are these qualities? Do they come from the animal part of man's nature? Rather it would seem that their opposites — selfishness, rapacity, injustice, etc. — come from man's animal nature; for these are simply selfish instincts, such as are natural in the animals, because the animals do not reason about them, but become vices in man, because he does them with the full force of calculated intellect. We can see no escape from the conclusion that the critic is at one with ourselves in believing in man's better nature. If he denies that better nature, then he hands the world over to the vices against which he claims to be battling.

Now Darwin and others have sought to give us a philosophy of man's animal nature, and Theosophy seeks to give us a philosophy of man's

better nature. In doing so, it does not strive to impose dogmas, but merely answers the demand of humanity itself for an explanation. The writer says, "Give us facts." "By all means," we reply; Theosophy calls for nothing else. But we ask: "Are facts limited to those which are perceptible to the bodily senses, under the form of space and matter, and studied by science with instruments?" Or are there facts in human nature itself, not subject to the forms of space and matter, not tangible, not susceptible to scientific instruments of precision? In short, are not the better qualities in human nature facts, which ought to be accepted as a proper basis for a rationalistic philosophy? We must so regard them; and then the first practical question is, How are they to be fostered and promoted? Theosophy strives to show how, and it enjoins men to study human nature in themselves and others, and to *learn*. It offers the Theosophical teachings as an aid, to be rejected or availed of, as the inquirer may think fit.

The critic inveighs against dogmatism and superstition; but how are these to be defeated? By promulgating the truth, we say. We must meet error on its own ground, not abandon to it the field and rest our defence on mere denial and confession of ignorance. Otherwise dogma will prevail and continue to prevail. It is all very well to inveigh against religion; but those who care to set their backs against the mightiest force that has swayed men's minds through the ages, cannot be surprised at the difficulty of their task. What is to be thought of a man, who being offered tainted food, should reject all food and determine to try and live without eating? Why petulantly throw away husk and kernel alike, because the husk breaks our teeth? Religion is enthroned in the heart of man; he cannot live without it; he must and will have some religion, though he call it rationalism or materialism, agnosticism or positivism. It is grounded on a conviction of the innate good in human nature. It rests upon the assurance that, as man desires to better himself, so he *can* better himself, by his own efforts. In this Theosophists are certainly at one with their critic. Here is an extract from a genuine Theosophical book, which may appeal to minds like that of the critic:

There is a natural melody, an obscure fount, in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced — but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope, and love. . . . All those beings among whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live, that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it, you will more readily recognise it around you.

That is Theosophy. No dogmatism there. Simply a recognition of the *fact* that faith, hope, and love are in human nature, and a counsel

that each man should search for them within himself and within the hearts of his fellows. This is one of the eternal maxims of religion — so built around and obscured by dogmas and ecclesiasticism. But let us disentomb it and make it our own. Let us claim our heritage from the wisdom and earnestness of our past. Let us not throw away priceless jewels in a passion over their tawdry setting.

We want to help all earnest seekers for light. They cannot perhaps see their way to believing in the immortality of the soul. Very well, let it go; never mind. Let them fix their faith on the present realities in human nature, and we need not quarrel as to whether to call those realities a soul, or a mind, or a body, or anything else. Theosophy says, "Live your best, and you will fulfil the duty of man." If you find around you selfishness and the evils it engenders, seek to combat it first *in your own heart*. That is the battle-ground. It may be that some subtle form of this weakness is blinding your own eyes. Beware lest your disgust with dogmatism lead you into a dogmatic and intolerant attitude of your own. Wholesale condemnation is as unwise as wholesale acceptance. True discernment rejects the false and recognises the true. If sectarianism has striven to corner the bread of life, shall we play its game by refusing all sustenance? If I, a Theosophist, choose to believe in immortality, am I to discard my belief because some people have taught dogmas or twaddle about immortality? It is an ill lot to dwell eternal and piqued exiles in a dreary desert of negation and denial, because our rightful inheritance has been squandered. Theosophy's message is for those who find the atmosphere of negation cold and dreary; for those who want to believe, yet cannot see their way; for those whose intellectual affiliations seem to necessitate a rejection of things they know in their hearts to be true. It will be said that Theosophy has many doctrines; and this is true. But these doctrines are not dogmas, any more than are the propositions found in a treatise on mathematics or any branch of science. They represent the convictions of certain people, and are expressed under the generally recognised right of people to express their convictions. But, further, they are expressed in answer to a very real demand that exists for them; and this demand requires consideration, whatever may be the attitude of other sections of the public towards these doctrines. But in no sense are these doctrines forced upon anybody. And for this reason, Theosophists are not in the same position, regarding the demand for 'proofs,' as they would be if they were urging their teachings as dogmas for acceptance. A salesman who is pushing his wares on reluctant purchasers is not in the same position as a purveyor who has a commodity which the public is asking for. As to the oft-repeated question, "Where are your proofs?" — asked in con-

nexion with the subject of the soul and immortality — we simply say to the questioner: "What do you want? We believe in these things ourselves, and we have given in our writings the reasons for our belief. We can do no more than point out the possible means of arriving at knowledge — by study and experience. Study what has ever been written on the subject, and search your own inner nature for light from within. These matters are not susceptible of physical demonstration; our ignorance about them is due to the imperfection of our faculties. If you expect to find the proof at the beginning of your studies, instead of at the end, you will not get far in your reading. The idea of the provisional hypothesis is familiar enough to science; and all through the course of experience we have to accept many things on belief pending a subsequent demonstration. Take immortality as a provisional hypothesis; or take mortality as a provisional hypothesis; choose your method. Both are in the same position as regards proof.

Perhaps there are some who, on reading this, will say, as so many inquirers have said: "So this is Theosophy! I did not understand that before. I always thought Theosophy was — so and so." Yes, there are many who get altogether false impressions of what Theosophy is — thanks to the work of irresponsible writers; but when they find out what it really is, they realize to their surprise that it is a friend and not an enemy. They find that they can read and profit by Theosophical teachings without having to identify themselves with any weird cults or dogmas. They discover that these weird cults and grotesque teachings are not Theosophy at all. You, my critic, have to contend against misrepresentation; so have we. Another bond of sympathy! But let us at least understand each other. Pilgrims alike, through the mazes of that strange life, in which *willy nilly* we find ourselves, we are each resolved to make the best of it according to our light. Foes alike of dogmatism and injustice, we seek the bedrock of fact. But Theosophists recognise no authority that says: "Thou shalt not believe!" or "Thus shalt thou think!" — under whatever flag that authority may sail, religious or scientific.

Claiming the right of criticism for ourselves, we take the following remarkable statement from our critic's article. He says that Theosophy carries scientific methods into higher realms and applies them to facts that lie beyond the physical senses; and that "a more preposterous statement" than this was never made; for "Theosophists have no means of going beyond the reach of the physical senses any more than the rest of us." We simply refer back to what we have said above about justice, conscience, compassion, honor, etc., and ask again whether these are objects of the physical senses. We say that, in our opinion, they are

not. Hence, again in our opinion, we say that both Theosophists and "the rest of us," in entertaining these notions, have gone beyond the physical senses. A world composed exclusively of physical objects would be a world so strange that, not being of a visionary turn ourselves, we leave it to the imagination of others more gifted in that respect. Possibly a beetle may live in such a world; a dog, scarcely; certainly not a Bushman. No, friend critic, you and I both live in a world of thoughts and feelings, which seem to occupy us quite a little; and though you may choose to dub them unrealities for theoretical purposes, they are real enough practically. Shall we apply scientific methods to their handling (in ourselves or others), or just let things slide?

Another thing which the critic says, and which sounds to us not unlike a dogma is that

Circumstances which blind fate insures are the deciding forces in all men's lives, and this fact is so clearly demonstrated that ordinary sense is forced to accept it.


Really? And the demonstration? But first, what (or who) is Mr. Blind Fate? Is this one of the gods of superstition? And what is the real meaning of the statement that circumstances are the deciding forces in men's lives? It looks like a good example of what the text-books on composition call 'tautology.' Circumstances determine circumstances — and blind fate determines both. It may mean something, but it does not mean much — not for practical purposes at all events. This philosophy amounts to accepting the facts of life without explanation. Holding such a philosophy of fatalism, how comes the writer to be so strenuous an advocate of reform? He is a fighter who petulantly throws down his weapons. Now, answering the implied question, Theosophy comes and says that the phrase, 'blind fate' does not mean anything much or anything useful, but is merely that very common thing, a re-statement of the problem, masquerading as a solution. And, not satisfied with leaving the matter in this hopeless state, Theosophists seek a solution, a *rational* solution, a solution that shall appeal to the reason. What practical program of reform can be built on mere fatalism — on the acceptance of an arbitrary deity called 'blind fate,' worse than the worst man-made god ever heard of? Human life is determined by natural laws, partly external to man, and partly inherent in the human character. That is a rational and scientific statement of the doctrine. The rational and scientific spirit impels us to investigate those laws, so that we may understand them and adapt ourselves to them. In this way there is hope that human circumstances may become harmonious, instead of chaotic as they are at present through our failure to understand the laws. Thus Theosophy is actually dethroning a deity called

'blind fate' and putting instead the reign of reason; how is this for rationalism?

It is paradoxical that people professing to rest their philosophy on human nature should show so little faith in human nature, and should fall foul of Theosophy, which teaches such great faith in human nature. If we are to cavil at the statement that man is his own savior, and at the same time to reject all other saviors, upon what *can* we base our hopes, or with what can our endeavors be inspired? The attitude seems quite unreasonable; yet, since it is actually adopted by men who can not be devoid of reason, there must be some ground for it. Is it not perhaps like the attitude of a sick man, who, though he desires to get well, has been so often deceived that he has lost faith in all doctors and waves aside all medicines?

The gist of the matter is that, if desired reforms are to come, we must abandon pessimism and fatalism and a philosophy of mere destruction, and turn our thoughts to faith in ourselves and in construction. Dogmatism is found everywhere, along with rationalism, irrespective of sects and classes; and a wider tolerance is needed. And the scientific attitude demands that we shall not condemn anything on a first hasty glance and without real knowledge of that which we are condemning.

THE VEIL OF BIRTH AND DEATH: by L. R.

OW in the regions where the gods dwell in light and peace, the Earth was known as a far-off, sorrowful place. But that it reflected the sunshine, it might have been overlooked in the great heavens filled with starry worlds, many of them bright with an inner light of their own.

Though the earth was fair and wonderful, somehow things had gone wrong upon it. So the gods, moved by pity, had pledged themselves to share with the bewildered children of men their own light, and to carry it to them little by little even if it took until the end of time.

Thus it came about that, one by one, an endless line of Pilgrims left their bright home and bravely made their way earthward. Without fear or favor they took on human life just as they found it, entering alike into hovel and palace and all kinds of places and claiming kinship with rich and poor, with bad and good, with ignorant and learned, — for all were sorely in need of light. Mayhap they were guided in their choice by the heart light of mother love, which, alike in homes of cosy comfort or of cheerless want, guarded tiny living garments of earth matter made

ready for them to wear. Thus mother-love brings light to the earth.

These baby bodies that the incoming souls took on were fresh and sweet; but everything was so different from the existence of joyous freedom they had left behind, that often the first breath came with a protesting cry of dismay. Then, as the tender touch of sheltering mother arms pillowed the Pilgrim's head upon a loving heart, every sense was soothed, as by a fragrant memory of that foregone home of light and peace.

In long after years, many a man and woman Soul lost sight of the light they came to bring, and lost faith in their fellows; but few ever forgot that first touch of reality on earth which makes mother's love akin to the vital peace of the unseen world. To fall asleep in her arms was ever blessed rest; and often the aged, when dying, looked back to the beginning and longed to lay a weary head again on mother's breast as their eyes closed in a last long sleep.

The line of homeward bound Pilgrims was as continuous as the incoming stream, and to all of them the mystery and plan of endless existence were an open book. As familiar scenes faded and the senses ebbed from the dying, there came the liberating joy of freedom from a body which, at best, was but humanized dust. The only sting of death was the bitter regret felt by the released Pilgrim, who saw recorded upon the screen of time the full meaning of every event in the journey just ended, and realized where he had failed to use Life's chances when he was fitly embodied for Earth's work. But with this backward look, the outgoing Soul renewed its pledges, resolving that the next time, the light should burn more brightly than ever.

As Death stilled the Pilgrim's senses into a wise silence, the meaning of everything was so clear it seemed as if the Soul *could* not be confused or bewildered or forget itself, however deeply it might be veiled in flesh. But so it had been and must be, until the light of living Truth in every human heart shall overcome the darkness and delusion of despair, ambition and desire.

Life greeted each arriving Pilgrim, knowing them all full well, for they had come and gone, again and again, ever since the world was young. Upon the outspread screen of time he showed them where each could fit best into the great plan, to help fulfil its purpose. He had one message for all: "Remember that the veil of matter beclouds even the Soul's vision, so that, on Earth, you may perchance not know me as your friend. But I shall be with you everywhere and shall offer you opportunities at every turn. You will know what to do always while you keep the light burning in your hearts. Trust yourselves and trust me, and you will remember *who you are* and why you came."

Then Life touched the mystic curtain which is and yet is not a barrier between the seen and the unseen worlds. It is opaque to mortal eyes, but to the inner sight it is an open, pictured mesh of interwoven deeds and dreams. To Life, looking inward or outward through it, and knowing how the great Plan unites everything on both sides of it, 'tis only a name. When the Pilgrim passes it, bringing the gracious heart glow of pure creative dawn, men dimly feel a touch of eternal reality which ever begins anew — and this they call Birth. When the moving curtain marks a Pilgrim's return home, some radiant Truth from the center reaches the outlying Earth, dark with self-inflicted ignorance, with chill misery and cruel suffering from belittling beliefs and a universal blight of unlovely passions. Then vague, haunting memories of real home life behind the scenes make earth-bound, blinded men shrink from the ghastly farce they live, and their selfish grief follows the departing Pilgrim to burden and hold him back, — for this departure they call Death.

To the glorious, unconquerable Soul, the change into petty, unclean, and unsatisfying Earth-life is like the smothering darkness of Death; while release from the body is a royal rebirth into native light and freedom.

The curtain between the two worlds marks the time and place for Pilgrims coming and going, to change their garb. But to Life, which is older than Time itself, and is ever pulsating throughout space and in every atom of matter as well, the veil of Birth and Death no more begins or ends progress than do the figures on a dial.

The incoming Pilgrims still remember who they are, for a little while, so that the fresh purity and sweet trust outbreathed from baby bodies helps the diseased and weary world with renewed hope and courage. But as their bodies grow and the senses become stronger, even those who love them best let them drift into the unwise and bewildered ways of an unhappy world. The confused, insistent claims of the body and its brain-mind drown the Soul harmony in countless discords. Even so, there are flaming moments when the heart light warms and thrills the whole being with its native sense of pure creative power which yet shall make this world anew, as fair and wonderful within as it is without.



If the voice of the MYSTERIES has become silent for many ages in the West, if Eleusis, Memphis, Antium, Delphi, and Crésa have long ago been made the tombs of a Science once as colossal in the West as it is yet in the East, there are successors now being prepared for them. . . . The twentieth century has strange developments in store for humanity, and may even be the last of its name. — *H. P. Blavatsky*



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THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA



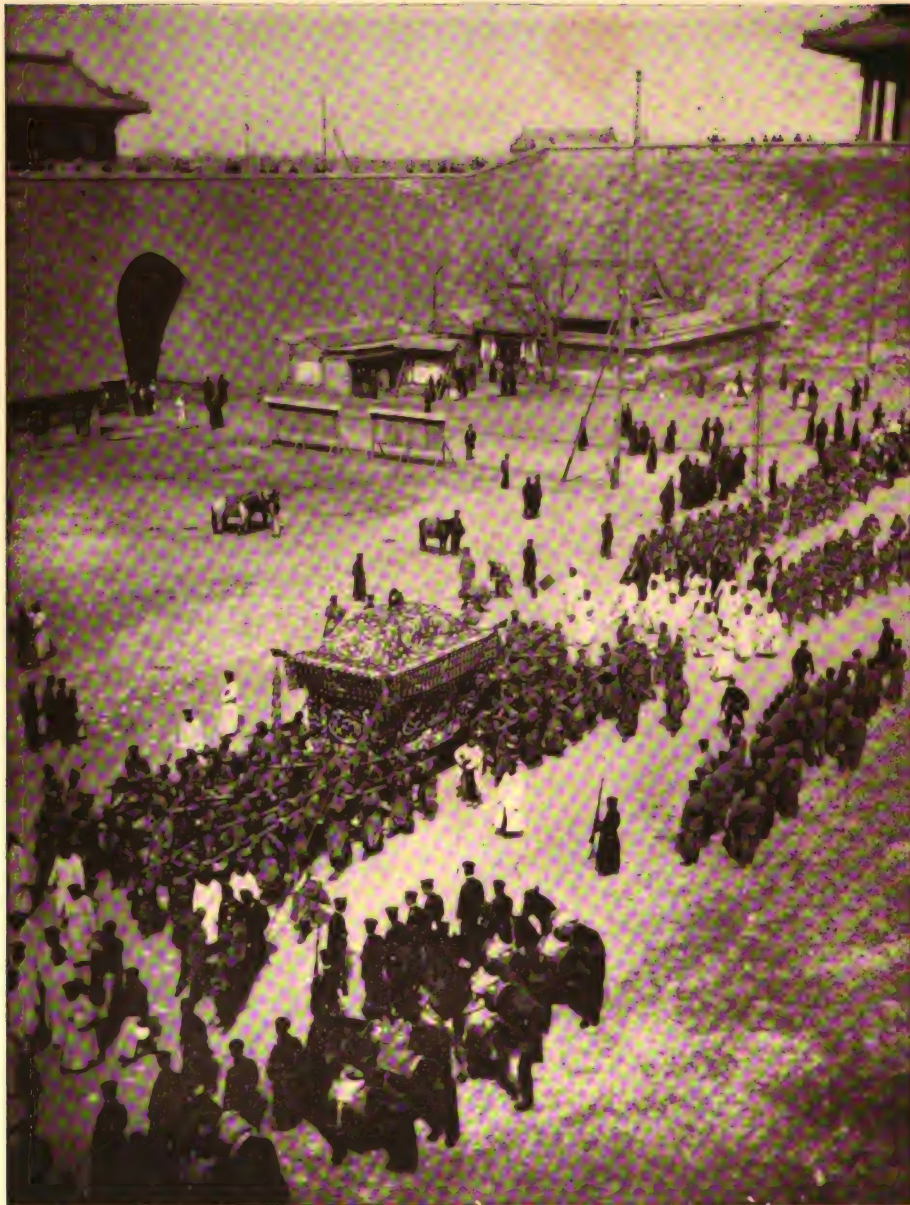
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A TYPICAL CHINESE GATEWAY, OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PEKIN



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A CHINESE STONE QUARRY




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FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS PASSING OUT OF THE CITY

SYMBOLISM IN NATURE AND IN ART: by R. Machell

(A School of Antiquity Paper)

 O those who look upon Symbolism as a mode of mystification, a means of hiding the plain meaning of things under an unnecessary disguise, it will seem strange to talk of symbolism in Nature. But to one who tries to understand the meaning of things the expression will seem reasonable enough. For one who does try to know the meaning of life in all its multifold manifestations, there is no doubt, there can be no doubt, that all manifestations of life are but symbols, or the external appearances of internal qualities.

But the ordinary person, I fancy, inclines to the idea that the external appearance of a thing is the thing in itself: and that its inner qualities are merely incidental attributes. Not so the Theosophic student, who looks on Nature as the manifestation of Spiritual energies upon the plane of Matter. To such an one every object is a concrete expression of spiritual energy: everything that exists is indeed to him a symbol, a mystery to be studied and to be understood. The faculty of understanding is man's chief distinguishing characteristic, and it is called into operation by the Will of Man to know Himself. To do this he must know the world of which he appears to be a part, and in which he finds himself called upon to play so important a part as to make it appear that the entire universe only exists for his experience. If this is so in fact, then Man himself must be something vastly more important than his rather insignificant little personality would at first sight lead one to suppose. That this is the case is the positive assertion of the Teachers of Theosophy in all ages, who declare that Man in his essence is Divine. That is to say that man himself is a symbol of Divinity. But the ordinary man is so accustomed to look upon a symbol as a figure invented for the purpose of convenient reference, that such a phrase as 'symbol of Divinity' will convey to his mind rather the idea that man is not divine but is merely a dummy that may be used to suggest the idea of something different; whereas to the Theosophic student it would mean that man is the natural expression on this plane of Divine energy and intelligence.

It is important to recognise at once these two different ways of looking at life: in order that one may understand the constant war of minds dealing with ideas from different standpoints, and the continual use of identical terms with different ideas back of them. The very fact that two people can use the same form of words with entirely different meaning shows that they do actually think in terms of symbolism, and that they speak symbolically whether they wish to do so or not.

Obviously all language is symbolic, it can not be otherwise, and language has a wide interpretation. The language of words, which has so many variations in different lands and which is so difficult to use clearly and intelligibly, is but one form of communication or one mode of expression. All Art is language in this sense; all music is language; finally all creation is expression; and of what is it the expression? Of THAT, which in itself is inexpressible but which is the cause of all Expression. The Divine, the Infinite, The Self Supreme. Therefore the ancients said: "Man, know thyself!"

But the ordinary man will protest that when he speaks of symbolism he means something artificial that men have invented and that is not a natural evolution.

Of course this would imply that man is outside of nature, and that what he does is not done in the ordinary course of natural evolution; which appears to me to be a big assumption bordering upon the ridiculous. Man is not separable from nature at any time. He is one of Nature's modes of expression, and all his acts are subject to natural law and are indeed themselves expressions of natural law.

The confusion of mind upon this subject is due to an arbitrary limitation of the meaning of that word *Nature*, as well as to a complete ignorance of the real meaning of man, and of his place in Nature:

This unfortunate ignorance of our own nature has led man to invent Gods of various kinds to fill the gaps in his understanding. A God is always used to account for anything that is not intelligible. Modern Gods are mere verbal symbols devoid of intelligence and quite impersonal, such as Chance, Fate, Luck, Accident, Force, and so forth, which have scientific names for those who prefer them, but which are none the less members of the modern Pantheon.

The old Pantheon was more interesting; if it was like a sort of transcendental zoölogical show, it was at least alive; whereas the modern theogony is more suggestive of a museum of curiosities such as one may see in the archives of the Patent Office, and in the show-cases of our great museums. The modern Gods *are* symbols in the sense in which the ordinary man understands the term.

I am not now pretending that there is no such thing as artificial symbology; far from it. The mind of man is continually busy devising substitutes for Truth. But however ingenious may be his perversions they always must be built upon some foundation of fact in nature. The most direct falsehood is but an inversion of truth, and the most pernicious lies are just distortions of fact. Truth being the *Thing-in-itself*, and the Thing-in-itself being the Universe, the mind of man must operate within these universal bounds; so that even the most perverted mind

is but like a very bad mirror, which if it reflects at all, must show some image of that which is presented to it. In fact falsehood is always founded on fact. So that the most artificial form of symbolism cannot entirely escape from the original and natural symbology which consists in the external manifestation of internal qualities.

When a man looks at the sky and tries to read the signs of the weather he is endeavoring to read nature's symbolism. When a man tries to read character by looking at a person he is testifying to his belief in the fact that the internal character of the individual must find expression in the outer form or in the modes of motion peculiar to the person. This is reading natural symbology. This art is an exercise of an inner faculty of the higher mind, which is sometimes called intuition, and its successful exercise depends upon keenness of perception and delicacy of sympathy rather than acuteness of intellect. This is art; but there is also a science of character-reading, in which intuitive perception is replaced by formulas, rules, tests, and other such mental contrivances, which may give excellent results and which may be of use even to one who also has the higher faculties of the true artist. Then besides this true Science, in which the results of experience are made the basis of rules, there are a host of more or less speculative systems, some of which are merely fraudulent, by means of which the ignorant attempt to get results without studying either science or art; but all alike are modes of interpreting natural symbolism. The phrenologist pretends to read a person's character by the bumps on his head, and may do so successfully; the palmist reads the symbols in the hand; he could read the soles of the feet just as well if he had the results of other people's experience to guide him; and so on, even to the ranks of the fakirs and charlatans: all testify to a belief in an obvious truth, which, however, is generally not recognised and is frequently denied, but which is simply this, that the inherent qualities of a thing or a creature express themselves spontaneously and naturally in the outer form of the thing or person. Every particle of a body must fall into place in obedience to natural law, which is the same thing as saying that the form of a thing is a symbol of its inherent qualities. And what are they but the attributes of the real self?

But as man is only a part of the Universe so his own manifestation of his inherent qualities is subject to the conditions in which he finds himself. The true man may be divine, but his body will be no better than the conditions of life allow. There must be thus a continual struggle for fuller expression of inherent possibilities. This is the tragedy of life: the possibilities of man, and the limitations imposed upon him by physical heredity, racial development, and social conditions. Every

man who has ever felt his heart throb in response to a high ideal knows the meaning of this tragedy, when he yields to his own weaknesses and fails to rise superior to the conditions in which he finds himself. Faith in his own possibilities makes a man great, but faith in the possibilities of other people makes him noble, and gives him real power. For with this faith he can appeal to a hostile world and win response to high ideals from men who did not know that they had it in them to recognise good when they saw it and who had lost faith in themselves. Such a person is a savior of men indeed, and all of us have the power to do just that in some degree, for all of us have undreamed-of possibilities in us.

The world we live in is made apparent to us through our senses and we see, hear, feel, taste, or otherwise experience contact with persons and things in this way.

But in our endeavors to communicate with one another, we are also limited to the use of these senses, because we have become so interested in external form and sensation, that we have lost the use of our inner senses almost entirely. So we have invented languages and arts to help us to find expression on this plane for internal qualities that demand expression, but which we do not yet fully understand. The desire for self-expression seems to be the fundamental cause of all manifestation. A plant expresses its own inherent qualities just as far as conditions allow. The gardener endeavors to improve the conditions in order to allow the plant its fullest expression. Why does the flower grow so? Because that is the fullest expression of its own character that it can achieve under these conditions. Consequently it is possible to know the inherent qualities of plants from their external appearances; and this art has long been cultivated and has been reduced to some sort of scientific form for the use of students of medicine. This is a science of natural symbolism. But when the doctor writes a prescription he falls back upon an artificial symbology for conveying to the dispensing chemist his ideas on nature's symbology and his interpretation of it.

When a man reads at a glance the character of one who is trying to deceive him, both of them are using for their own purposes this fact of natural symbology. When a man smiles to hide his anger, he is using his knowledge of symbology to deceive others. He trusts to the general acceptance of such a symbol as a smile as a token of certain value, while he may be really trying to pass off false coin. All through life we find this constant attempt of man to substitute false symbols for true, but we never get away from symbology until we leave the world of appearances in which we now live.

Even those who have no use for symbology use it involuntarily. They cannot do otherwise; they have no other means of expression.

Their words are symbols, they talk and act in symbols and they learn to interpret one another's symbology while inventing new symbols for themselves, so that every class has its own slang and a whole set of symbols constituting a jargon that is almost unintelligible outside that world of their particular class.

But when we come to Art we find that certain painters are classed as symbolists and contrasted with others who are called realists, but who are practising a different form of symbolism. What is the special meaning then of the term when applied to a particular form of artistic expression?

I think that the real difference between these two lies in the degree of penetration into the inner meaning of things achieved or attempted by each.

The realist feels certain emotions arising from his contemplation of nature and thinks that the best way to communicate those emotions to others is to reproduce (symbolically with paint) the main features of the scene that stirred the emotion in himself. He does not attempt to build up the actual scene. That would be impossible, for if he could transport the actual objects he could not bring the weather or the atmosphere or the light or the time of day which were so important in the original. He cannot even attempt to paint every detail symbolically. The most confirmed realist has to select, to simplify, to accentuate, to modify and arrange his picture, and then he has to paint it according to his own particular system, which is his form of symbolism.

But he limits himself to an attempt to reproduce certain essential features of a scene in nature with which he associates a certain set of emotions. And if the spectator knows that language or symbolism, then he experiences emotions that correspond more or less to those of the artist. The whole business is a matter of symbolic expression and interpretation. The most realistic painting has perhaps been accomplished in the execution of great panoramas, such as the famous one of *The Siege of Paris* shown in the Champs Élysées in Paris for many years. I remember how completely deceptive was the illusion when the spectator found himself on the central platform surrounded with actual buildings, on one of which he stood looking out over the city beneath. At first it was impossible to say where the made-up foreground of solid objects ended and the painting of the circular wall began. The illusion was almost perfect. And yet it was accomplished by pure suggestion, for the painting, if seen at close quarters, would have appeared as loose and unrealistic as does the work of the impressionist. I had an opportunity when working on a similar one in London to discover that the most realistic effect was to be got by the freest kind of treatment and

the wholesale omission of negligible details. I saw that even faulty drawing did not interfere with realistic results. Then I knew that what is called realism in art is merely suggestion aimed low. The realist aims at suggesting the material aspect of objects and at evoking in the spectator a common-place order of emotions, but the means he employs are purely symbolic. All expression is accomplished by some form of symbolism.

The understanding of such expression depends upon the familiarity of the symbols. Every nation has its own language, spoken or written, which is only intelligible to those who have learned the meaning of the symbols employed. Even within a nation we find special systems of symbology intelligible only to those who have need of such systems. Take for instance chemistry, or astronomy, telegraphy or any other system of signalling: all such systems have to be studied and made familiar or else they are unintelligible. The same thing is true with regard to the deeper sciences. Alchemy has a jargon of its own, the Kabala has its language, and the Sacred Sciences of Antiquity were all recorded in symbols which are as unintelligible to the uninitiated as the shorthand notes of a stenographer are to one who does not know the system. Yet people talk sometimes of these natural and common mysteries as if they were tricks used to deceive the public. There may be such tricksters in all branches of science and art. It is said that an oriental scholar once sent a Sanskrit prayer to a dispensary with a request that the prescription be made up at once and returned. A bottle of medicine came back with instructions for its use. This no doubt tended to confirm the scholar in his distrust of doctors and druggists, but it only shows how necessary it is to know something of symbology.

The art critic too often ignores the obvious fact that all Art is symbolic and that the language in which it is expressed must be studied to be understood.

Now this age is a practical one; it is essentially materialistic, and our whole civilization is built on the most material concepts of comfort and prosperity. It may be that in a short while all this will have passed and a new age be inaugurated, but for some centuries past and even for some millenniums, idealism, mysticism, and true religion have been falling out of recognition in the public mind. It may be said that this is not really so, but that the spread of wealth has diffused elementary education and brought into the area of civilized life a host of low-class minds that in former ages were outside the reach of literature, science, or art. These crowds now constitute the mass of the public, and the higher culture is apparently swamped by the flood of vulgar trash that is produced for this mass of partly-educated unintelligence. There are, however, races

still existent whose records show that the whole people had some familiarity with systems of symbology that are unintelligible even to the scholars of today because the religious science expressed in those systems is no longer known even to the students. Thus we find statues and carvings and paintings of holy men in the East which show a constant recurrence of certain postures in the figures, certain forms in the garments worn, certain colors employed, and certain strange creatures as well as plants, so carefully and systematically arranged, that it is hard to believe that students could fail to recognise in these records a system of symbology that was familiar to the followers of the religion prevailing at the time of the execution of these records. Now it is well known that each posture had a definite significance, which sometimes was far removed from the pictorial value of the design. We can see how these symbols gradually crystallized, lost their artistic quality, became scientific, and finally passed into a written language, which was used for common-place material purposes.

The use of symbolism implies the existence of ideas that seek expression, as well as of a public capable of understanding the language employed.

As I have suggested, the mass of the public is not familiar with thoughts that go beyond the needs and emotions of the body, and so to them the symbology of mysticism is of course a dead language. An artist who endeavors to express a mystical thought or a spiritual idea in a painting, is necessarily appealing to a very limited public; but it may well be that his appeal will stir a desire for knowledge in the minds of some whose intelligence is awake but untrained, and also it may find a response in hearts that yearn for higher things than their education has made them acquainted with. The mystic of today cannot use a system of symbolism that will be intelligible to any large part of the public, and it is probable that he will have to be content to find his work unintelligible to the majority even of educated persons. But as all Nature is symbolic and as all human beings are a part of Nature, all must share to some extent an interior perception of truth, and all must have undeveloped possibilities of understanding even the most profound mysteries: for no mystery is more profound than that of the human heart. So I maintain that symbology is natural to man: and that all forms of natural symbolism may be used and understood to some extent by all people who care to use their own intelligence and to study language. At one time the language of color was studied and used as scientifically as sound is now. There was a color-symbolism as well defined as our system of sound-symbolism, which we call music. The correspondence between the colors of the solar spectrum and the sounds

that are employed by musicians is so strangely close that it is a matter of surprise that there has not been yet developed an art of pure color corresponding to the art of pure sound which we call music. All the materials are at hand, and from time to time inventors have discovered these obvious correspondences and have made instruments such as M. Rimington's color-organ. But the public is not yet educated to appreciate symphonies of pure color, though it can to some extent enjoy symphonies of pure sound: so the advocates of color-music find little encouragement in their efforts to introduce the new (?) art. This ancient science of color symbolism is of course employed intuitively by all artists but instinctively rather than scientifically, and art-work is tested by popular instinct rather than by intelligent appreciation. But the fact that an art of pure sound has achieved recognition in this materialistic age and has made music universally popular should surely imply the possibility of popularizing the corresponding art of pure color. It is no more difficult to establish scales of pure color than it is to do the same for sound. All scales are arbitrary, but they are based on natural facts, and are adapted to the evolution of the particular sense in each nation. It may be that the color-sense of the western races is less highly evolved than their sound-sense, but the foundation for both is present and the eventual recognition of color-music is certain. A writer in a South African paper recently announced the startling discovery of this ancient and obvious correspondence and hinted at the possibility of things long since established as scientific facts. And we shall no doubt have many more discoveries of this kind before the subject receives the attention it deserves. It may be that the chaos of western civilization points to the dawn of a new age, in which the heart of humanity will make itself felt in the life of the nations and will demand a higher expression than any to be found in the increase of wealth or the elaboration of comfort.

In the meantime, writing as an artist who has devoted much time to mystical painting, and also speaking as a student of Theosophy, I would warn those who are interested in art and symbology against all cut-and-dried methods of interpretation. When you hear a person saying that red means this and blue means that, remember that red and blue are relative. There is no such thing as absolute red or blue on the material plane. The colors merge into one another so imperceptibly that any definition is purely arbitrary. So that when you find tables of colors and correspondences, remember that these are merely approximations at best, and that they are only true under certain conditions and within certain limits: and that while all colors are the natural expression of certain qualities in nature, the power to see those colors

is a matter of personal development. Each one of us sees color differently. The differences indeed are so marked that a large number of people are found to be quite unable to distinguish between such strong contrasts as red and green; while in a lesser degree almost all have some peculiarity of vision that makes the finer shades of colors appear to incline for instance more to the red than to the blue; to the orange than to the green, and so on. When we then consider how little we know about the qualities which these colors are said to symbolize, surely we must see the utter folly of declaring dogmatically that such a color means this or that. When a teacher does this it is understood that reference is made to a definite scheme, scale, or system, and outside that school the statements of the teacher must be meaningless. For this reason also students of the ancient sciences were forbidden to talk about these things. But for the general art-lover there is an infallible guide to all such mysteries in his own heart. The colors of nature and art have a meaning for all who can see them, and the interpretation must be personal, for no one can know how another sees color. There are feelings and emotions in each one of us that correspond to all the forms and colors that we are individually capable of perceiving, and it is for each one of us to constantly cultivate our own perceptive faculties, so as to be able to feel the higher emotions that are dormant in our hearts and that may be aroused into activity by contemplation of works of Art.

Let each one cultivate his own taste and beware of pretentious critics who revel in ecstatic adoration of things they do not understand or who speak contemptuously of art which they have heard some one else denounce. Be your own critic, and keep your criticism to yourself. Enjoy to the full what you can appreciate, and do not mind if you find that in a little while you have outgrown that taste. Growth is good, but affectation is not growth. Try to *feel* beauty, and do not talk about your feelings; let your discrimination grow as a plant grows and do not keep pulling it up to show how it is getting on. No one can do your growing for you, nor can you grow for any one else. Appreciation of Art is far less an intellectual than an emotional proposition (using the word 'emotional' in its higher sense), and for that reason an effort to *feel* the meaning of a symbol is more valuable as a step in evolution than the reading of books purporting to reveal these mysteries. The unveiling of the mysteries is accomplished in silence and in meditation, an attitude of mind that may be maintained while fulfilling one's daily routine of duties. It is not a gymnastic exercise and it is not a 'pose.' It is a conscious act of evolution, a condition of human growth.

THE WORLD-MOVING FULCRUM: by Percy Leonard



CERTAIN sayings there are which print themselves upon the mind, and even though we fail at first to penetrate their inner meaning, yet are we none the less persuaded that they contain a living truth. Belonging to this class is that remark ascribed to Archimedes, that if he had a fulcrum he could move the world.

Upon its face the statement seems to bear no obvious relation to our inner life; yet that it does contain a principle of high importance is evident upon a nearer view. The value of a fulcrum depends upon its providing a point of resistance to oppose a lever, which thus supported is enabled to perform those functions for which it is so justly prized. We may leave it to the text-books to describe the action of the lever in the field of Mechanics and proceed to consider its application to the inner world. It is in its relation to the world of thought in which we chiefly live, that the subject is especially interesting, for in the path of everyone are obstacles to be removed and all have minds to serve as levers to assist them in the work they have in hand. The mind is an admirable lever and moves with great rapidity; it even has an independent action of its own and is in fact so volatile, that when we try to subjugate its oscillations to our will, we find ourselves committed to a strenuous task. So long as the mind remains on its own plane, it can accomplish no real work in the real sense, for work is the overcoming of resistance, and there is no resistance to mere thinking. While acting in its own domain the mind creates ideals of the utmost grandeur without effort, and can rear majestic castles in the air; but when it comes to building dwellings for our common use, they prove to be of the unsubstantial fabric of which dreams are made.

In glorious dreamland one may easily acquire all virtue by a simple act of will, and proceed along the pathway like a royal pageant to the sound of trumpets, on a clear and open road; but we have scarcely entered on our waking life before we fall at the first onset of the enemy. Mere aspirations howsoever beautiful can never help us on our way, just as an obstacle can never be removed by brandishing a lever, no matter how adroitly and gracefully it may be done. The mind must first be energized by will and be opposed by the resistance of desire — that fierce, impetuous soul of the material world — before its proper work can be begun. The strain of handling a lever is only felt when the fulcrum is brought into use, and it is not until we oppose the craving of selfish desire that the resisting power of the lower nature makes itself felt, and thus we stumble on the very fulcrum we require. It is precisely in overcoming this resistance that we set in motion the very

highest forces in Nature, and our erstwhile foe becomes our comrade.

We shall never achieve the betterment of human life by dwelling in the visionary land of dreams; but only by descending to the battleground of common duty and in acquiring mastery over self in the prosaic struggles of our daily life. By cheerfully submitting to our unromantic destiny we liberate the mighty powers of the incarnate soul, and generate those streams of force that strike unseen of men, but powerful as the magic of the gods. A single evil tendency confronted and opposed, does more for suffering fellow-man than the most moving exhortation, which may be nothing after all but the exuberance of a fertile mind that never made a serious effort at self-mastery.

The soul is a warrior: or in other words the function of the Higher Nature is to overcome resistance. This fundamental quality too often finds expression in actual conflicts with one's fellows; for it is an undoubted fact that quarrels are often fomented as a relief from what is often felt to be the tedious monotony of a peaceful existence; but as we advance in interior development, external encounters are avoided because they are recognised as distractions from our real work. And many at this point turn back because they find themselves so intimately blended with the lower side of their natures, that in restraining its propensities they seem to be striking at the very roots of their existence.

The joy of self-conquest is impossible so long as we imagine ourselves to be the animal we seek to dominate, and this is why (as all the mystics teach) a dreary sense of blankness falls upon the mind as we approach that region where the avenues of selfish pleasure are successively closed. But we are not condemned to pass our lives in a dull void of consciousness.

So long as we identify ourselves with the deceptive mask we wear, so long our lives are like a kingdom torn by internecine strife; but as we learn to strike the line that separates the lower from the higher man, the situation undergoes a change, and, though indeed we find ourselves engaged in mortal combat, yet we can gather courage from the thought that all the helpful forces of the Universe are ranged upon our side.


A man who holds down rising anger does far more than simply check an outburst of unruly passion. The force controlled is not merely suppressed, it is transformed and raised, and travels outwards as a subtle radiation of the soul whose influence is unimaginably great. One who attempts to wield the finer forces of his nature can never for a moment be off guard. Desire unceasingly injects a never-ending train of thoughts into the mind which calls for ceaseless vigilance, and in the unremitting strain of such control, the higher influences stream in ceaseless flow,

and like the cheerful beams of the impartial sun, dispel the gloom from sad, discouraged hearts in places far away.

It is surely a matter for wonder that the ancient Theosophical teaching about the pairs of opposites and the necessity of an opposing pole to 'good' has disappeared completely from the Christian scheme, for it is plainly taught by Christ. In his parable of the husbandman whose servants reported tares among the wheat, he represents him as forbidding them to weed out the tares for fear of uprooting the wheat, at the same time, and commanded *that both should be allowed to grow together until the harvest*. If, by a single drastic operation, we could rid ourselves of so-called 'evil,' we should become by that deliverance the most useless creatures upon the face of the earth; for it is only by its antagonism that we generate our force for doing good. A disembodied spirit must enjoy many advantages incompatible with existence in the flesh, and like a distant star may shed a helpful ray upon the more advanced of humankind; but for the lack of a material base its influence upon humanity at large must fail of its full potency. Our bodies, held in such contempt by mystics of a certain school, have well been styled by Katherine Tingley as "Temples of mighty power," for by the very vehemence of their desires they furnish that resistive base from which we operate the forces we employ.

It is only when permitted free expression, that the crude energies of matter can be termed injurious; kept under due control they constitute the never-failing source from which we draw our motive power. The play and interplay of antithetical, opposing forces, are the indispensable conditions for our work by which we obtain the fulcrum for our lever.

A UNIVERSE OF ACTIVE ENERGY: by T. Henry, M. A.

 HE progress of thought may be compared with the incoming of the tide on the seashore. The water advances not in one mass and at a uniform rate; a single wave rushes in and marks a line far in advance of the rest, and it is long before another wave reaches the same mark. Thus imperceptibly, amid continual ebbs and flows, the whole body of water advances. And similarly many of the ideas emphasized by H. P. Blavatsky have found their echoes many times since she expressed them; and, as time goes on, the same ideas are expressed again and again, as though the force of the tide were reaching other and yet other relays of the ocean of thought, and so gradually bringing on the whole mass. One of these ideas is that

of the sentience of nature — the universal prevalence of life, even in the so-called inorganic world and in 'dead matter.' The idea is as old as thought itself; but Theosophy is a rehabilitation of ancient truths. This truth had become obscured during the reign of mechanistic theories of the universe. By extending the principles of mechanics into the realm of the imagination, we had created an imaginary universe of dead atoms propelled by forces. The attempt to separate these two constituents entirely from each other resulted in the two *words* (for we can call them nothing else) 'mass' and 'motion.' But recent and more refined researches in physics have tended to show that mass itself is only a form of motion; a conclusion which throws into doubt the validity of the well-known dynamic equation $f=ma$. As some are now expressing it — matter is found to be made up entirely of energy; the atoms are merely centers of energy.

In *Popular Astronomy* is a paper of 'The Nature of Matter,' with the sub-title: 'This is not a Universe of Dead Atoms but of Active Energy'; and concluding:

We have thus, by a course of scientific reasoning, come to the conclusion that this is not a universe of dead atoms propelled by blind force, but a universe of active energy. It seems to the writer that in this conclusion lies the possibility of a definite, thorough, and complete reconciliation of science, theology, and philosophy. . . .

This is certainly better than a universe of dead atoms propelled by blind forces; yet still it is not enough — unless we give to the word 'energy' a very different meaning to that usually assigned by science. A universe of blind irresponsible energy, wholly outside of man himself, would not satisfy the cravings of the human heart for knowledge. The putting of energy instead of atoms might amount merely to the substitution of one abstraction for another. Though physical masses and forces are real enough, so long as we confine our consciousness to the plane of objective perception; yet, when we rise in thought beyond that plane — as we do whenever we try to reason out the *meaning* of these things — then they appear as merely the *attributes* of something else; and this something is beyond the plane of physical objectivity. We may, if we like, accept energy as a primary postulate, contenting ourselves with studying the conditions of its manifestation, but inquiring not into its origin. But, if we do inquire into its origin then we must necessarily go beyond physical conceptions, and regard energy as the physical manifestation of thought and emotion in a living soul.

Science is coming ever nearer to seeing that there is no valid reason for regarding plants and animals as organisms, while denying the same name to minerals. An organism is the physical expression of a soul. For many of the ancient philosophers the word 'atom' meant a soul.

BORO-BODUR, THE GREAT PYRAMID OF JAVA: by C. J. Ryan

THE Dutch weekly, *De Week*, has lately published a striking series of illustrations of one of the greatest wonders of the world, the immense *stûpa* called Boro-bodur (Great Buddha), a well preserved ruin of a so-called Buddhist Temple in the Dutch island of Java. In shape it is a rather flat, square pyramid, each side being 520 feet long at the base. This is rather more than 200 feet the cor- of the Great Egypt. Seven square angles, and narrow the eye gradu- circular stages and so to the la or *dagoba*, feet from the general design ing closely re- of the Chal- storied tem- ed to the sev- nets; but, ac- general belief gists founded torical tradi- and the sub- carved decor- not nearly so Mesopotami-

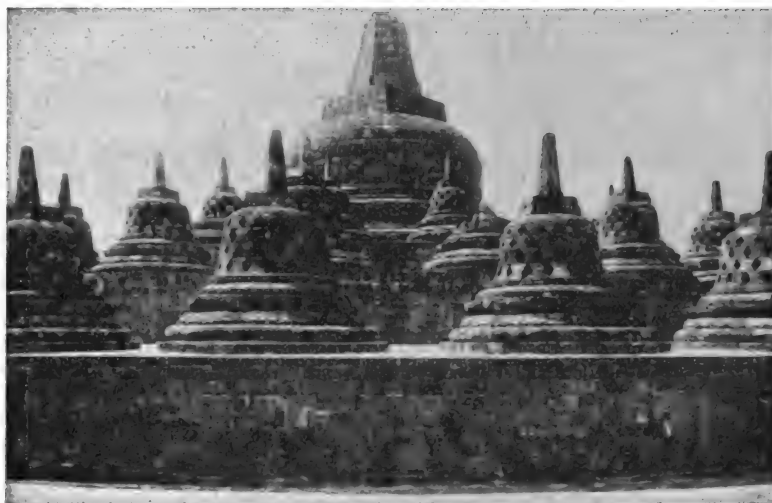


GATE ON THIRD GALLERY

Nothing is actually *known* about the date of Boro-bodur: it is supposed to have been founded early in the seventh century of the Christian Era and completed in the fifteenth. Possibly, future research may prove that these dates are far too recent, for we must always be on guard against the tendency of certain schools unduly to minimize the records of antique writers in regard to time-periods. There are no inscriptions of any kind, but rich and elaborate sculptures in number almost countless, representing incidents in the life of the Buddha, and other religious subjects, battles, sea-fights, processions, chariot races, etc. These are designed with vigor and executed with care and skill. Both in the de-

shorter than ponding part Pyramid of stages with vertical walls, terraces, lead ally to three or platforms, central cupo- which is 118 ground. The of the build- sembles that daean seven- ples dedicat- en sacred pla- cording to the of archaeolo- upon the his- tions of Java, jects of the ations, it is ancient as the an Star-tem-

tail of some of this decoration, and in the general appearance of the building, striking similarities to many of the teocallis and other structures of Central America can be traced. This is noticeable in the gargoyles, which in their details resemble ancient American work.



STŪPA TERRACES: A FEW OF THE SEVENTY-TWO SHRINES

The exact purpose for which this splendid monument was erected is not known, but there can be little doubt that the chamber under the central dagoba was intended to hold some precious relic. This was ransacked long before the year 1814, when the first careful survey of the ruin was made by order of Sir Stamford Raffles, the scholarly and wise governor of Java during the period of British occupation. Until then Boro-bodur had been utterly neglected for centuries — ever since the great age of Buddhist culture terminated with the invasion of Mohammedanism. It was partly covered by soil, hundreds of beautiful shrines and magnificent carvings were hidden under masses of tropical foliage, and cattle grazed in the sacred enclosures.

The builders do not seem to have cared to use the *voussoir* or radiating principle in their arches; an examination of the plate showing the figure (so-called Buddha) seated in the 'yoga position,' within a shrine will make it clear that the corbelling principle was adopted; in this method the upper part of the opening is not a true arch but is composed of several horizontal stones held in place by the pressure at the sides. This system can only be used for small openings, but its employment does not prove that the architects did not know the principle of the radiating arch: it is a perfectly legitimate construction for openings up to a certain limit of size. There are four hundred and thirty-two of these



GARGOYLE (MAKARA MOTIVE)

It is the pure crystallization of the Buddhistic spirit. . . .

The Boro-bodur is what in Indian art is termed a 'stûpa.' For Buddhists the stûpa is the highest type of a religious building which contains the mortal remains of Buddha or a Buddhist saint, or it may be a memorial of some important event in the life of the great Teacher or of one of his disciples. . . .

On each façade the square terraces are interrupted by two projecting pavilions which, in connexion with the gently rising and sharply outlined cornices, contribute so much to the delightful play of light and shade on the surfaces. . . . The walls are richly decorated with sculptures in high relief, representing incidents in the Buddha's former lives, as well as his last human incarnation. . . .

As we approach the higher circular platforms where the pilgrimage ended with a simple act of devotion, the offering of flowers or perfumes, we notice the broadening ascent of the conception. As we approach the central cupola the architectural idea expands and culminates, so to speak, in the expression of the underlying spiritual motive of the whole building. In the terraces it is the richness and splendor that attracts special attention. Edified by the sacred themes reproduced in the carvings, the devotee would arrive in an elevated frame of mind at the round terraces, the spheres of higher consecration. Here the oppression of the somewhat narrow galleries disappears and the wide vault of heaven can be contemplated. Here the eye can view the immense plain which extends to the distant volcanoes, and here the magnificence leads to a higher plane of severest simplicity. . . . Here we approach the Holy of Holies, the central stûpa, severe in profile, enclosing the invisible, the inaccessible, the highest — the Mystery.

Finally, it should be noted that the Boro-bodur stûpa has nine terraces, of which the three upper ones represent circles, and the others squares.

shrines, a significant number frequently referred to by Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*.

The quotations that follow are freely translated by Professor D. de Lange, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, from the article in *De Week* which accompanies the pictures.

When we think of the innumerable remains of religious edifices of the time when Buddhism was in its culmination in Java we must admit that it was the golden age, a period of prosperity when life was animated by a strong and great faith. This faith led an artistic, energetic and well-balanced nation to erect temples and monasteries whose ruins are a most precious inheritance. Among the ruins those of the Boro-bodur are undoubtedly the most important.



GARGOYLE (KALA MOTIVE)



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

SOUTH-EASTERN CORNER OF THE BORO-BODUR STÛPA, A MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE
OF PIETY, IN THE ISLAND OF JAVA



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ON THE FOURTH GALLERY OF BORO-BODUR

This is the general aspect of the building on the four galleries. Under the projecting molding are reliefs embodying 1460 edifying texts. Above this molding there are niches containing statues of Buddha; originally there were 432.

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART III — STYLE

CHAPTER IV — SINCE MILTON

MUSIC and vision grew, from cycle to cycle, during the three ages of English poetry; but this thing of Style seems to have a single cycle of its own. It reached its apex in Milton, and has never come to such heights again; perhaps it cannot. I sometimes wonder whether this means that it is the most basic thing of all in poetry; whether one may say that, while the aim of vision is to see as the Soul sees, and the aim of music to hear as the Soul hears, the aim of Style is to be as the Soul is — to be the Soul. Shakespeare and Milton remain the greatest; and their greatness is their Style. It is only in respect to Style that their cycle competes with this that now seems so near its ending. In this one quality it is the greater; yet after ages will judge it to have left the finer poetic treasure. And by how infinitely much! We have criticized and commented life; they revealed it: we have philosophized where they created. The soul rests on the grand basic forms, whether expressed in a little sentence or a great epic or play; it finds in them assurance of the stability of things and the divine architecture of the Universe. Supremacy in Style is the mark of the right Sacred Book: which is packed with sayings that seem spoken out of Infinity. One imagines that Shakespeare and Milton will be in the canon of some future religion; and that the wise then will see the deep symbolism of them more clearly than we do now; as some of us seek to see the symbolism in Vedas and Upanishads, Koran or Bible. Perhaps the true things in all sacred literature are written in much the same way: through the pressure of Divinity upon the brain of the elected writer. Very likely the actual holder of the pen may be writing far greater things than he knows — than his every-day consciousness knows. The passages written with full illumination may be comparatively few. What is a 'blind' to the uninitiated may often be a blind to the mind of the writer as well: the question is not so important, since it is from the all-knowing Soul, always, that all high truth comes. What if its vehicle, in ancient Hindoostan, were a poet instructed from his childhood in the philosophies; while in recent England it was a poet bred in a narrow creed? Only the Soul — not instruction in the philosophies — could give the sacred or poetic element in either case. In the one, the mind would have understood better; and then been at pains to create the necessary veils that should conceal while revealing; in the other, those veils would have fallen into place naturally through the com-

mon workings of the mind. When we speak of the Wise Ones who lived long ago, we should remember that They live now too; that in the last resort it is the Soul who is *the* Wise One, and It exists in all ages. In so far as we partake in the life of that, we partake in the life of the Mighty and Wise. — All this without prejudice to the fact that It and its especial Agents or illuminated vehicles — the Gods and Lords of Wisdom — have their own especial seasons for appearance and their own silences and ages of withdrawal.

But it seems that the Soul of a Race, which is but a facet of the Universal Soul, can, once that it has spoken firmly and established its link with the people, awaken echoes of itself in even a minor and quite casual singer, supposing he is lifted at all above common feeling by any sort of idealism. There was a high something in the England of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, that left its echo of Style in more verse than Milton's. The Elizabethan impulse had nearly gone; it was no longer a great age of poetry; later, with the Restoration, a definite anti-poetic reaction was to set in, with lights — to call them that — of its own. Between *Lycidas* and that reaction came a kind of twilight, the years of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, during which Milton was practically silent in verse. Behind lay the glory of his Elizabethan youth; in front, his evening dragonhood and the flowering of the anti-poets; these years lay between the two ages, and partook of the fruitfulness of neither. It was the Golden Age of prose: the heyday of Fuller, Taylor and Browne, of Cowley and Walton. Of its verse—there are lines in the songs of Lovelace, to show that echoes from the Soul could still occasionally travel down into English metre.

What gives them a real, and therefore a lasting, value is a something of Style that lingers in them: a Cavalier quality, drawing, through high ideals of gentlemanhood, even from the Divine in man. It is mixed with other things, sometimes quaint enough; but it is there. Much that was altogether beyond politics lay behind either side in the War; great idealism was not uncommon. Malignants and Roundheads both saw a light; and worshiped, at their best, with some impersonality. For these, Milton in his sonnets testified in a voice to fill the ages; for those, this Colonel Lovelace had something to say which we should, yes, certainly, be the poorer for lacking. The Divine Right of Kings is no doubt a damnable doctrine, when the king in question has neither right nor divinity to show for it; yet whoso believeth with high faith, even in the right of such a king as Charles I, may find in his belief a window through which to look in upon the Divine within himself. So Lovelace took what greatness there was about the losing side, and, setting it in a couple of lyrics, gave us Style in lyricism: songs that ring

with a very real nobility: *To Lucasta, on going to the Wars*, with its

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more;

— and *To Althea from Prison*, with its

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

There is the right ring in them of a manhood with some semblance of godhood in it; in their way, they too affirm the divinity of man; and — with a *manner*. As for Milton, he was fighting the grand battle — against the 'Forcers of Conscience,' not the Royalists — in such prophetic style as this:

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From those whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packings, worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with its wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.

— *Style since Milton* the chapter is headed; but it is hard to get away from the man!

But it was *Paradise Lost* that clinched the work of the Elizabethans, and established this connexion between the Soul and the language on what you might call a firm basis; — so firm, that once the age of reaction had shown its first signs of passing, a means was at hand whereby poets of comparatively low calibre might write with some distinction. Gray profited most by it; but then, he had also some inspiration of his own. Men like Young of the *Night Thoughts*, Cowper in his translation of Homer, and later Campbell, were enabled to invest what they had to say with an air of greatness quite beyond its intrinsic value; and the same is true of many and many since. — Which is, indeed, but

repeating what Matthew Arnold has said better already; but it needs saying here, to make the tale complete.

Also it must be noted that Dryden and Pope did their work and have their place — a humble one — in the evolutionary scheme. The Race Soul probably used them; far as they were from being aware of its presence and workings. The Soul spoke in Elizabethan times, and the world caught fire; in the flame, Style was created. Milton felt titanically against a medium of stubborn words: the form he had to play upon was chaos, but he mastered chaos and imposed on it his will; and Style became inherent in the language. So his work leads us into spiritual states of consciousness at once. But the rugged wilds he had annexed for the Gods still needed reducing to order; and form is the basis of order. The Elizabethans had been wont to overleap form constantly, almost unconscious of it, through sheer riot of the imagination; Milton had needed it not, for the furnace of his inspiration had been great and glowing enough to transmute formlessness into molten beauty. Now came Dryden and Pope, knowing nothing else than form, and cultivating nothing else. They laid out Milton's wild highlands in neat parterres; they made Himalaya into macadam; conducted Niagara into pipes and taps. They left this craggy language, potentially so magnificent, a medium usable and orderable by common scribbling humanity; so that you might write it efficiently, even excellently, without being a Hermes-Ariel like Shakespeare or a Prometheus-Samson like Milton. They came in an age when England was asleep, and her life-currents running feebly; and the Race Soul seized upon them as an opportunity to impose correctives, disciplines, which should hardly have been swallowed in a waking or creative age. They made impossible of recurrence, on any large scale, the inveterate extravagance of the Elizabethans, or the creakings we sometimes hear in the working of later Miltonic imagination: — the rebel angels' Krupp factory in heaven, for example; or affable Raphael and the dinner that did not cool.

Gray owed to them the precision of his workmanship; it would have been singularly useless to him, had he not owed something else to Nature, Milton, the Elizabethans, and what there was of poet in himself. That something we find in the *Elegy*, a poem not all mere perfection of manner: the stateliness he used in it did lead him back to some little vision of the Soul. He set out to moralize among the tombs, and came to this rather commonplace conclusion:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

— A fine grave, indeed, for the beautiful pomp of his lines to find their end in! But that was not to be; all without his conscious choosing, it

was to lead him to something better: the 'silent dust' and the 'dull cold ear of Death' were not quite to be the be-all and the end-all here.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Yes; it must be said that those graves . . . revealed to him something beyond decay. He caught a glimpse of the shining glory of the Soul beneath the common stuff of humanity — just a glimpse, a hint: like a twinkle of white wings passing in the dusk; like a star shooting in the north of heaven when our eyes may be turned to the west or east. But it was a great thing to have seen, a great achievement. For all this world is a graveyard; and one sees daily and everywhere Miltons, Hampdens, Cromwells, entombed, mute and inglorious, mummified, thwarted of their proper glory, within the living flesh. There is not one of us, however fallen, however totally dull, but is in truth hidden bard and hero; nay, but the eyes of the Spirit behold upon the brow of the outcast criminal, the marks of wounding thorns; on the hands of the cutpurse and sneak-thief, also there, the divine Stigmata.

Towards that vision, I think, the Gods were leading Gray; and because They were there and leading him, his poem attains its great excellence of manner. It is enough to place him, though so minor a poet in the totality, among the great Stylists. It was a wonderful thing to happen, in such a barren soulless age; but it accounts for the ring that we still find in his language, and shall continue to find in it. Otherwise it would be inexplicable. Because, for the most part, when he has put on the mantle of the seer, and anointed his eyes for vision, he sees through the commonplace to more commonplaces beyond. His dying bard might well have beheld mysteries on mysteries; but looked for and saw only a trumpery temporary thing like revenge — a revenge whose whole cycle of effects had passed centuries before Gray wrote of him. The poem, one feels, might have achieved agelong importance; it remains an interesting literary curiosity and nothing more. There is an echo of the Grand Manner in the passage that begins

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:

— we are thrilled a little, until suspicion is borne in on us that probably

Cadwallo's tongue could reveal no more than the Bard's own, or Gray's; and that it really does not matter. There is infinitely less in the whole poem, with all its outward perfection, than in the one line Milton gave to the same subject. Yet there is that outward perfection, here as elsewhere, in Gray; and to account for it, Dryden and Milton, and the fact that Gray did once nearly see the Soul.

Style with the other qualities came in again in the nineteenth century. With some it came as the result of direct contact with the Soul; with others, because the Soul's tones had come to be a part of the language, and an easy acquirement or even the natural thing, for verse-makers. Here is an example of the latter class:

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

And so on, and so on; one might quote it all, or none of it. Campbell simply saw the outer battle; it mirrored for him no shadow of the grander battle within. He came nowhere near realities; he never caught a glimpse of the Soul. And yet you cannot read the poem, I think, without feeling that currents from some great source of dignity, deeper than the personality of man, are flowing through it.

Style is the last thing one would have expected from Wordsworth; who less than any of the great poets had that soldierly command over words that seems the very basis of it. But it is there, especially in the sonnets. Four things impinge together on his consciousness: memory of the Master of Style, the image of a star, the sound of the sea, and inklings of the Soul: and how shall he fail to make the grand utterance? It comes to this effect:

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.

And when the fall of Venice rouses sad, proud, luminous moods in him, he writes:

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate,
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

In both cases we hear ring out the pride of the superhuman in man: a superb word from the Soul is spoken, now on Milton, now on Venice.

And, though philosophizing was so fatal a habit with him — so fatal that he must needs name a *poem*: *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality received in Childhood* — he was yet capable of being mercifully thrown off the track of philosophizing, or of suddenly soaring up into the ether from it, in this:

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

He saw through philosophy to poetry there; the Soul over-rode the thinking mind, and proclaimed out loud its own pride and splendor and beauty.

Byron might have been a great stylist; at his best he attains a large measure of this grand quality. Whatever odd stanzas in *Childe Harold* possess lasting value, owe it to the presence or nearness of Style; he had the instinct for it deep in him, and when he forgot to be bitter, flip-pant or profuse, it would out at the call of reverence or high and serious mood. When it comes, it calls a sudden halt to us; and off go the shoes from our feet, for the place whereon we are standing is no common ground. Such verses are those famous ones on the Ball at Brussels; such that glorious

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon thy watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, unconfined, and unknown.

There was that which was very great in Byron: a great soul, you may say, that came into a world where it had long since sown misfortunes: a dire crop of them to be reaped in that short life as Byron, the harvesting of which, and perhaps the sowing of more, turned his attention away altogether from his own status as a soul. Let it be said that greatness is itself a quality of the Divine, a trace of its presence; that the soulless are commonplace and vulgar. One finds this poet's personality confronted again and again with that great uncomprehended Augoeides. Again and again he comes into the aroma of the Soul, and cannot guess or tell the cause of the sudden grandeur and reverence he feels; — turns away to flippancy or brilliant bitterness, wounded through and through with the pain of the Great Thing's uncomprehendedness. He reveals his real self, just hindered from mysticism, in the verse before that just quoted — in the hundred and seventy-eighth of

Canto IV of *Childe Harold*, where he speaks of his interviews with Nature,

in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal —

— that is to say, the Divinity within and without him. He could hardly have been as bad as many have supposed; his reputation has suffered from a world in arms against him, and from his own haughty personal contempt for that world. This we may say: that the Soul he could never fully reach to in his verse, never quite turned its back on him; he came very near to it, and to expressing it in his life, towards the end. He was a great man working out a very bad Karma. In his most Byronic and tragical conceptions — Manfred, Cain and the rest — there is that titanism which is also an echo of the Divinity in man. The Prometheus was Prometheus Bound; the Christ was Christ on the cross; but they were there. If he never let the light through; if he is one of the four non-mystics among the greater English poets; yet he was not a stranger to the light, as the other three were. We cannot read him, as we can Chaucer, Dryden and Pope, without being reminded of the Soul. He, also, proves the grand doctrine.

Earlier in this essay, reference was made to a parallelism between Keats' *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*; the time comes now to deal further with this. They are two of the greatest poems of their century, based on an ideal or basic form. Both present a high Soul-symbol in the guise of a medieval tale; and both symbolize the same profound truth. It is, of course, the crumbling away of the spiritual realms or states of consciousness at the entry of passion. The ideal form is there, and in such perfection, with all its lines so clearly and nobly drawn, that one would say that, like *Hamlet* or the great books of *Paradise Lost*, these two ballads must have their place in the Bible of some future race. There is no taint of preaching or philosophizing in either; yet both penetrate to regions that sermons fain would reach, but cannot. This, needless to say, is the true method of Poetry: thus she would teach us. Not often can the poet who has grown too wise in conscious brain-mindly wisdom come to such heights as this. These are the poems of young men, more concerned with their art than their ideas; but the Soul spoke through them and had its way. With a difference.

Keats was the more titanic in power; in him the Daemon spoke loudest; but his poem is marred by a relish for that same passion against which — all unsuspected by him, one must suppose — the symbol of the poem is directed. There are sentimental philandering verses which

one can bowdlerise out quite easily, and leave the poem artistically the better for lacking. Not one word might you so take from *The Lady of Shalott*; which is, *more* Tennyson, word by word and line by line perfect — on its own plane, unsurpassable. He makes his *mise en scène* thus:

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

— Three more verses of that Part I follow, all given to such detailed description, faithfully and excellently done; not until the fourth do we get a hint that we are in faery realms:

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.'

Then he takes the four verses of Part II to develop the faery quality of it: presenting a bright, glamorous world flashing in silence across the surface of the magic mirror; and to strike, in the first verse, the note of mystery, perhaps of tragedy impending:

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

It is not until the end of Part II that you have the true atmosphere of the poem set out; and it is impossible to admire enough the careful artistry with which it is done. Now see how Keats made his atmosphere and landscape, and at the same time struck the note of warning:

Ah, what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is withered on the lake,
And no birds sing.

— Two lines, and we know that tragedy is coming. Two more lines, apparently irrelevant, hardly more than a traditional ballad refrain — and the whole thing is done. We are in a mournful, wild region; Autumn

is over us, and the decay of the year. Two flicks of the brush, and the landscape is created; or rather, that is created for which landscape exists: the spiritual value, the inner atmosphere: everything real that the most elaborate landscape could convey.

Then compare Tennyson's detailed picture in Part III: the knight riding between the barley-sheaves; the sun dazzling on his brazen armor; the gemmy bridle, the blazoned baldric, the mighty silver bugle; the helmet and the helmet feather; the broad clear brow glowing in the sunlight, the coal-black curls: Lancelot riding and singing and flashing by the river — a full-length portrait in thirty-six perfect lines: with this: —

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

— The essence of a portrait in just three details, thrown to the outer eye in the third and fourth lines; and with extraordinary ominous significance, the presentiment of tragedy, in the magical

Full beautiful, a faery's child.

The whole suggestion of a sunlit, undisturbed world such as Tennyson paints detailedly in his Part I, is conveyed in the three words "in the meads." We have to imagine it, true; but Keats has blown our imagination into flame, and can trust it to do what he wants. The scrap of fuel he gives it, is adequate. But to turn to Tennyson again —

Here we see his artist's instinct come to its own:—

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

— The supreme moment having come, the details are no longer slowly developed, but flash by; they are there, the salient ones: the helmet and the plume, the blooms on the water-lilies: but they are seen as by a flash of lightning or keen emotion. Then, with majestic and most magical movement, the tragedy is precipitated. It is the triumph of Tennyson's method. To this the natural sunny landscape of Part I; the silent, flamey mirror-magic of Part II, and the intense vigor and personality of Part III, all inevitably move. Nothing is left to be painted but that wonderful picture of rain and river and dying song in Part IV:

aftermath, anticlimax, sad, perfect conclusion. It is the Wave-Form again, but carried through a whole poem: slow gathering up of waters; crash of the fall; melancholy withdrawing roar.

And Keats?

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

— Sheer and perfect wizardry so far; and in this verse, all that a high critical reticence would have told about the fate-bringing passion. See how consummately Tennyson dealt with it: — in Part II this:

And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

And at the end of the same Part, just before the entry of Lancelot:

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

And then, in the verse of tragedy, absolutely not one word of it; — altogether a reticence of the highest possible artistic value.

But Keats is not content with having said, in the fourth verse,

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, — a faery's child,

and in the fifth,

And nothing else saw all day long,

— which gives us the knight's passion; a matter of enchantment certainly,

For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song;

— he must needs give us also the 'relish sweet,' the zone and the bracelets, the 'sweet moan' and the 'kisses four': things that add nothing of value, and therefore take something away. Well, well; he was only a boy, 'in love with love,' as they say. I think if he had lived, he would have used his scissors to some of this.

As, in truth, we may very easily do ourselves: we may jump three verses, and come at once to this:

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamed — Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hillside.

And now the tragedy is upon us; it comes, not marching, however swift-

ly, but with a spring as it were out of ambush; and ambush not prepared in this world at all, but in perilous fairylands. Death-pale kings and princes appear to the knight in his dream,

Their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,

— to cry to him that La Belle Dame sans Merci has him in thrall; and he awakes to find himself lonely and doomed on the cold hillside. Never was dénouement so magically rendered, so *just* (in the French sense), so mysteriously tragical. It was a titanism of genius that went to the creation of that little poem.

This lastly upon Style, from the *Prelude* in Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*, a book that is very full of it:

But weak is change, but strengthless time,
To take the light from heaven, or climb
The hills of heaven with wasting feet.
Songs they can stop that earth found meet,
But the stars keep their ageless rhyme;
Flowers they can slay that spring thought sweet,
But the stars keep their spring sublime;
Passions and pleasures can defeat,
Actions and agonies control,
And life and death, *but not the Soul*.

Because man's soul is man's God still,
What wind soever waft his will
Across the waves of day and night
To port or shipwreck, left or right,
By shores and shoals of good and ill;
And still its flame at mainmast height
Through the rent air that foam-flakes fill
Sustains the indomitable light
Whence only man hath strength to steer
Or helm to handle without fear.

3*

MAN, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left to the individual to make this great effort; to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self. Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of his race. — *Light on the Path*

THEORIES OF GRAVITATION: by H. Travers, M. A.

INSUPERABLE difficulties are presented *at the very outset* by mechanistic theories of the universe; so in order to elaborate such theories at all, it is essential to ignore these insuperable difficulties and to proceed as if they did not exist. The result, is not to be wondered at. If matter consists of an assemblage of masses or particles, separated by distances, we can give no mechanical explanation of the means by which these particles act upon each other across the distances. For, in supposing the existence of a medium or fluid interpenetrating the spaces, we should have no alternative but to represent this medium also as being composed of particles separated from each other by spaces. In short, we may postpone the difficulty, but cannot elude it; wherefore it is no use postponing it. And this difficulty is insuperable and arises at the very start. We find it cropping up in the following:

The law of attraction is well known, but no connecting mechanism has been discovered.

(From an article in the *Chemical News*)

No; nor would it be any use if it were discovered; because it is not a mechanism, but something else, that needs to be discovered. If we discovered merely a mechanism, then the old difficulty about attraction would arise again in connexion with that mechanism. We may explain the motion of a child across the nursery floor by saying that he is tied to his mother's apron strings; but if we define an apron string as merely a row of detached particles, then we might as well do without the string altogether; unless we care to amuse ourself by supposing that the particles are tied to each other's apron strings.

The point is — why should we continue to scratch our head over the problem of a connecting mechanism for gravitation, when it is shown at the start that a mechanism is just the very thing which we must not expect to discover, and which (should it be discovered) we should have to reject as entirely useless? Yet people do scratch their head — over reams of paper, and in a style of mathematical typography that is the despair of the compositor; while weird metaphysical speculations occupy themselves in discussing such questions as whether places will stay where they are, or whether it is 'now' on the planet Jupiter at the same time as it is 'now' on this earth.

Shall we explain attraction by resolving a pull into a push? It might be some good, if we knew what a push was. As there is no such thing as contact between atoms, a push must necessarily be exerted across an empty space.

Mechanistic theories are invaluable for many purposes, and have

proved their practical usefulness. But they are useless for the purpose of explaining themselves. A mechanical theory of mechanism is absurd. Attraction is one of the things which we have to *assume* in order to devise a mechanistic explanation of anything; now it is not considered legitimate to deduce one's postulates from one's theorems. Since, therefore, attraction is a postulate, which has to be taken for granted at the outset of any mechanistic theory; then, if we desire to explain attraction, we must do so by some other means than a mechanistic theory. There are only two alternative courses to be pursued: either we may rest content in the thought that a science whose range is not universal must necessarily adopt some irresolvable postulates — in which case we give up trying to explain attraction; or else, if we *must* try to explain attraction, we shall have to begin an inquiry into the nature of sensory perception and the concepts derived therefrom — in which case we transcend the sphere of mechanistic theories and plunge into unaccustomed waters.

Some who speak for science limit their own sphere, and yet aspire to go beyond those limits. They should decide whether to take certain postulates for granted, or whether to plunge bravely into any mysterious realms that may lie beyond the phenomenal universe.

The position of Theosophy in this respect is perfectly candid and unassailable. It is clearly laid down by H. P. Blavatsky in her criticism of the scientific position in the Third Part of Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*. In brief it is what has just been stated: if people ask questions which at the same time they admit that they cannot answer on their own declared conditions, then they ought to be willing to hear what somebody else may be gracious enough to say in the attempt to answer the questions thus asked. Look here! they say; we have pulled the universe apart and found it to consist of nothing but a very great deal of particles of dirt. We cannot examine the particles, because they are too small; but we assume that they are made up of still smaller particles of dirt; and so *ad infinitum*. Somebody else comes and says: Those particles of dirt are in your eye; I can show you how to get them out, so that you will see what really is in the universe.

If, says H. P. Blavatsky, the inductive method (of reasoning from observation) is to be pursued, it may either be pursued within the limit of observation prescribed by the physical senses — in which case the results obtained will be correspondingly limited; or else it is necessary to use some other kind of senses that will carry our observations farther than the physical senses do. If someone says there are no such subtler senses, then we ask, 'What is the to-do about, anyhow? Why be so

anxious to find out all about things that do not exist? If you are not satisfied to say that physical phenomena have a physical cause, or that they have no cause at all, then you must admit that they have an ultra-physical cause. And so, when we begin to talk about ultra-physical causes, it is not polite to hush us up.'

From what has been said, it will be understood that we consider it futile to attempt a mechanistic explanation of attraction, whether magnetic attraction or gravitational. Shall we then rest content with a destructive criticism and refrain from attempting anything constructive in place of what we have destroyed? Such a constructive effort would mean that we must enter upon a consideration of the nature of sense-perceptions and of our ideas of space and time, position and motion, etc. In short, we arrive at the beginning of the path of self-knowledge and are now studying man himself. As long as the universe is regarded as a vast machine, entirely external to man, we shall be studying a vast illusion in our own imagination, and thus we shall get a false picture of life. We shall be apt to suffer from attempts to apply mechanistic theories to life itself. It would be a bad day for humanity if the secrets of attraction and other such things were discovered prematurely, putting dangerous powers in the hands of desperate people. Science must make the alleviation of human ills its aim or it will defeat its own efforts.

BRUGES: by C. J. Ryan

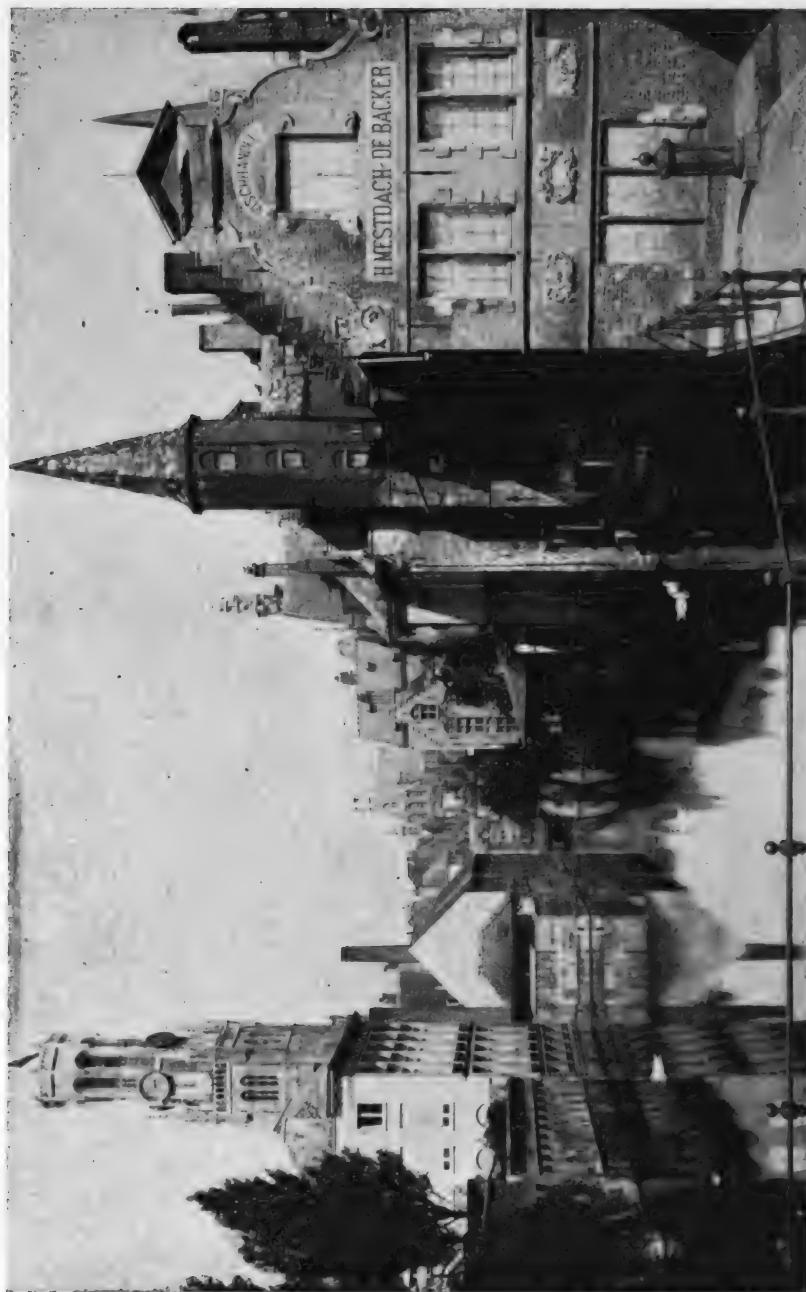
BRUGES, the capital of West Flanders, is one of the picturesque and historically interesting cities of Belgium which have come down to us almost unchanged since the Middle Ages. Bruges, however, has little of the bustling manufacturing life of its sister cities; it is still lying almost asleep under the dust of the centuries. The contrast between this quaint, old-world town and vigorous and energetic Antwerp, Liège, or Brussels — or fashionable, ultra-modern, and frivolous Ostend, only twelve miles away — is striking. Notwithstanding the small size of the country, Belgium, for its size, is more richly stored with artistic and literary remains of the Middle Ages than any other western European land. Even the extraordinary trials and sufferings which it has endured through so many weary centuries of conflict have not been able to devastate it.

The charm of Bruges is very powerful; the city is sometimes called the 'Venice of the North,' both on account of its former commercial supremacy and of its miles of water-ways over which hang the gray



THE 'JUSTICE DE PAIX,' AND THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUGES

and crumbling walls of its antique red-tiled houses. The ramifications of the canals extend throughout the city in all directions; they are crossed by more than fifty bridges, from which the name Bruges is derived (*Brugge* in Flemish). In the height of its prosperity, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, more than one hundred and fifty vessels entered the large basins in a single day; these came from the sea, mainly by way of the port of Zwyn. At that time Bruges had a population of more than 200,000, and factories and chartered companies from seventeen kingdoms had establishments there. It held a practical monopoly of the wool trade with England, and it was the northern center to which the Lombards and Venetians brought rich cargos from Italy and the Orient and returned with the products of northern Europe. The gradual silting up of the harbor of Zwyn, which was complete by 1490, was the beginning of the end of the great prosperity of Bruges. It was finally ruined by a combination of political and religious disasters. In 1488 the citizens imprisoned the Archduke Maximilian of Austria for violating some of their privileges, and heavy vengeance was taken by the House of Hapsburg which had then come into the possession of the country. Most of the trade was transferred to Antwerp. The religious persecutions of the Duke of Alva at the end of the sixteenth century completed



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A TYPICAL SCENE IN BRUGES, BELGIUM

Bruges has been called 'The Venice of the North' because of its miles of water-ways over which hang the gray walls of its antique red-tiled houses.



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LACE MAKERS OF BRUGES

the downfall of Bruges, and the majority of the inhabitants left alive fled to England. Of late years, and particularly since the opening of the new and important canal leading to Zeebrugge, the city has been



THE BELFRY FROM THE GREEN QUAY, BRUGES

slowly regaining some of its former prosperity. Lace-making occupies six thousand persons. The population had reached 54,000 before the war, an increase of 10,000 in the last ten years, but the city is still far too large for its inhabitants, and, except in the center, the streets present a deserted appearance. Rodenbach, the Belgian novelist, calls it a Dead City. Bruges has suffered from many sieges, but it has not been seriously damaged in the present war — at least up to the time of writing — although probably it has suffered many minor injuries. The destruction of the famous Belfry would be almost as great a misfortune for the world of art as the loss of the Town Hall of Ypres has been.

The main impression of Bruges is one of loveliness, with its red roofs, tree-bordered canals, and numerous steeples. Many of the old houses are Spanish in design, having been built during the Spanish occupation in the sixteenth century; they present a strong contrast to the quaint gabled dwellings characteristic of the Low Countries. Belgium is justly proud of its magnificent bell-towers which rise boldly as symbols of liberty and independence above the municipal and other public buildings of its cities. The famous belfry on the Cloth Hall of Bruges in the great square is the glory of the city; its chimes are the finest in Belgium, though the ancient hymn tunes were recently replaced by modern airs.



ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY
BRUGES

The lower part was built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but the graceful octagon is fifteenth century work.

Bruges is noted as the spot where a regular commercial Insurance Company was established by Robert of Bethune, Count of Flanders, in the thirteenth century. This is the first of which anything definite is known. Marine and other systems of insurance existed among the Anglo-Saxons and even the ancient Romans, but little information has come down to us about them. In 1430, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, founded the renowned Order of the Golden Fleece out of compliment to the staple industry of Bruges.

Intimately associated with Bruges is the glory of the great painter Memling, who carried its fame far and wide at the moment when its commercial reputation was beginning to decline. Many of his best pictures, including the panels of the Shrine of St. Ursula, the masterpiece of his later years, are still in perfect condition in the Hospital of St. John (1480). The Shrine is one of the most interesting monuments of medieval art in Flanders, and the panel-pictures are renowned not only for their delicacy and marvelous detail, but because of their wonderful variety of landscape and costume. The Hospital of St. John remains in practically the same condition as it was when Memling worked in it, and the paintings are in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

In Bruges, as in the other cities of Belgium, the use of dogs as beasts of burden is common. The milk-wagons are generally drawn by dogs and the drivers are women. The law demands that the animals shall be treated with humanity. The outfit is regularly inspected to see that the cans are clean, the dogs comfortable in their harness, and that they have bowls for water and carpets to lie on when tired. Unsuccessful efforts have been made to abolish dog labor, but, if this were done, probably most of the dogs would go too, for the thrifty Belgian would not be able to keep many dogs unless they were of practical use.

The history of Bruges goes back to very early days. There was certainly a city of some importance in the seventh century A. D. Until 1180, Bruges was the recognised capital of West Flanders and the seat of the Counts of Flanders, who were always proclaimed there. Even after that date, when Ghent took its place, Bruges remained unsurpassed



RUF DE L'ÂNE AVEUGLE

in wealth and power until the silting up of the Zwyn.

The city of Bruges is, of course, intimately associated with the history of the County of Flanders, whose pages are filled with romance and stirring adventures. The first ruler of Flanders whose name is recorded, Baldwin, called *Bras-de-fer*, successfully defended it against the ravages of the Northmen in the ninth century. He was the ancestor of a powerful line of Counts who increased the size and power of their territory by conquest and marriage. Robert II, Count of Flanders (1093), acquired great renown by his daring exploits in the First Crusade; he was called the Lance and Sword of Christendom. Charles le Bon (1119), who tried to put an end

to the oppression of his people by the nobles and to promote the welfare of his subjects in every way, was murdered. He was followed by two excellent rulers, Counts Thierry and Philip of Alsace: the latter did much to develop the municipalities for which Flanders was becoming famous. Philip was so highly respected and sagacious that he was entrusted with the regency of France during the minority of his godson Philip Augustus. Count Baldwin IX (1195) stands out prominently for a short time as one of the leaders of the Fifth Crusade and as the first Emperor of the short-lived Latin Empire in Constantinople which was established after the taking of the city by the Crusaders in 1204. Following him as rulers of Flanders came his nieces Johanna and Margaret who conducted the affairs of the state with prudence, courage, and great firmness. Soon after the death of Margaret troubles and complications arose through the jealous rivalry of England and France. For a while Flanders actually became a dependency of France, but the influence of the English kings and the great interests of the wool trade with England soon upset this condition. The mass of the townsmen, now well-organized into trade guilds — weavers, fullers, dyers, and so forth — had become conscious of their strength, and they rose against the patricians with their exclusive privileges. The patricians and the French power which supported them were overthrown at the notable battle of Courtrai in 1302. A long war followed this victory, and Flanders, though it lost territory to France, regained its independence. Bruges prospered greatly as the center for the English shipping trade:

English merchants bought largely of the products of the Flemish looms, and Flanders imported vast quantities of wool from England. By the treaty of peace with France in 1320, when the Walloon territory was



'LOVE LAKE,' BRUGES

ceded to that country, France thereby lost touch with Flanders. The trade turned more and more to England, and the democracies of the great cities, Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, rapidly increased in power. The Count of Flanders, Louis de Nevers, however, remained faithful to the French king as his feudal lord and defied the English. In the troubles that followed Bruges was dismantled and disarmed. Soon afterwards the ancient dynasty of the Counts of Flanders died out in the direct lines and the state passed by inheritance to the House of Burgundy, and then, by the marriage of Mary of Burgundy with Maximilian of Austria, to the Hapsburgs. A state, the direct ancestor of the modern kingdoms of Belgium and Holland, gradually appeared upon the map of Europe, and throughout the terrible religious wars of the sixteenth century, the dismemberment by France, and other disasters which would seem to be fatal to any people, the Belgians retained their individuality, their industry, and their art. But the greatness of Bruges was gone.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCES OF THE RADIOACTIVE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE

by W. A. Dunn

A VINDICATION OF THE TEACHINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE evolution of a new phase of Art, Science, or Philosophy, is always an event of great importance to human progress. Familiar instances of this may be seen in the unprecedented development of Music as an independent Art, especially during the last half century; the new impetus given to scientific research since the discovery of the Röntgen X-rays; and the triple radioactivity proceeding from the earth itself, (which radiation is an entirely new property of matter hitherto unknown to modern science); and last, but not least, the reappearance in the world of thought of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, 'Theosophy,' announcing itself as the mother of all religions, philosophies, and sciences.

A characteristic which is common to these advances in knowledge, is that of having grown out of preceding conditions in a natural and orderly manner. For instance, scientific knowledge of last century had attained a state of relative maturity, materialism having reached its limits. The chemical elements had been classified according to their relative atomic weights and chemical properties, with such marvelous precision as to enable the discoverer of the periodic table of the elements to describe two elements then unknown, but discovered later.

This ripeness of knowledge seemed to embrace the entire material universe, for even the atmospheric elements in the sun and stars had been diagnosed by means of spectrum analysis.

Many writers were already engaged in summing up the laws of nature upon a mechanical basis, when an utterly new fact burst upon the scientific horizon, viz: that of a universal radioactivity pertaining to the earth itself which had not been even guessed at by scientists of the last century.

Although in a class by itself, in fact a completely *new* form of knowledge to the modern world, radioactivity does not nullify nor displace previously known facts of nature, but supplements them in such a manner as to compel an entirely new *interpretation* of evolutionary processes in man and in nature. In order to indicate the stupendous change that has come over scientific thought, let us go back to the discovery of the element helium.

Some thirty years ago Sir Norman Lockyer made the discovery of enormous quantities of a previously unknown element in the atmosphere of the sun. He gave the name of helium to this new gas, which means 'the sun-element.' Twenty years after its discovery on the sun,

Sir William Ramsay identified it as a constituent of certain minerals on the earth. The next step in this drama of 'discovery' was that described in 1909 by Professor Joly of Dublin University in the following terms:

The presence of helium in rocks and minerals of *every* description has lately been established. This substance is known to be a product of radioactive change. The presence of helium everywhere in the rocks . . . is, therefore, independent proof not only of the wide-spread distribution of the radioactive elements, but of their ceaseless evolution of energy.

This statement indicates the important nature of the stupendous fact which now confronts the world of science; *viz.* Radioactivity of the common earth beneath our feet, which activity is of such a nature as to cast all previous knowledge of nature into a secondary position.

Professor Joly states:

Nothing can better illustrate the eagerness with which new openings to knowledge are pursued in our time than the history of that branch of science which is devoted to radioactivity. First definitely opened out in 1898 by Mme. and M. Curie, when polonium and radium were discovered, today we are in possession of established views in contradiction to the cherished tenets of centuries. It is true that the time-honored view as to the unalterable stability of the atom fails only in a sense, and not owing to any interference on our part; nevertheless it is now one of the most assured facts of science that the atoms of certain elements change in their atomic weight, radiating a portion of their mass and giving up a part of their internal energy in the process. Such, along with a multitude of related facts, fundamentally altering and enlarging our views of matter, has been the harvest reaped from the one discovery, and gathered in one short decade.

The mineral which was first discovered to be radioactive was the metal uranium, obtained from pitchblende. Among its uses in the industrial arts, was that of coloring glass a peculiar yellow, having curious optical characteristics, and its excellence for porcelain painting was also well known. It unites with oxygen gas in three proportions, and under certain chemical conditions is precipitated into fine yellow crystals in four-sided right prisms with rectangular bases. These crystals when exposed to a red heat are reduced to the protoxide of uranium in the state of a lustrous dark green powder.

Now this metal uranium, *when placed upon a photographic plate, and sheltered from any exposure to light*, was found to emit rays *spontaneously* and imprint a picture upon the plate. Unquestionable proof has been gathered that this radiating power is *constant and unremitting* for unknown millions of years, at a constant temperature in *excess* of the surrounding atmosphere, and entirely independent of sunlight. Moreover, any substance containing uranium gave off the rays, altogether indifferent to surrounding conditions.

A recent writer states of the noted French scientist who made this first photograph:

As Becquerel stood in his laboratory that night, with this thought in his mind and the plate

in his hand, he appears sharply silhouetted against the background of the ages; he is comparable with that Theophrastus who, two thousand years ago rubbed a piece of amber on his coat-sleeve and noticed that it attracted bits of paper, unknowing that this bit of amber was equal to the lamp of Aladdin, or . . . to the first of all men (who) noticed the attractive power of the lodestone. New properties of matter are not so common that their significance can be exaggerated.

This new property of matter was called *radioactivity*, and as such it takes its place beside magnetism, electricity, light, and heat.

In order to appreciate this great discovery and what it means for the future, some notice should be taken of the extraordinary genius of the men and women at work in this field of research — and the frank admission from many of them that the old Alchemists may not have followed a 'will-o'-the-wisp.' In a recent number of the *Scientific American*, Dr. Saul Dushman, one of the foremost scientists of this country, remarked:

Considering the relationships exhibited by the different radio-active elements, one realizes that the dream of the alchemists may not have been as fatuous as has appeared until recently. The concept of an absolutely stable atom must be discarded once for all, and its place is taken by this miniature solar system, as it were, consisting of a central nucleus and one or more rings of electrons. But the nucleus itself is apparently the *seat* of immense forces, and in spite of its exceedingly infinitesimal dimensions, it contains both alpha particles and electrons. [Positive and negative origins of electricity.]

Once in a while the nucleus of one of the atoms will spontaneously disintegrate and expel an alpha or beta particle. A new element has been born. What causes these transformations? Can they be controlled? These are questions which only the future can answer. But if we had it in our power to remove two alpha particles from the atom of bismuth or any of its isotopes, *not only would the dream of the alchemists be realized* [italics ours] but man would be in possession of such intensely powerful sources of energy that all our coal mines, water-powers, and explosives would become insignificant by comparison.

Being accustomed to regard such utterances as imaginative speculation, we are likely to accept them with the same caution as the writings of those who exercise their imaginations to excess, without taking the trouble to acquire facts which demand logical and uncompromising thought. But these new expressions should not be considered as in that category. Cool-headed scientists, whose minds have been trained to exact methods of observation, are here presenting vistas of possible future knowledge that outrun fiction itself. The world which laughed at John Worrell Keely of Philadelphia, who claimed half a century ago to have discovered means to release the inter-atomic forces of nature through the correct use of *sound*, is giving place to a race of scientists working in the same interatomic field, through other avenues of approach, yet uttering conclusions, based upon indisputable facts, which not only include but reach beyond those arrived at by Keely.

This newly-born science of radio-activity is far removed from resemblance to a passing novelty. It has come to stay with the same *certainty* as have such established sciences as Electricity, or Astronomy.

As already pointed out, radioactivity is a new and distinct *property* of matter unlike all properties previously known to science, and is *not* speculation yet to be applied and proved. It means that all our previous theories of inert or dead matter have been shattered to fragments. The substances beneath our feet, the air which we breathe, the mountains, rocks, and oceans, in short all physical matter which had been regarded as inanimate and dead, has suddenly revealed the presence of a triple radiating energy which permeates every unit cell of the globe and gives rise to ten or more orders of emanation, which are subject to definite periods of transmutation.

These emanations could be shown to support the Theosophical teachings relating to the emanations of the unseen *Intelligences* of Nature, which teachings, it is needless to point out, were based upon *interior* resources possessed by the ancient Sages; as compared with the *exterior* resources with which modern investigators approach this unseen life of humanity.

Shall it be said that radioactive substances can be gathered everywhere from the common atmosphere which we breathe by freely exposing a negatively charged electric wire; and that purified human hearts and brains, raised to the *higher potential* of spiritually exercised thought and feeling are not equally capable of accumulating these radioactive forces, as the unacknowledged *causes* of the mental 'emanations' called 'states of consciousness?'

Why, for instance, do thinking minds naturally attract and absorb, and give creative form to the dynamic elements of certain uplifting *energies*, which they introduce into the life of the world? The answer seems to be that the living spirit of an individual Soul is of a certain grade of *potential thought* and vitality called 'temperament,' which attracts from the radioactive energies of natural existence just those emanations which his temperamental tone of thought gives him command over.

And it would appear that, as a suspended wire has to be electrified to a *highly potential state* before it will gather to itself the radiations with which the atmosphere is charged, so the *thinking principle* of man must pass from a low 'potential' of applied thought to that of a *higher 'potential'* which will introduce a living content into the mental imagery of outer sense perception.

But these remarks are given in anticipation, in order to suggest that familiar habits of commonplace thought might outweigh the significance of radioactivity as convincing evidence of the *reality* upon which Theosophical teachings are based. Try as we will, it is difficult to convert the mind from its pleasing habit of accepting vague and

far removed ideals as ends in themselves; and make it familiar with a range of energies that are needed to transmute such ideals into the actualities of which they had been but illusive shadows — in the same sense as a practising musician acquires physical and technical command of musical tones, in order to associate his ideal aspirations with fitting and tangible means of expression.

In view of the common tendency of our minds to be easily impressed with the mere *novelty* of a great discovery, and then quickly revert to habitual thought without imbibing the deep meanings which the new facts present, the writer would emphasize the idea that we have to our hand, in this newly discovered property of matter called 'Radioactivity,' a body of proved and established facts, that when studied and compared with the Wisdom-Religion of the Ancient Mysteries will not only vindicate the teachings given to the world by H. P. Blavatsky twenty years previous to their discovery by science, but will also give tangible proof that every particle of *physical nature* is endowed with a living presence of surpassing glory.

Moreover, attention should also be given to the various degrees of *acquired* thinking capacity, from which perception itself proceeds and attracts the desired mental imagery thought draws upon for its activity. This seems to take the form of purified thought and feeling (in the case of sincere truth-seekers), so raised and intensified as to attract the energies which correspond to ideas and intentions, just as a *charged* wire of high electrical potential will attract the radiant substances from the common atmosphere.

In attempting to draw a comparison between modern scientific discoveries and ancient spiritual teachings, it is well to bear in mind that the usual distinction made between spirit and matter is merely relative and not real. A single fact that may be interpreted from various points of view, remains constant *in itself*. We can, therefore, logically assume that the radioactivity of the earth, now being investigated by scientific experts *objectively*, is precisely that mode of natural energy in which the awakened Soul has *its* being, and in which it exercises its *interior* powers of creative thought. And as musical genius recognises in the phenomena of sound that have been fully investigated and defined by science, the very same forces that musical composers have had command over *interiorly*, since music had birth, so the advance of scientific thought is slowly but surely advancing to a point of *identity* with the spiritually creative Intelligences known to, and taught by ancient Sages. In short, that the ancients '*composed*' interiorly what the moderns merely *define* exteriorly.

From this viewpoint, therefore, we can associate the modern defini-

tion of the radioactivity of nature with the *spiritual achievements of man's interior nature*, in the same sense as the elements of sound are the same for the scientific experts who investigate its objective properties, as for the artists who construct its subjective properties into musical compositions, under the direction of their creative imaginations.

(*To be continued*)

THEOSOPHY'S APPEAL: by Geoffrey Shurlock

AT the back of the mind of everyone who approaches the study of Theosophy, either through genuine interest or mere curiosity, there must be some such question as this: "What has this philosophy to offer me? In all this whirl of new ideas that has swept upon us in the last fifty years, what message does it bring to me, that entitles it to a hearing?"

To judge by questions that are sometimes asked, hesitancy in taking up this question seems to arise often from misunderstanding. Some think that such a study is of value only to minds interested in certain lines of metaphysics; that it cannot be brought down to earth, so to speak. Nothing could be further from the truth; Theosophy is not so much a body of doctrines that must be accepted, as a life that must be lived; and it is this, above all, that entitles it to a hearing in these days when preaching without even pretending to practise is altogether too widespread.

Theosophists have been told that the most necessary work for their Society to do is to spread the teaching of the essential divinity of man as the basis of a universal brotherhood, and the two other teachings of Reincarnation, and of Karma. There is nothing in this message which a child could not grasp; hence it is that speakers from this platform dwell so insistently on these truths, simple and yet universal in their application and appeal, which, when they become ingrained in man's being, influence his out-look in the most extraordinary degree. Once a man really believes that he will be born again and again and again, he can look on this life with proper perspective: neither desiring to shuffle it off as a curse, nor esteeming it his one and only chance to devote himself to pleasure, in view of a most uncertain future. He looks on it as a day's travel in the great pilgrimage, crowded with opportunities and experiences, and understands that it draws its value from the glorious whole, of which it is a part. Nor is his future any

longer uncertain, since he is building it in the present, and its meanness or its beauty lies in his hands.

So when a man comes to apply to his life such a truth as Karma, the law of cause and effect, he is only accepting a law which he never dreamed of questioning in the every-day workings of nature, but which for ages we seem to have been trying to ignore when it came to be applied to our moral responsibility. We have tried to believe that we could do as we pleased, and then, hiding behind another's sacrifice, escape the effects we had set in motion. Such a belief roots firmly in the black soil of selfishness which is the most complete expression of man's lower nature; small wonder, then, that it dies hard. But, still worse, it has been given out as a religious teaching — this idea which outrages utterly the sense of justice and fair play which we deem indispensable to a fine character.

If, then, those who feel attracted to this philosophy, go no further into it than to make these simple truths a part of their life, they will have done themselves a very great service: they will have brought into play a balancing power, comforting and encouraging, that will enable them to look on life much more calmly and intelligently. Is there any one who doubts the need of such beliefs today? — and as great the need, just so wide will be Theosophy's appeal.


There are, to be sure, elements in our natures to which these teachings make no appeal at all, but rather a challenge: elements that are ever trying to compromise between right and wrong. But for all who seek a broader outlook on life, an understanding of its seeming contradictions and injustice; who, while conscious of their shortcomings, get no comfort from being told they are worms of the dust, but would rather believe they have been born for a definite purpose, and would like to know something more about their duty on this earth — for all these, this philosophy has a very clear and unmistakable message.

Nor is there need for anyone to feel overawed by the all-embracing nature of this Science of Life. In this connexion Mr. Judge, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement, uses this striking simile:

Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings: unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.

No one, then, need venture out beyond his depth; there is no call for him to attempt the impossible, to sound the whole ocean in one short life, since we are to make repeated voyages on its waters, life after life, always with something new and very wonderful to discover. On the contrary, let each take from them according to his capacity: they are all the same Waters of Life, drinking of which we shall thirst no more.

SAN JUAN: The Spanish-American Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society: by R.

S one traverses the eastern suburbs of the historic old city of Santiago de Cuba, one's eyes are caught by the flash of a large Cuban flag that is lifted high above one of the encircling hills. This landmark — at night it is replaced by a light — stands as a twofold symbol: a reminder of one of the decisive battles that helped give Cuba her political liberty, and a promise of that spiritual freedom toward which political independence is but the first step. It marks the battlefield of San Juan Hill, and stands on that part of the field purchased some years ago by Katherine Tingley for the International Brotherhood League, as a site for a future Râja-Yoga School.

An imposing gateway of Egyptian design, a replica of one of the well-known portals of the International Theosophical Headquarters Grounds at Point Loma, forms the main entrance to the property. One learns, on reading the inscriptions on the bronze tablets it bears, that the gate was erected by Mme. Tingley as a monument to the American and Cuban soldiers who fell in the war for Cuban independence. Just across the public highway stands the famous 'Peace' or 'Surrender Tree,' a majestic *ceiba* or silk-cotton tree, in whose shade was signed by the respective commanders the protocol of peace which ended the hostilities of the Spanish-American War, while beside it is a smaller one under which Lieut. Hobson and his companions were exchanged.

Entering the grounds of the League, one ascends by a beautifully curving driveway, to find oneself in the midst of a wealth of garden loveliness that for the moment makes one forget the tragic memories that the spot still holds. One cannot help exclaiming: "What a paradise this country will be some day!" Here, along the crest of the hill, are still visible traces of the Spanish and the American trenches; the main line of the former is marked by a granite shaft. The time was, when the estate of San Juan de la Caridad was one of the most flourishing in the district; when it had its large mansion for the owners, its cane-fields and coffee-plantations, its quarters for the slaves, its power-house by the river, its sugar-mill, storehouses, etc. But during the long wars for independence the family was broken up, the buildings burned and the whole estate laid waste. The houses were never thereafter rebuilt, nor were the fields brought again under cultivation, but the whole of the land was devoted to pasturing cattle. Then came the Spanish-American War and the Campaign of Santiago de Cuba. Because of their strategic position as guarding the eastern approaches to the city, the hills of the San Juan estate, together with the town and fort of El Caney



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GROUP OF YOUNG ROYAL PALMS AT THE SPANISH-AMERICAN
HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, SAN JUAN HILL, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

At their base, in the triangular parterre, is a dense growth of gorgeous-leaved 'Crotons'
whose massed foliage presents an effect of oriental richness and beauty of color.



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BROAD DRIVE ENCIRCLING THE GARDEN AT SAN JUAN HILL

View looking north-west



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME ROAD FLANKED BY A FRONDED FOREST OF
PALMS AND THE RICH FOLIAGE OF ALMENDRA TREES



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A RESTFUL SPOT IN THE GROUNDS OF 'SAN JUAN DE RÂJA-YOGA,' THE SPANISH-AMERICAN
HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

to the north, constituted the key to its possession; therefore they were occupied and fortified by the Spanish garrison.

Kettle Hill — so named by the American soldiers from several immense cauldrons, formerly used for boiling sugar, which they found on top of the hill — was the most advanced position held by the Spaniards. At its eastern foot runs the small and sunken San Juan River; the spot in the stream that since that day has been known as 'Bloody Bend' is just below. It was at Kettle Hill that Roosevelt's 'Rough Riders' were engaged. Crossing the river under heavy fire and ascending the steep slope of the hill, they drove back the defenders, who then made a stand on the main ridge, a short distance to the westward.

Between Kettle Hill and this ridge lies a shallow valley, partially filled by the rains and forming a lagoon. Here again, numbers of the attacking forces fell. But finally the main line of trenches was also taken, and the battle was won.

The story of how Mme. Tingley was able to secure possession of this historic ground for the International Brotherhood League is full of interest. After the last-named war the San Juan estate, which for military reasons had been cleared of its brush by the Spaniards, rapidly reverted to a state of desolation. The man who had inherited the property lived there a solitary life with his herds of cattle. Both the American and the Cuban governments had at different times approached him with a view to buying the land for the purpose of preserving it as a national park, but he had always refused, feeling that the spot where his family's blood had been shed was too sacred to be made into public grounds.

But when through Mme. Tingley's agent this man found that she wished to purchase the property and use it for a school wherein would be educated, not only the children of Cuba but those of Puerto Rico and other Latin-American countries; that she was the one who with the full encouragement and assistance of President McKinley and the U. S. War Department just after the war, with her International Brotherhood League staff of physicians and helpers, had brought so much relief to the suffering people of Santiago, had fed them, clothed them, given them medical attention, etc.; and that she was already educating Cuban children in her school, he willingly agreed to sell it to her.

This was in 1906. During the next two years the land was thoroughly cleared and graded, beautiful roadways and gardens were laid out, fields were put under cultivation, water, electric light and telephone connexions installed, and a few temporary buildings erected. The transformation was as rapid as it was thorough.

The Monument-Gateway has already been mentioned. The day for the unveiling was made a grand patriotic fête by Mme. Tingley,

who obtained the co-operation of the city officials in proclaiming a public holiday. The magnificent and impressive ceremonies were conceived, arranged, and carried out under her personal direction, the civil and military authorities acting in full accord. The Monument-Gateway was unveiled in the presence of American and Cuban troops, civil and military officials of both governments, school-children, representative bodies of all kinds, and an immense crowd of citizens of Santiago. The unveiling was preceded by a civic and military parade through the principal streets of the city and out to the battlefield. After the ceremonies at the Gate, the grounds were formally dedicated by Mme. Tingley as the site of an Institution which, while commemorating the great struggle wherein had been shed the blood of three nations, was to form a link for the binding together of these and all the peoples of the earth in one great Brotherhood of Man.

A few days later occurred the laying of the corner-stone of this School. Accompanied by an impressive ancient ceremony of dedication, and surrounded by the flags of all nations, the stone was slowly lowered into place — while a heavy rain storm which had been rapidly approaching down the mountain pass behind El Caney, divided just as it reached San Juan and passed, half to the eastward and half to the west along the slopes of the hills. . . . On this occasion the Masons attended in a body, as well as a distinguished company of invited guests.

Political unrest in Cuba has made it necessary to postpone the building of this School; but we have the assurance of Mme. Tingley that as soon as circumstances permit, her plans will be carried out.

It would be out of place here to go into detail about Mme. Tingley's educational work in Cuba: we will only say that the San Juan Hill estate served for years as a summer retreat and resting place for the Râja-Yoga teachers who were giving their services, under Mme. Tingley's direction, in the Râja-Yoga Academies in Santiago, Santa Clara, and Pinar del Rio, all of which were highly endorsed by the governors, mayors, and other civic officials of the provinces and cities in which they were located, and were attended by the children of the most prominent citizens — there being also departments for the free education of those who lacked the means to pay the tuition.

The views that accompany this article give a good idea of the present aspect of parts of the grounds. In justice to those in charge it should be stated that in the rainy season the weeds grow up in a week. Attention is called to the beautiful shade-trees. They are still quite young. They are among the most magnificent of the Cuban trees, and lend to the tropical landscape a charm that is all their own.

THE SILVER STAR: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

I

IN a cold northern land, on a wild March morning, a little child was born.

Although so late in the season the most terrible storm of the winter was raging. All night the snow had fallen heavily and great drifts were piled high against the trees, rocks, and obstructions of every kind. Bitter winds swept over the earth, whirling the snow in blinding eddies, shrieking wildly about the dwelling, and wailing despairingly among the leafless branches of the trees.

The house where the child was born was a poor log hut standing within the borders of a great forest far from any other human habitation. The parents were unlearned and poor, and there were many other children to play about the door and crowd around the narrow hearth.

No warm welcome or tender greeting awaited the little stranger. Instead of smiling proudly the father shook his head and sat, gloomily silent, in the chimney corner; while the poor mother turned her face to the wall and wept.

Nor were the troop of brothers and sisters better pleased. The smaller ones eyed it with disfavor, fearing it might claim more attention than themselves. The older ones said: "Ah, here is now another troublesome baby for us to tend and lug about with us wherever we go."

It was a troublesome baby. It almost seemed as though the little one must be conscious of the unkindly state of feeling which existed toward it, for from the moment it first opened its great, pathetic, dark eyes on the dreary, snow-covered world it had wept and moaned almost incessantly. The poor child must have been suffering in some way but no one ever seemed to think of that.

The mother, always tired and sadly overworked, felt the care of it to be another heavy burden, and often losing all patience with it, became as cross and fretful as the wailing child. Then she spoke harshly, declaring she wished it had never been born; that it cost her more time and trouble than all the others had done. The father also complained that he never came near the house without hearing its crying.

Children are ever quick at imitating their elders and adopting their opinions and expressions. Consequently the newcomer was disliked, neglected, and ill-treated on all sides. Then there was another cause for dissatisfaction. This baby did not in the least resemble any of the others. All these children had in babyhood been fair, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, chubby things. But this baby was a puny, brown little creature whose thin little face was mostly taken up by a pair of great, dark eyes. It was declared by the entire family that it was not in the

least like any of its race, and therefore had no right to its looks, ill as they were, as it certainly had not inherited them from any of its ancestors.

Then, too, not one of the others had ever been born with the slightest blemish or birthmark of any kind; and this one had a mark — an undeniable mark — of a dark, red color — just a small blotch in the center of the forehead.

Poor little babe! One might think all these misfortunes were enough to be fastened upon one weak, puny creature at its very entrance into a cold, inhospitable world, and that they would be pretty certain to insure for it a life of pain and continuous unhappiness. But more was to follow; for when the old grandam, who was a woman of sharp and bitter nature, albeit considered a wise woman in her way, came to visit them, she poured the last drop into the already overflowing cup.

When the child was placed on her knees it gazed fixedly at her for a few moments, as though with its deep, solemn eyes it would read her very soul. Then suddenly it broke into a more shrill and piercing scream than it had ever uttered before. The old woman sprang up more nimbly than she had moved for years and flung the babe into its wooden cradle; nor would she ever touch it again. She vehemently declared that it had none of her blood in it and could not be her daughter's child; that it was some wicked changeling that had been put upon her. The ugly mark upon it she affirmed was sufficient proof that it belonged to the Evil One. For her part she would none of it. Being self-willed and impatient of contradiction she would never retract her foolish speech.

The children, who always accepted the words of the grandmother as absolute truth, never forgot these unkind and hasty words. The mother ought to have known better; but being a weak, ignorant creature, full of superstition and prejudice, she never contradicted her mother.

When the child was a few months old a wise and holy man who was returning from a pilgrimage, came one evening to the lonely cabin and craved shelter for the night. He was an aged man of most peaceful and venerable aspect, clad in a loose, grey garment, and he carried the long staff of the wandering pilgrim. His flowing hair and beard were snowy white; and the glance of his blue eyes, though kindly, was keen.

A couch was prepared for the stranger and he was invited to partake of the evening meal. It was observed that he took particular notice of the infant in its cradle. It also looked steadily at him, and (a thing they all wondered at) it was perfectly quiet during the time he remained.

In the morning as he was preparing to depart he asked the mother if her babe had been christened. She replied that it had not, adding that it might be months before the pastor came that way; and also they would not be able to carry it to any church as all were leagues away.

Upon this the old pilgrim replied that he would willingly baptize it. Accordingly a basin of water was brought and the family called together. No one had even thought of a name for the child. The children had constantly called it "one with a mark" or "the dark one," not only on account of its complexion, but because of the grandam's words. After the holy man had taken the child in his arms he bent his head reverently and looked fixedly upon the mark on its forehead. Then sprinkling it lightly with water he gave to it the name of Trywith, without even inquiring of the parents what they would have it called.

During the whole time of the ceremony the child had remained quiet, only regarding the old pilgrim attentively, as though he comprehended perfectly all that was happening. Then, after the servant of the Master had kissed him exactly on the mark, and placed a piece of silver in his tiny hand for a christening present, he laid the infant gently in his cradle and went on his way.

The family were impressed with this ceremony; and the children looked with much wonder and admiration at the bright, beautiful silver piece. They felt envious, too, for none of them had ever possessed more than a copper penny. For some days they remembered how tenderly the reverend old man had held the little one and none of them called it 'the dark one' for nearly a week. But the babe again grew ill and fretful and they soon fell back into the old ways.

While the parents and older children were at work the others were obliged to take care of the baby; and meager enough was the care the poor little creature often received. They teased and worried it and mocked at its crying. They called it "Blacky," and the child of "the dark woman," and said it was an ugly, brown thing, with the mark of the Evil One on its forehead. They often cried out that it was not one of them, but a wicked little changeling who would always be a trouble and burden to everyone and would come to no good. Often the child was slapped and pinched, dragged about by one arm and left lying on the cold ground while they were all at play. Sometimes he was tumbled out of his cradle and trampled over while they were fighting, and not infrequently his cup of porridge, or of black bread and milk, was eaten by some one else. Yet in spite of all these disadvantages the child lived and grew, and by the time he could walk another baby lay in the wooden cradle; and in a year or two more still another and then another had come. The peasant was no richer — if anything poorer — than when Trywith was born. Yet somehow no one seemed to think them so much in the way nor begrudge them a share of the coarse food and scanty clothing. But then neither of them was an ugly, dark, little thing with a red birthmark, and thought by the wise old grandam to be a change-

ling. No indeed; for they were just like all the others — fair, chubby, round-eyed things — and anyone could tell at a glance that they belonged to the family and had a perfect right to be there.

As the years went by, times grew harder and harder in the log cabin in the border of the great forest. Although the peasant and his wife toiled early and late and the children that were old enough did all they could to help them, it was often almost more than their combined efforts could do, to keep the wolf from the door.

The small piece of cleared land was wet and poor and it was indeed difficult to make it produce sufficient during the short summer to provide for the long cold winter, the little flock of sheep and goats did not always thrive, nor could they always be protected from wolves and other wild beasts. Then one of the two cows died, which was indeed a serious loss to such a family.

Strange as it may seem that the lad should be connected with any calamity that befell, it had grown into a custom to do so; for the entire family, led on by the grandam, had fallen into the habit of reckoning the time when misfortunes began to fall so heavily upon them from the year of Trywith's birth. It was ever remembered that during that terrible storm two pigs were frozen to death in the snow, and several fowls died.

The mother, in her moments of anger and ill temper, which were not infrequent, declared that a curse had come with him and that since his birth no peace nor prosperity had been known; and if the unlucky little fellow chanced to be in her way at the time, she usually bestowed upon him a slap or rude push. The others followed her example, and few days passed in which he was not shoved about, cuffed, or beaten by some one. Nor did a day pass when his heart was not sorely wounded by scornful looks and harsh words and by the bitter taunts concerning his dark skin, his big eyes, and the ugly red birthmark. By this means, life was made a burden terrible for a child to bear. Though the boy usually bore these things in silence, there were times when he turned upon his tormenters in a tempest of feeling, before which they shrank, for the moment awed and even terrified. But they soon rallied, for they were many and he was but one. These sudden outbreaks of temper confirmed them all in the belief of the entire evil of his nature. Thus in the midst of a large family the boy grew up solitary and apart. If he ventured timidly to join in any sport, some rude joke or taunt would send him away to brood alone in the deep recesses of the forest. At the table it was the same, until at last it became his custom to take his basin of porridge, or cup of milk and barley bread, and retire into the farthest corner where he might eat alone and in peace.

But with all this the child had one joy unknown to all the others;

nor could they have comprehended it. Poor, forlorn, and unloved, he was the possessor of one treasure. This was the silver piece given to him by the holy man who had named him. He knew all about it, for though always kept as it were outside the family circle and familiar family talk, he could not be hindered from hearing their conversation. Thus he had often heard the story repeated and almost invariably coupled with regrets that it had not been one of the others to whom the silver had been given. Nevertheless he rejoiced greatly in the knowledge that it was indeed his own. That any one could deprive him of this gift was an idea that had never occurred to him.

The coin was kept in the till of the large family chest, which was never locked, the key having been lost. It was easy for him when alone in the house to raise the lid and look in at his treasure. But soon this was not enough; so when the family were all in the garden or fields he would steal in, and taking the piece of silver, carry it out into the forest where he could gaze upon it to his heart's content. He never imagined there could be any wrong in this; for was it not his own — his very own? Nevertheless he feared that it would not be permitted if the grandam knew it; and also it might be hidden away from him altogether.

After securing his beloved silver piece it was his wont to steal away to a hidden retreat of his own, deep in the forest. This was a large stone under a great oak tree that stood on the bank of a little stream that murmured softly over its pebbly bed, as it wound among mossy stones and drooping ferns. In this lovely spot he feared no intrusion. Here he had wept many and bitter tears; and here the most peaceful and pleasant hours of his life had been spent. Here he often sat gazing upon his one earthly treasure until the sorrows and unkindness which had robbed him of all childish interests and joys were obliterated from his mind. The intrinsic value of the silver was something of which he had never thought; but the beauty of the coined metal made him rejoice over its purity and brightness. Fresh from the mint when it came to him it had not become in the least worn or tarnished. To his unaccustomed eyes, familiar only with objects coarse and unlovely, this simple coin appeared to be of the most exquisite and beautiful workmanship. The child was never weary of gazing upon it. The evenly milled edges, the figures and emblems which it bore, were a source of never-failing delight and wonder. But after a time there came to be another thing about it which was more wonderful than all the rest, and which soon came to occupy his attention almost exclusively. On one side had been left in the center a smooth, open space; and as he was looking at it one day he suddenly became aware of a tiny point of clear, white light. While he gazed, in breathless awe and wonder, it slowly expanded, dim and

wavering at first, until it finally grew into the likeness of a faintly shining, tremulous star.

The boy could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He closed his eyes and rubbed them vigorously. He shifted the coin from one hand to the other and turned it over several times. But when he looked at it again the same wonder was repeated. After this the star appeared constantly to him, though to no one else was it ever visible.

Another thing he soon observed that when his mind was in a peaceful frame, when he was free from all bitter and vengeful thoughts, the silver star was at its brightest. But when his heart was full of discord and discontent, or burning with anger, it grew fainter and dimmer, until he could scarcely distinguish the most indistinct outline nor any ray.

Still it seemed to strengthen and comfort him even to hold the coin tightly clasped in his hand, and his tears were less burning and bitter as, with his dark little face pressed to the cold hard rock, he sobbed out his loneliness, his grief, and passion.

Then, by and by, another change came and he noticed that when the star was at its brightest, and he sat quietly gazing at it, strange, beautiful pictures began to form on it and even faces, which though fleeting and indistinct, he thought must be like those of angels.

These things filled the mind of the lonely child with many new and wonderful thoughts; and it seemed sometimes as though a voice was whispering in his ears. And yet it was not that — but more like something which spoke silently to his heart and soul; for no tones were audible to the outward senses. But for this secret companionship lonely and wretched indeed would have been the life of the unloved child. These things sank deeply into the heart of the boy and as time went by his manner and conduct became more gentle and forbearing and the fierce gusts of temper ceased. But even this change only incited his tormentors.

"Aha!" they said, "he now stands in fear of us, and we will see that he is kept humble."

"Did I not tell you so!" said the grandam who now lived with her daughter. "See how severity has improved his wicked temper. You were too easy with him; such as he must be crushed and kept under. Ah yes! I know how to deal with him."

And so he was taunted, abused, and neglected in every way; but often he scarcely heeded these things, being so deeply absorbed in his own thoughts. It required less and less effort to be patient and submissive when he remembered that which was hidden from all but himself — his beautiful silver star and its silent message of consolation.

(To be concluded)



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AVENUE OF ALMENDRA AND ANACAHUITA TREES AT THE NORTH ENTRANCE TO THE
GROUNDS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, SAN JUAN HILL, SANTIAGO DE CUBA



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CARETAKER'S BUNGALOW NEAR NORTH ENTRANCE



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LOOKING NORTH FROM SAN JUAN HILL

The village of El Caney, of historic interest, is shielded amidst the distant hills near the center of the picture.



SUBURBS OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, LOOKING NORTH-WEST FROM
WESTERN BOUNDARY OF THE GROUNDS



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

CUBAN GRASS-CUTTERS AT WORK ON THE GROUNDS

Nazarene, the spirit taught by the old teachers of the past. This is the spirit we must have if we are to meet crime in the rational way, to meet the issues with corrective measures. We must begin with an understanding of ourselves, and recognise the divinity of man."

In this lecture, the second of a series being given by the Theosophical Leader, on this subject, Madame Tingley referred to the conclusions of leading modern criminologists as to the cause of crime, and analysed their method of grouping criminals, declaring that the ultimate causes could never be reached until the question was attacked from a higher than the intellectual standpoint. In conclusion she said:

"The spirit of the Nazarene, and of all the great teachers of the past, is the spirit that we must have if we are to meet crime and its problems in the proper way."

In connexion with the subject of crime and its prevention, the following press clipping from a local paper is of interest.

In our great Coeur d'Alene mining region of northern Idaho, since the state went 'dry,' the efficiency and prosperity of the people generally has quite doubled, and mine accidents and civil damage liability has decreased by more than fifty per cent. It was this object lesson almost solely, that put Montana in the 'dry' column last fall.

Music and Addresses in Isis Theater

A well filled house greeted the Râja-Yoga students on September 9 at Isis Theater to hear their rendition of a musical program comprising orchestral, choral and solo numbers. The opening selection was the first movement from the Mozart Symphony in E♭. It was interpreted with a freshness and spontaneity that often is lacking in presentations of this well-known symphony. Two violin duets, *Pastorale* and *Abandon*, by Godard, rendered by Misses Olive Shurlock and Frances Hanson, pupils of the Râja-Yoga Academy, were well received, as also the 'cello solo by Montague Machell, the *Andante* from Romberg's Second Concerto. The songs of the Râja-Yoga international chorus in particular called out prolonged applause. These included *Gypsies*, by Schumann; *My Love Dwell in a Northern Land*, by Elgar; and *Night*, by Watson. Massenet's *Angelus* and Michiels' *Czardas*, played by the orchestra, completed the musical part of the program, which was interspersed by two short addresses by Râja-Yoga students.

Miss Ruth Westerlund, speaking on 'The Advantages of a Râja-Yoga Education,' said:

"So many are the advantages of a Râja-Yoga education that even the

students who have received its benefits the longest can appreciate them only to a degree. But perhaps one of its greatest advantages is the balance it gives to the student, an essential in the Râja-Yoga training which its very name emphasizes, the term 'Râja-Yoga' meaning 'royal' or 'kingly union' — the poise of all the faculties, physical, mental, moral and spiritual. It teaches the student that he is potentially divine and that he must evoke the godlike qualities of his nature if he wishes to live rightly, nobly, unselfishly, divinely."

Geoffrey Shurlock, a graduate of the Râja-Yoga College, and now a student in the School of Antiquity at Point Loma, said in his address on 'Theosophy's Appeal':

"At the back of the mind of everyone who approaches the study of Theosophy, either through genuine interest or mere curiosity, there must be some such question as this: 'What has this philosophy to offer me?' 'In all this whirl of new ideas that has swept in upon us during the last fifty years, what message does it bring to me that entitles it to a hearing?' Theosophy is not so much a body of doctrines that must be accepted as a life that must be lived. And it is this above all that entitles it to a hearing in these days when preaching without even pretending to practise is altogether too widespread. If those who feel attracted to Theosophy go no further into it than to make its simple truths a part of their lives, they will have done themselves a very great service, for they will have brought into play a balancing power, comforting and encouraging, that will enable them to look upon life calmly and intelligently."

.

An excellent musical program was given at Isis Theater on September 16 by the young ladies of the Râja-Yoga College, two of whom also gave short addresses. The opening number was the Prelude from Wuerst's *Russian Suite*, by the young ladies' string orchestra, followed by the *Preislied from Die Meistersinger*, a violin solo by Mrs. Montague Machell. Wagner was presented a second time on the program in the Liszt transcription of the *Spinning Song*, played by Miss Helen Stephens with a rounded technique and breadth of interpretation rarely achieved by so young a player. The young ladies' chorus rendered four songs, *Slumber Song* by Kücken, *For You* by Victor Harris, Neidlinger's *Mother Song*, and *Erin* from the old Irish. The musical part of the program closed with a rendition of Mozart's well-known *Minuet in D* and Grieg's *Det Første Møde*.

'Happiness' was the subject of Miss Frances Hanson's address. "Happiness," she said, "is natural to every child. What changes this feeling, and why do children so often grow up so miserable? If they were taught the fundamental laws of life they would know they have a dual nature — the immortal and the animal; that it is through the feeding of the animal self and the gratification of its desires that they lose this happiness, and through obedience to the promptings of the immortal self that they retain it."

"There is no such thing as luck in life. Everything is ruled by the law of Karma, which is, 'as ye sow, so also shall ye reap.' Still, some may think they have never caused unhappiness to others, and why should it be their Karma to feel misfortune? Here comes in the doctrine of reincarnation. Perhaps there were seeds sown in some past life which have not had a chance to manifest until now. No one can be really happy who does not work in consonance with the law. One who is conscious of having done repeated wrong and can still call himself happy has shut the doors of his soul and blinded his eyes to the truth. Not until he opens them to let in the light once more can he know true happiness or spiritual joy."

Miss Alice Westerlund spoke on 'Love, Its True Meaning.' "What is love?" she asked. "Some one has beautifully defined it as 'the doorway from selfishness into service; from solitude into kinship with all humanity.' Such love is a divine attribute, an attribute of the soul. And according to Theosophy humanity must live a larger life before it can partake of the essence of true love."

"Katherine Tingley, in her efforts to revivify the teachings of the ancient Wisdom Religion on this subject, is proving to humanity that a life founded upon a basis not of sentiment, but of true brotherly love, united with common sense, is not only possible, but is the solution of practically every problem that is puzzling the minds of our thinkers today."

THE WARNER INDIANS

A Pathetic

Return to their

Former Home

The Warner Indians are home!

For these simple stolid people, who for fifteen years have lived veritably in exile, deprived of their birthrights, virtually homeless and thrust willy nilly here and there by a bureaucracy which took no account of their barren lives, or of the almost equally barren opportunities provided for their sustenance, it is the realization of an almost hopeless dream merely to be here. In all of the pitiable interim they — the Warner Indians — had known naught but a heritage of misery, which dulled their wits and burdened their hearts with distrust, indeed, with hate.

Year upon year they have rounded out their unutterably colorless lives at Pala, destitute of even the smallest joys which are considered essential to human well-being. Not once had they smiled but wanly; not once had they faced the proposition of life with anything even remotely approximating the anticipation of another day. Such was their poverty of body and mind and soul until all at once, and unexpectedly as a lightning bolt out of a clear sky, the owner of the Warner ranch warmed their chilled beings with a touch of human kindness.

"Regard these as your lands," said he. "Come here when you will."

La Fiesta del Verano Tardío, the feast of Indian summer, with which

the Warner Indians and hundreds of their native and white friends tomorrow are to celebrate the joyous homecoming, apparently has effaced every vestige of bitter retrospect. The sparkle of the campfires in the adjacent woods is no less merry than the countenances of these aboriginal hosts; the song of the plunging brook in the canyon below the hot springs is no sweeter nor happier than the human chatter flung upon the night air. Even Juan Maria Cibimoat, captain of the heroic procession which trekked sadly towards Deadman's hole in 1902, and captain likewise of the triumphal investment of this rancho today, a grizzled old veteran secure in his mistrust of 'blancos' and his contempt alike for their words and their works, has been moved sufficiently to greet everyone with a quite cheery:

"Buenas tardes. Cómo están?"

—From the *San Diego Union*, September 7, 1917.

DRAMA

A Recently Built Open-Air Theater

The opening of the National Sylvan Theater at Washington, D. C., under the auspices and patronage of the Federal Government, marks quite a new cycle in the dramatic development of America. It is a large, open-air theater, occupying a plot of ground below the Washington monument, and will seat, when completed, over 8000 persons. One difficulty in open-air productions will be obviated by means of a device for producing a drop-curtain whenever required, this to be formed by jets of steam, piped along the front of the stage, not only sufficing to conceal the players but giving a mystical effect.

The enterprise is the outcome of a pageant given a year ago under the direction of Mrs. C. D. Hemmick of Washington, and was made possible through the courtesy and assistance of Col. William W. Harts, the army officer who is in charge of the public buildings at the National Capital.

Those familiar with the history of the dramatic work inaugurated by Madame Tingley in her production of *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus in June 1898, in New York City, and continued during the ensuing nineteen years mainly in the open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma, will be little short of enthusiastic over the news of a Federal open-air theater; for, as old students of Theosophy will recall, when Madame Tingley founded the Isis League of Art, Music and Drama (this also in 1898) she stated that in days to come these arts would become a department of the Government. She advocated Federal patronage of the drama in particular, as the synthesis of all the arts. When in 1901 she built the Greek Theater at Point Loma — the first to be erected in America — she said that it would be followed by many open-air theaters both in Europe and at home, and this has proven to be the case. California alone has half a dozen, and now the National Sylvan Theater at Washington is added to the list. We wish it every success.

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

CRIME AND THE SCIENTIFIC REMEDY

Governor Hunt on Abolition of Death-Penalty An unexpected addition to the program at Isis Theater on September 23, when Madame Katherine Tingley spoke on 'Crime and the Scientific Remedy from a Theosophical Standpoint,' was a short address from former Governor George Hunt of Arizona, who happened to be in the audience and was called to the platform. After giving a brief account of the work done by Madame Tingley in Arizona in behalf of the effort made to abolish the death penalty in that state, which is now an accomplished reform, he declared that the truth of Madame Tingley's assertion that crime was the result of disease was proved by statistics that had been prepared under his direction in the prisons there during his terms of office as Governor.

Madame Tingley said: "If we are to look into the future with any hope at all, it is certain that something more must be done. There must be made a discovery on some line of research that will bring home to us absolutely scientific facts upon which we can base our efforts, and enable us to work out the problems of crime in a more rational and humane way. The fact is, we have not yet discovered man himself. The delicate and exquisite distinction, which only Theosophists can draw in this study, is that between the mortal and the immortal, and this is the first step on a line of rational research. The Theosophist rejects the idea that man is a born sinner or is evil by nature, declaring that the mortal side of man is not the real man; and that it is the other and higher side, the spiritual man, that is the controller of man's destiny, if permitted to be so. If we could realize that the immutable laws of life are perfect, and that all we have to do is to work on lines of least resistance with them, then a finer discrimination would come to us as naturally as the stars shine out in the night."

Madame Tingley declared that she could only touch the fringe of the subject in one evening. She said that, in spite of all the efforts of humanitarian workers extending over many years, "we are at the point in modern history where we realize that crime is increasing on every hand and that there are new expressions of crime of such an appalling nature that, while we are startled at the horror of them, we have not the remedy to meet the situation.

"We cannot rightly consider this question of crime until we have discovered who man is, until we find the meaning of human life. No man, however great a reformer he may be, however great his erudition or his experience, can touch this subject in the way of first finding and then applying the remedy, until he finds within himself the key to the situation — the knowledge, discrimination and spiritual discernment which are needed."

The first key Mme. Tingley declared to be knowledge of the dual nature of man. "That is where we must begin if we wish to make a proper study of human nature from the Theosophical standpoint. We must study man

the mortal as well as man the immortal, if we are to get behind these conditions that we are confronting and find the causes."

"The time must come," said Mme. Tingley, "when, instead of the word crime we shall have the word disease, when we shall realize that it is not punishment but humane hospital treatment that is needed for the so-called criminal."

In the course of her address Madame Tingley made a rapid review of criminal laws in various nations and different periods of time, and referred at length to some of her experiences with prisoners and to her study of prison conditions, not only in America, but in Sweden and other countries of Europe. Relying on a life-long study of criminology, and familiarity with the leading scientific writings on the subject, both in French and in English, Madame Tingley declared that in spite of the splendid efforts of experienced and scholarly men, the remedy for crime has not yet been found. She pleaded for a higher compassion, for that baptism of the soul in sympathy, which should make one able to discriminate in his dealings with those who have made mistakes, saying: "The teaching that man is immortal as well as mortal is the basis. In the light of this new and yet very old knowledge, we can study crime from a more humanitarian and sympathetic standpoint. We shall be compelled to do so, if we are to reach the point of understanding of which I have spoken. When we are able to study intelligently the heredity of the so-called criminal, his environment and those of his parents, his education, his religious teaching, his physical and mental life, we will rub out of the calendar the word crime, and put in its place the word disease."

"We are standing today, as it were, beside the death-bed of humanity," said Madame Katherine Tingley at Isis Theater on September 30 in her further treatment of the subject of 'Crime and the Scientific Remedy from a Theosophical Standpoint.'

Continuing she said: "This is a broad statement, indeed a shocking statement to many, but all we have to do is to look about over the world, realize the degradation that is apparent, the fearful sacrifice of human life, consider the iniquity in our own city as in other cities not our own; then study the history of humanity on the so-called criminal side, count up the ever-increasing list of lunatic-asylums and prisons, and then tell me, if you can, that the statement that we seem to be standing by the death-bed of humanity is far-fetched. Truly, I cannot conceive how we can possibly hope to lessen crime and change the conditions to which I have referred, unless we have schools of prevention.

"We Theosophists repudiate the idea of original sin and of a personal and revengeful God. We place crime where it should be — as disease. Cannot you see the doors of the prisons opening, cannot you see some of those boys, and even some of those women who are considered by many as the curse of society, coming forth, renewing their promises to civilization and to their higher selves, to begin anew? This is the spirit of the

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

PUTTING away slander, he [the true Buddhist] abstains from calumny. What he hears here he repeats not elsewhere to raise a quarrel against the people here; what he hears elsewhere he repeats not here to raise a quarrel against the people there. Thus he lives as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends. . . .

Putting away bitterness of speech, he abstains from harsh language. Whatever word is humane, pleasant to the ear, lovely, reaching to the heart, urbane, pleasing to the people, beloved of the people — such are the words he speaks. . . .

Putting away foolish talk, he abstains from vain conversation. In season he speaks; he speaks that which is; he speaks fact; he utters good doctrine; he utters good discipline; he speaks, and at the right time, that which redounds to profit, is well grounded, is well defined, and is full of wisdom. . . .

And he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love; and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure.

—From the TEVIJJA-SUTTA of the DIGHA-NIKĀYA, a Buddhist work;
translated by Rhys-Davids.

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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**FOXGLOVES IN ONE OF THE GARDENS OF LOMALAND, INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

Flowers of many climes greet the visitor to Lomaland as he ascends the hill from the main gate. The driveway is flanked on either side by a row of majestic *Canariensis* palms behind which lie the International Flower Gardens, inviting glimpses of which may be seen between the swaying palm leaves. Here the flowers bloom all the year round.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII NO. 6

DECEMBER, 1917

UNIVERSAL GOODWILL

As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let a man cultivate goodwill without measure toward all beings. Let him cultivate goodwill without measure — unhindered love and friendliness — toward the whole world, above, below, around. Standing, walking, sitting, or lying, let him be firm in this mind so long as he is awake; this state of heart, they say, is the best in the world.

—From the *Metta-Sutta* (a *Buddhist* work), translated by RHYS DAVIDS.

UNIVERSAL LAW: by H. Travers, M. A.

ENLARGING THE BOUNDS OF SCIENCE

IF science be defined as knowledge of facts and the study of natural phenomena for the purpose of arranging them in orderly sequence and thus arriving at the general principles underlying them; then Theosophy can claim to be a great science, because it greatly extends the scope of the above-mentioned knowledge and inquiry. And, as science worships *law*, so does Theosophy, and in an even greater degree. But, so far as science in the present age and civilization has extended, its recognition of the reign of law is confined to things physical. Its investigations and reasonings are directed to that world which is apparent to our five corporeal senses; and it abandons to other departments of the general category *knowledge* those worlds which engage the supersensuous parts of our nature. To ethics it leaves the study of conduct, to religion that of faith; the laws of ratiocination are included under metaphysics; and there are other departments lying vaguely within or without the nebulous boundaries of that which is understood as the realm of science.

Science has made the physical world and its laws very real to us, but has left the other worlds in which we live quite nebulous; and we live in a hap-hazard realm of scepticism, varying dogmatic faiths, speculation, and indifference. Yet, however far we may advance in scientific knowledge, whatever command we may win over the forces of external nature, the most vital question to humanity will always be that of the

meaning of human life itself; and the problem of ordering one's own conduct will ever remain the chief practical concern. Is it not, then, important that there should be a knowledge that embraces these departments, and that recognises and reveals the unvarying reign of *law* therein?

This is what Theosophy claims to do and is able to do; but, so vast is the subject, that the knowledge in question can only be the gradual and progressive reward of long study; while all that can be done in writing is to give clues and to point the way.

BUT DISCIPLINE MUST PRECEDE KNOWLEDGE

The mysterious link between mind and matter, the laws that govern thought-transference and other subtle connexions between beings, the possibility of finer senses in the human organism and other states of consciousness than the usual waking state — these and other fascinating subjects pertain to an intermediate realm between the outer and the inner world, a realm wherein it seems evident that many of the mysteries of life lie hid. Yet the student of Theosophy who directs his attention to this region, quickly discovers that he can make no progress therein until he has first attended to some important matters in his own character, whose satisfactory adjustment is an indispensable preliminary. He does not desire to possess more knowledge than he can use; and he realizes that he must first learn how to use the knowledge he already has. His daily life is a tissue of mistakes and shortcomings, his will needs training, his emotions are still wayward. He desires knowledge, it is true; but what he desires is the knowledge that will give him balance and self-mastery, not the knowledge that will burden and over-tempt him. And it is so with humanity at large; men's progress, to be beneficial, must be orderly. We do not find in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky or other Theosophical books any explicit directions how to obtain occult powers or become magicians. Undoubtedly information of the kind could have been given, but it was not in the plan; quite the contrary, indeed, the plan being to benefit humanity and promote progress, not to threaten humanity with new dangers.

In a nutshell — discipline has to precede knowledge. And therefore, of instructions how to set ourselves on the right and safe path, we shall find plenty.

LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT UNIVERSAL

The foremost thing to which a student of Theosophy learns to accustom himself is the idea that law and order reign universally and not

merely in physical science. This extension of the scope of law and order is usually dealt with under the name *Karma*, the Sanskrit word used to denote this idea in the Indian schools of philosophy. It is inseparably associated with the doctrine of Reincarnation, the two being mutually dependent. In physical science the principle is expressed in the familiar phrases: 'indestructibility of matter' and 'conservation of energy.' The workings of Nature are found to be so uniform that results can be calculated. In considering Karma, we are dealing with the same principle applied to a larger area and to a greater complexity. Physical science deals with lowly manifestations of the universal life, to which it gives the names 'energy,' 'inertia,' etc. Theosophy deals with subtler and more elaborate manifestations of the universal life; and in its philosophy, mind, thought, and acts take the place of the scientific mass, energy, and matter.

KARMA IS NOT FATALISM

It might be thought that this is a doctrine of determinism or fatalism, teaching that human conduct is bound in an inevitable chain of cause and effect, and abrogating choice and free-will. But the doctrine declares that man has the power to direct the chain of causation, and to exercise a discretionary influence upon it. For analogies to this, we can refer to the volitional freedom exercised by a conscious being over the laws of external nature: the laws of gravitation are indeed inexorable, but this does not prevent a bird from flying aloft or alighting, although a stone has no such power of choice in the matter. The bird acts consciously on a higher plane than that whereon the laws of gravitation act. And so a man, in his turn, has a wider discretionary power than the bird. A perfected man again has still greater power of independent action than the ordinary man, for he has isolated himself from many of the forces that control the ordinary man, these forces being instincts, personal desires, habits, and fixed ideas. Thus man is always subject to inexorable fate in a less or greater degree, according as he has or has not emancipated himself from the chains of his frailties.

REINCARNATION PRESUPPOSED

The neglect of reincarnation has prevented many from seeing the universality of law and order in human life. How could they, when, instead of viewing an individual life as a whole, they were merely viewing a section of it, and mistaking this fragment for the whole life?

Our present life is a sequel, not a beginning; neither is it an end. Could we see the whole pattern with unclouded vision, we should recognise the equity of it. As things are, we incur experiences whose causes we have forgotten, and seeming injustice is the result of this imperfect vision. Still, we are not so prone to cavil at our apparently unmerited *good* luck; human nature! always anxious to get its full rights, but not averse to a little extra. This point needs thinking about — that critics of Theosophy will grumble because they incur bad fortune whose origin they cannot trace, but have no objection to make when the question involved is *good* luck. In any case, however, Theosophists did not make the laws of nature, they merely offer reasonable explanations of them.

If it were to be asked, Where and in what do the causal links between our acts and their consequences inhere, the answer would entail a most lengthy disquisition. But the lack of an exact explanation should not deter us from our studies of the matter, for we are just as ignorant concerning other things, of which, however, familiarity has made us tolerant. How, for instance, do the atoms of our infant body grow into the adult man or woman? Or what is there in a seed which makes it grow into an oak? Is the potentiality in the seed or somewhere else? Ordinary knowledge gives no clear answer, but only some unsatisfactory formula full of vague names that do not stand for anything in particular. Therefore, when it is said that the incarnating Soul brings with it the seeds of its past lives, there is no logical reason for objecting to the statement on the mere ground that it cannot be readily explained in detail.

WHAT DETERMINES EVENTS?

We do know for certain that every one of us has the seeds of character latent in him; and this circumstance alone is enough to account for a good deal of what happens to the person in question. Besides the seeds of character, there are other seeds which might be called seeds of destiny; that is, those which determine the kind of events usually described as casual and attributed to the divine will or else left unexplained. Yet, unless there is chaos in the universe, these events too must come under the rule of law. In short, there can be no chance in the universe. Events called casual are merely those whose causal relations have not been ascertained. If you go down a road and come to a fork, you will turn either to the right or the left; and your future destiny may hang on the upshot. What determines your choice? Either something or nothing, clearly. If nothing, then the universe is chaotic,

or (what is exactly the same thing) partially chaotic. But if *something* determined your choice, what was that something? Arguing thus, we start on a track which can lead to discovery.

Perhaps if you had controlled your temper that morning at breakfast, you might have taken the right-hand track and traveled to fortune; but possibly you gave way to your temper, and so took the other track. Can there be a connexion between things like this? It is an interesting thought at least; or perhaps it is all 'nonsense.' It might help, if one could indicate the nature of that connexion. A rough and ready one is that you had the black dog on your back that morning, and he sent you down the wrong road. But that is superstition, as we do not believe in imps nowadays. Let us try a more scientific explanation, and say that, when you gave way to temper, you 'generated a force,' or that the temper was caused by a microbe. But we can perhaps approach the true explanation by degrees. If a man has his nerves all upset, he will cut himself with his razor and spill the coffee. Here is cause and effect visibly connected. Then why may there not be a connexion between any evil mood and an evil event, however apparently remote and disconnected?

Again, if you insult a man, you are likely to suffer the next time you meet him, even though many years after and in quite another place. Here is cause and effect — Karma — again. And wherein did the causal connexion inhere? In the man, evidently. He it was who was the recipient of your act and the requiter thereof. This furnishes us another hint. Theology may make the deity the recipient and requiter of deeds. It speaks of God being 'offended' and of his chastising and requiting. When we do wrong we offend something or somebody, whether a law of nature or our own conscience or somebody else's feelings. We throw things out of gear. The reaction hits us, as though we tilted at the quintain. Also when we do right a corresponding reaction takes place. We reap what we have sown.

It is always advisable to remind ourselves, when speaking of the reign of justice, that the kindly offices of mercy are in no ways discredited thereby. If you meet a man who is suffering, you cannot turn him away with the reply, "You sowed the seeds yourself." *You must help him when he is down, no matter how he came to be down.* How would you like to be treated yourself?

WE CREATE OUR OWN DESTINY

All visible things spring mysteriously from an invisible source, and behind the world of phenomena lies the world of noumena; behind

events and actions stand ideas. We are constantly creating causes which will contribute their effects to the mass of our future experiences, leading either to actions performed by us or to actions performed upon us. The coalescence of an idea with a desire generates a living seed which bides its time in some thought-atmosphere beyond the ken of physical science, and will tend to germinate when the requisite conditions occur. Yet, like other seeds, it may be destroyed before it germinates.

It is a Theosophical doctrine that the conditions in which we find ourselves at any given time were generated by ourselves at other times in the past. The demonstration of this hypothesis is a matter of study and experience, and the proper scientific method of observation should be applied. But this will mean a great expansion of the range of our studies, and it will be necessary to study other parts of the Theosophical teachings. I find myself (say) equipped with a certain kind of a body, which is not well adapted to the kind of work I aspire to do now; but I realize that I myself am responsible for this kind of body, and that by my past thoughts and desires I created it. It is adapted to do things which I no longer want to do, and its tendencies are hard to overcome. But my physique is only one part of the circumstances by which I am surrounded; there is also my station in life, my calling, my business, my material welfare. These circumstances likewise have been generated by myself at some time in the past. Since I do not believe these circumstances can be casual or accidental (such words being idle in my philosophy), I have to regard them as effects produced by causes, as links in a chain of events; and I must try to trace out the connexion between the causes and the effects. A few of the circumstances in which we find ourselves can probably be traced to causes we have set in motion within our own recollection. Indigence may be traceable to extravagance, illness to excess; a Franklin may rise to world-wide renown through the conscious exercise of talents and virtues. But many of the circumstances arise through no conduct of ours *that we can remember*. Theosophy says that, in this case, they arose through conduct that we do *not* remember — in other words, through acts performed before birth, in previous lives. This life is but an instalment of the larger life which the real, the immortal, Man is living, as, like an actor, he plays his successive parts or appears on the earthly stage in successive scenes.

FAIRNESS OR UNFAIRNESS?

The question of fairness and unfairness, which always arises in connexion with this discussion, is largely disposed of by the reflexion that the principle applies to what we call good fortune as well as to what we

deem bad fortune. But, as said before, people are more prone to demand justice in affliction than in prosperity, and we seldom meet with complaints against the apparently unmerited enjoyment of good fortune. However, there is a difference between framing a theology to suit people's ideas of justice, and interpreting the laws of nature as we find them. Theosophy seeks to interpret the laws of nature. Now we find that nature recompenses actions equitably without regard to the limitations which our own imperfect ideas of equity would wish to impose on her. If we take poison, we are killed, whether we took it ignorantly or not. This fact has to be accepted, whatever views we may hold about divine justice. Objectors to Theosophy may cavil at Theosophists for preaching a doctrine that people are made to suffer for deeds which they do not remember committing. But the fact is that people actually do so suffer. If you have abused your health, you will suffer, no matter whether you remember or not. Theosophists did not make this law; they only seek to explain it. Consequently it is no valid objection to Karma and Reincarnation to say that these doctrines are unjust because they attribute our fortune to actions which we have forgotten.

But the whole matter is cleared up by bearing in mind the distinction between the immortal and the mortal man. The immortal man, who is the leader of the life, understands the whole drama; he preserves the entire memory intact; his purposes are fulfilled; he sees the justice and harmony of the whole scheme. But the mortal man — the part which the actor is for the time assuming — has not this prescience. He lives in the confusion of partial knowledge. But his lack of knowledge is not an unmixed evil; it is well that he should forget. He is not able to sustain the burden of memory that would encumber him, did he know all. His progress is perhaps dependent on his forgetting. It is well that death should wipe clean the slate, so that we can begin anew, and look forward with hope undimmed by despairing shadows from behind.

ACTING WITH WISDOM

Yet there is no bar placed against that self-development which will bring the mortal man into relation with his immortal counterpart, so that the mystic 'second birth' may be achieved and the purpose of evolution accomplished. We should aspire towards that goal, and look forward with the eye of faith towards the knowledge that will one day be attained. And a great step is taken when we can say with faith and trust that our life is ordered with perfect justice; when we can feel that we are the creators of our own destiny — that, as we can mold our future,

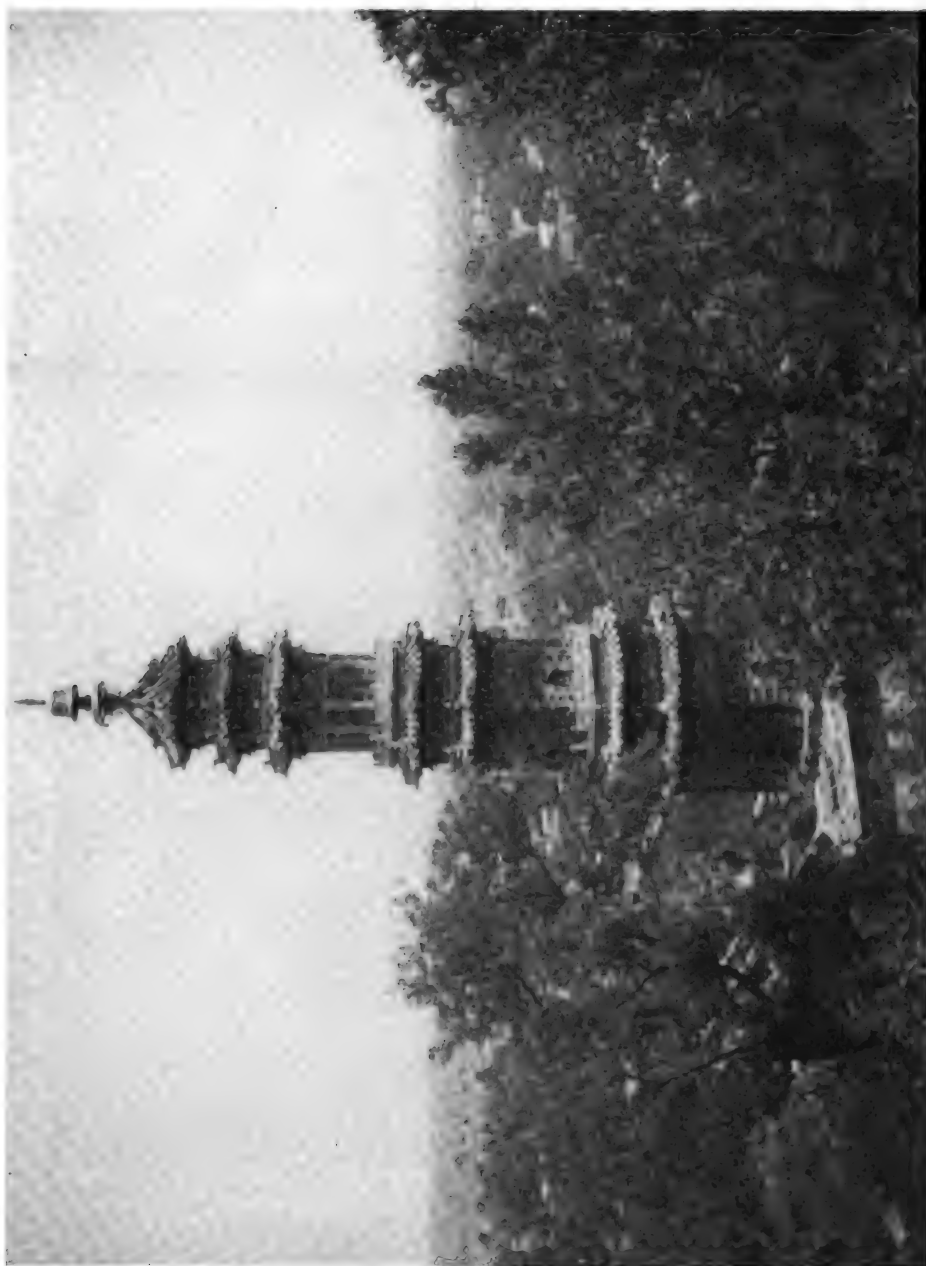
so we must have molded our present; and when we can cease caviling at divine justice and set about remedying the cause of *apparent* injustice — that is to say, our own imperfect knowledge.

With a due appreciation of the omnipresence of law, every man would guard not only his acts and deeds but his very thoughts; nay, even more so, because thoughts are the seeds of words and deeds. We can do no act in secret; we cannot think in secret. For the law knows all; every thought is an act committed in presence of mighty Nature, who receives it into her bosom and works it up with all the other materials that enter into the complex fabric she weaves.

UNITY OF LIFE

The mystery of our life would vanish, could we view it in its entirety, tracing the connexions of our present earthly career with those careers that have preceded and will follow it. But besides thus taking a larger view in time, it is necessary to take a larger view in space. A man's entire existence is not shut up within the narrow confines of his personality; much of his existence is impersonal and shared; he is a part of the human family. We should think but poorly of a family whose members were so disunited as to assert their several personal claims in preference to the claims of the family. It sounds bad when husband and wife have separate estates and bring fiscal actions against each other. Questions of personal self-interest do not arise among members of a united family, nor is there any occasion to offset selfishness by rules of calculated self-sacrifice. A conscious unity prevails and its laws and conditions are instinctively fulfilled. Thus would it be with us all, if we were more conscious of the unity of the whole human family. The national idea can supersede the class idea when a crisis demands; and this fact should be a lesson.

Every man should assert his Individuality (*not* his personality). He should ever strive to realize more and more fully that his personality is but the shadow of his true Self, and that his mind possesses the inherent power of allowing itself to be the slave of passion and caprice or of affiliating itself with the Divine within. He should remember that knowledge comes through self-mastery, and that nothing is hid from those worthy to receive it. He has conscience and the knowledge of good and evil and the power of choice. He can make or mar his own life. Let him be strong in the faith that the moral law is as inviolable as the laws of physical nature, returning man the fair recompense of his acts.



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PAGODA OF A TEMPLE IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, PEKIN, CHINA



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TEMPLE OF THE SUN, PEKIN



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A CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, PEKIN



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ONE OF THE GATES OF THE 'FORBIDDEN CITY'
WITHIN THE WALLS OF PEKIN

VIEWS IN PEKIN

PEKIN is best viewed from its massive walls. From such a vantage-point, says C. F. Gordon Cumming in *Wanderings in China*, "you find yourself overlooking rich bowers of greenery, tree-tops innumerable, from which here and there rise quaint ornamental roofs of temples, or mandarins' houses, with roofs of harmonious gray tiles, or of bright glazed porcelain which gleams in the sunlight."

The 'Temple of Heaven' is the finest building in China, though it can hardly be called a building, taken as a whole. The main structure consists of a circular triple terrace, two hundred and ten feet in diameter at the ground and ninety feet at the top. Williamson thus describes it in his *Journey in North China*:

The marble stones forming the pavement of the highest terrace are laid in nine concentric circles. On the center stone, which is a perfect circle, the Emperor kneels facing the north, and acknowledges by prayer and by his position that he is inferior to Heaven and to Heaven alone. Round him on the pavement are the nine circles of as many heavens, consisting of nine stones, then of eighteen, then twenty-seven, and so on in successive multiples of nine until the square of nine, the favorite number of Chinese philosophy, is reached in the outermost circle of eighty-one stones.

It seems most fitting that no roof save the azure dome of the heavens above covers this magnificent open altar dedicated to Heaven. Here the Emperor, in former days, announced his succession, worshiped his ancestors, prayed for rain, and offered an ox as a burnt sacrifice at the Winter Solstice.

Our third illustration is an example of those wonderfully beautiful 'camel-back' bridges for which the Chinese possessed a genius that has scarcely been surpassed. What could be more pleasing than the effect of the graceful lines of this bridge and its reflexion? But the Chinese did not build for beauty of form alone: their structures were made to endure, as suggested by the very names they sometimes gave their bridges; for example, Wansuik'iao, 'the bridge of ten thousand years.'

Mrs. Sarah Pike Conger in her *Letters from China* thus describes the wrecking of a bridge at the Water Gate of Peking during the Boxer troubles:

This bridge was built of fine marble with many cemented and bolted layers. This cement and these metal bolts defied the power of blasting. They had been holding their place for five hundred years, and they challenged man to remove them. Only constant picking and blasting made the bridge yield. In a language of endurance it contested every inch of the invasion. Such qualities in the hearts and minds of a people forge a nation that is hard to rend asunder.

The fourth illustration brings us to one of the gateways to the precincts of the 'Forbidden City' itself. But we must leave this to a subsequent issue, when some beautiful views of the city will appear.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART VI



ARE not the lives of great poets, painters, musicians, and other artists a proof of the duality in Man?

To go thoroughly into this question would require a long article; we desire, however, to offer a few suggestions in order to draw attention to this subject and to emphasize its importance.

Artists may be divided into two groups: the first embracing all those whose moral life is on a level with their art, the second including all those of whom we might say; "The Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Both groups are a proof of the duality in man, the one by the perfect harmony between the two sides of the nature and the other by the disharmony. The former of the two types seems the more natural; one is inclined to consider it an exceptional case, if the works of an artist are not in harmony with his personality; and yet we know that apparently the contrary seems to be much more frequent. But is it really so? Can an artist produce works of art which are not in harmony with his personality? This is impossible; unless we deny that the personality is the vehicle through which the Higher Self expresses itself on the material plane. We maintain that it is not the artist who produces works in disharmony with his personality, but that those who hear or see works of art lack discrimination, and are deluded by the skill and brilliancy of creation or by the intensely passionate expression which characterizes so many works of art today; they can no longer appreciate the real significance of the underlying idea of such works and mistake the materialistic feeling by which these works are inspired for spirituality. In daily life we find many such distortions of ideas and feelings; for example, in speaking of 'love,' the average man usually will have in mind something very different from what 'love' really is.

Connecting these thoughts with musical art, we find that many combinations of musical sounds coincide with the materialistic feelings of mankind in its present stage of evolution; and that if we could analyze sounds from a spiritual standpoint we might find that some of them correspond to pure and spiritual ideas and feelings, while others are closely related to evil propensities. So it may be supposed that works of art, as hinted at before, which express such feelings, appeal more directly to people of today than works of art in which the spiritual side is predominant.

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It is difficult to say which group is the more interesting for our argument, but surely both offer points of interest as soon as we admit that art must be considered as one of the highest expressions of spirituality in man.

For the moment we must put all artistic questions aside, because we must first examine and decide a few points.

First, we have to consider the character of man from a general point of view; secondly, we have to consider the influence which circumstances may have on his character; and, finally, we have to examine the question: Whether the divine nature in man does exert an influence, notwithstanding the fact that man's animal nature is not fully under control?

In regard to the first point we will only mention some characteristic qualities in human beings, for example: Spirituality, Feeling, Intelligence, Vanity, Egotism, Selfishness, Passion, Desire, Greed, etc. If we would know what a man's character is, we must simply notice what his predominant qualities are; for, although all qualities are latent in him, a single one or a few will certainly prevail, and will, of course, dominate the rest.

For our purpose it would be superfluous and impossible in such a short article as this to give even a synopsis of the combinations of the different traits of character. We will give one single example; and we choose that combination which is most applicable to the character of a musical artist, *viz.*, a character in which passion and egotism prevail.

If a man with such a character possesses a strong will, and is sufficiently spiritual to counteract the influence of the two above-mentioned lower qualities, his character may be most suitable for the task he has to fulfil, and may even attain to a high degree of development. But woe to the poor soul if the higher qualities are lacking; his lower nature will then drag him down and cause degeneracy.

Is not this one of the causes why a man, who seems to possess all the qualities needed to make him one of the greatest artists of his age — and we could give examples — yet fails to reach the highest degree of perfection and expression?

With such a character is it not self-evident that the artist's works will be stamped by his passions, and so spirituality and everything connected with man's higher nature will be surrounded by, and hidden behind, clouds? For his mind cannot free itself from materialism.

But a man's character is not only the result of the qualities he possesses; it is shaped also by the circumstances in which he lives, and it is difficult to form a judgment unless we are acquainted with these latter. Who knows what Karma the man has made for himself in former lives: a Karma that must be faced and worked out in this incarnation? For

we cannot doubt that everyone is born in the environment and in the conditions that he himself has created in former lives, nor can we doubt that these conditions are the most suitable for the lessons he has to learn during his present existence. Besides, we must remember that not only everyone in every incarnation has to learn his own lesson, but that he has also to play *his* part and teach *his* lesson to others in the great orchestra called 'Life'! We must also admit that everyone is born in the epoch that procures him the best opportunities not only for his own development, but also for his work as a teacher. For example, can anybody imagine that Palestrina or Bach could have been born in an age which was suitable for a Wagner or a Debussy? The lessons which the former had to teach were entirely different from those taught by the latter.

What has been said answers sufficiently the two first points of our premises. In regard to the last point we have to examine the question: Can we admit that man's divine nature exerts an influence notwithstanding the fact that man's animal nature is not fully under control? This is a vital question, for its answer includes a statement not only in regard to man's musical activities but to all man's actions as well.

It is impossible to doubt that the divine spirit *does* exert an influence in man; for man, even if his lower self is not fully under control, is a living soul, and as such partakes of the divine life. Of course, if his lower self has been wrongly developed, his higher self may be likened to an artist, who, forced to use an imperfect instrument, will yet not be hindered from reproducing the inspiration of his soul, although in a less perfect way. So the Higher Self, if compelled to use a less than perfect personality as its instrument, will not be able to express itself in the most complete and most beautiful form, yet everyone will recognise that what is produced is part of the divine thought. Not only can a less than perfect personality be used as an instrument of the Higher Self, but even the most perfect personality is nothing but an instrument. The personality of itself cannot create; it is the spark divine that makes man create, in spite of himself.

Look at the works of art and you will see; listen to the musical masterpieces and you will hear. In the works of the great masters, as for example Bach and Palestrina, you will find a perfection, a truthfulness, a profound feeling and at the same time a simplicity which makes you believe that they are parts of nature. Studying the biographies of these men, we find that their lives were in complete harmony with the works they produced. Palestrina, a fervent Roman Catholic, lived up to the principles of his faith, in which he seems to have found the highest expression of the ideals of his soul. Bach may be considered more or less

as the antipodes of Palestrina; for in the principles of the Protestant Church he recognised the expression of the highest human ideals and tried to make these principles the living power in his life. In the works of the first all is serene, passion has been avoided, something no longer human is prevalent; in the works of the latter it is the struggle of human mind which finds expression, but behind the struggle one feels the splendid intuition of the divine; and the victory of the Higher Self over the lower is the ultimate result in every piece of this great artist. In Palestrina we have the expression of the soul of a child, which gives itself unhesitatingly in unshakable faith. In Bach we have the expression of the soul of a man, surrendering without doubt or hesitation to spiritual ideas; but it demands knowledge and aspires to a higher degree of faith, a faith founded on the highest principles to which man's intelligence can rise. Is it necessary to give examples of artists whose personalities are not in harmony with their soul-life? We do not believe it is, for everyone knows them.

And so it happens that never before and never afterwards has any one been able to produce works of a character and perfection that could possibly be compared with the works of the two great masters already named. Doubtless other great artists have produced very, very great works, but there is no one whose art shows a more complete unity between the underlying idea and the material form than theirs. And, as said, we know from their biographies that in thought, word, and deed, these two composers were in perfect harmony with the works they produced. To them the divine was embodied — for Palestrina, in the faith which was his; and for Bach, in that of the Protestant Church; and the result was not only a wonderful expression of beautiful and lofty feelings, but a perfection in technique that never has been equaled or surpassed.

With these examples before us, is it not evident that we must admit the duality in man in order to find a logical and reasonable explanation of the various aspects of art and of artists of which this article treats?

How is it that notwithstanding great mental development, no one composer can be compared with the two mentioned above?

How is it that these two artists had a command of the technical side of music so great that all combinations of sounds seem to be 'their obedient servants'? And, how is it (and this is the most astonishing aspect of the question) that these artists, although their works are more complicated than those of any other composer, speak a language more simple and more impressive than any other artist has used?

If such men had not relied upon their spiritual potentialities, they certainly could not have reached the point from which they were able

to reveal to the world some of the mysteries of another plane. Ask the great masters of art why they do this or that, or why they do it in such or such a way? They will smile, because they themselves cannot tell you anything; for they know well that it is only while creating that *they know*. They do not give birth to their spiritual children in an ordinary mental way; their works are children of their will. Besides this, everyone knows also that an artist is not able to produce merely at will, he can only produce when his — (what name can we give it?) urges him. And that unnamable quality, which every artist nevertheless knows, is just that which, as we have endeavored to show in the course of our thoughts on music, is the *proof* of Man's Duality.

MEMORY: by R. Machell

OF all man's faculties the most precious perhaps is memory; without it he is hardly man. Its loss disqualifies him even to take care of himself or to attend to any kind of business; yet he may lose the faculty of memory almost entirely without being irrational. While on the other hand many are driven to the verge, and even beyond the borders of insanity by the insistence of involuntary memory or by their inability to forget.

Loss of memory may not in itself imply insanity, although it certainly means irresponsibility, and is an evidence of derangement scarcely distinguishable from actual madness. Insanity is neither more nor less than loss of balance in the functions of the mind; just as disease is disorder arising in the relations of the functions of the body.

At first sight memory appears to be more than a mere function of the mind. Is it not rather, one may ask, the continuity of consciousness which constitutes our individuality?

To be sure of one's own identity one must have continuity of consciousness but not necessarily memory of facts and circumstances, of events and thoughts: one may lose memory and forget one's own name without loss of individuality; one may forget all else and yet retain the sense of Self. We all of us have such experiences sometimes in dream, if not in the waking state, or else, it may be, in sickness, when one no longer recognises familiar faces or the room in which one may have lived for years; but yet one is still one's self.

Man is a complex being; he *has* a personality, he *is* an individual. The individual is the immortal Ego; the personality is but the tem-



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PARADISE-ALLEY NEAR ROTTERDAM

Photographed by W. J. Kuipers & Co.

Scenes in Holland, selected from a collection of two hundred pictures published under the title, 'Nederland in Rijp,' by S. Bakker Jz. of Koog-Zaanduk.



OUDEKERK ON YSSEL
 Photographed by J. H. Spoormaker



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WINTER SCENE IN SCHIEDAM
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IN THE PROVINCE OF GRONINGEN
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ROAD BETWEEN NIEUWERSLUIS AND
BREUKELEN
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PASTURE NEAR DEVENTER, HOLLAND
Photographed by W. J. van Vierssen, Deventer

porary appearance of the Ego for the period of one single incarnation.

Continuity of self-consciousness is one thing; memory is another. The self-consciousness that makes a man individual is due to an internal recognition of union with the Supreme Self, of which the individual may be called a single 'ray.'

Personal identity depends on memory. It is a thread on which are strung the beads of experience gathered during one short incarnation. This personal memory is accessible to the individual self by contact with the brain-mind of the physical man. And as a man has a new brain at each new incarnation, so his personal identity changes at each new birth while individual self-consciousness goes on. Self is immortal.

The memory of a man is one thing, the memory of humanity is another, and the world-memory is yet otherwise, though all are dependent on the power of Nature to record events, and hold the records in that store-house of universal memory, the so-called 'Astral Light.' That store-house is not in any particular place, but is universally diffused; it has been sometimes called Nature's library of reference. Each man's own memory is a part of it, but is in many cases the only part to which he has personal access; so that to him his memory seems different from the greater memory of humanity as a whole.

Memory plays a peculiar part in the drama of life. It is the very foundation of tragedy, which is the most important aspect of the classic drama, that mirror of the human soul in action on the earth. The keynote of classic Tragedy is Revenge, or Retribution, both of which are the natural outcome of remembered wrongs. They are but different aspects of reaction, or the natural repetition by inversion of deeds of violence: they are both forms of retaliation for remembered wrongs. Revenge without memory would be unthinkable, as would be also the super-human aspect of revenge, the sort of Retribution that is meted out to men by Fate, by Destiny, or by the Lower Gods. This crude sort of justice is a natural raw product of memory uncontrolled by higher knowledge. It is an attribute of the lower gods and of those masses of humanity who in one form or another pay homage to the lesser deities. The High Gods alone administer true Justice, which is the expression of the Law of Harmony. Sometimes we find them spoken of as tempering justice with mercy: but this is merely the lower man's misunderstanding of the Higher Law, the Law of Love. Justice is but the right expression of the Law of Love, not tempered nor qualified.

Revenge and Retribution hold high places in classic Tragedy, but are denounced by Teachers of that Doctrine of Compassion, on which from time to time men seek to found a new religion loftier than the last.

The failure of such efforts is due to the hold which the lower nature has on the soul of man during his incarnation here on earth (particularly in this cycle of human evolution). The lower nature naturally obeys the 'lesser deities' who personify those powers of nature principally concerned with material existences. The Law of Love, however, is the expression of the Higher Law, of which the lower gods know nothing.

But Man is dual in his nature, and can identify himself with either the higher or the lower law or he can act so as to form in his own person a living bridge between the upper and the under world.

So in the antique drama we see men favored by various deities, who become champions for opposing factions of the gods, being also at the same time their protégés; for the old dramatists knew well that men could express in their own lives the spiritual powers of the Universe whether they be divine or elemental. This in fact is the real basis of the classic drama; and this it is that lifts a tragedy out of the rank of vulgar melodrama and makes it Classic. When each particular is seen to be an expression of the universal, the personages of a drama become naturally symbolic, typic of humanity; the story of the play then loses all littleness or character of gossip, and becomes large as life itself: it is no longer a mere story, but a revelation of the inner drama of the soul; its interest is general, its appeal universal. This is what makes a play classic. Literary style, if genuine and not a mere affectation, is the appropriate form in which the allegory is expressed, and necessarily partakes of the lofty character and purpose of the thought. So it too becomes classic.

The continuity supplied by the persistence of memory, that permeates the Classic Tragedy, is absent from the Comedy of the same period, or if not absent is so distorted as to appear grotesque. The essential element of tragedy is lacking; and this lack produces an incongruity that excites a sense of the ridiculous. The fun of one age is often unintelligible to an audience of a later date: the antique comedy may appear to us heavy and overloaded with exaggeration. But we must remember that to people accustomed to see an allegory in every story, the incidents and personages of the drama would be symbols of something great and universal. This largeness of allusion calls for a broader treatment than is needed in a play which is merely an illustration, an incidental narrative, a piece of gossip (as it were) compared with a page of history. The difference between the great Classic Drama and the modern problem play, lies just in the fact that in the former the consciousness of the eternal union of the particular with the universal, of the human with the divine, is ever active; whereas in the latter it is dormant or absent altogether. There is a chasm between an allegory and an illustration,

which no brilliancy of intellectual analysis or literary style can bridge. As to exaggeration, that may be due to an overwhelming sense of the dignity of Man and of the imminence of divinity; or it may be used as a means of detaching the mind of the spectator from the mundane reality of the story, so as to liberate his imagination for the appreciation of the spiritual revelation, which is the aim of the Great Drama of Antiquity. This character of religious ceremony is deeply stamped on the work of ancient dramatists, and is surely due to their recognition of a great underlying purpose in human life.

The Gods themselves seem hardly more than emblems of the pitiless continuity of Fate that works through memory, and weaves the web of human life upon a pattern fashioned in the dawn of time to be passed down from age to age by Memory, the tyrant, whose slaves are men, and whose decrees are executed by the lower gods.

The classic tragedies all breathe an atmosphere of awe and reverence, as well as horror and despair; the most compelling cause of which is certainly the relentless persistence of the memory of wrong, which takes on the aspect of religious obligation in men, and of divine necessity among the gods. This reverence for memory still haunts the minds of men even in an age soaked with irreverence.

In many nations and in some isolated communities the *vendetta* is regarded almost as a religious duty. Forgetfulness of injuries is counted a disgrace. Failure to revenge an insult or a wrong of any kind in such races is regarded as a betrayal of trust, a fall from honor, or as an evidence of baseness, such as to disqualify a man to associate on terms of intimacy with decent people. Memory in all such cases appears to be regarded as a divine attribute, for all revenge is based on memory of wrong. The memory of benefits received is also deified as gratitude; and moralists as well as religionists insist upon the exercise of gratitude as a duty both towards Gods and men.

Yet the Great Teachers of Wisdom uphold Compassion, which blots out the memory of wrongs; and they preach Love and Universal Brotherhood so vast and all-embracing, that in the glory of their radiance even gratitude sinks into shadowy insignificance and seems but a small virtue, a kind of mere repayment of a debt, or the discharge of an oppressive obligation; admirable in its way, but scarcely more worthy of renown than simple honesty, which only wears the aspect of a virtue in a community in which the standard of morality is low, and in which the law of Brotherhood is inoperative if not unknown.

Love gives to all alike, regardless of benefits received or injuries. Love transcends gratitude as Justice supersedes revenge. Man can escape the degrading tyranny of the lower law of vengeance only by

raising himself to the plane on which the Higher Law of Justice, Love, and Brotherhood is supreme.

The exoteric Drama of antiquity displays the Gods in constant conflict; the High Gods sometimes overruling the lower, and occasionally outwitted by them, or in open war: which things are allegories of the eternal struggle in Man between the higher and the lower nature. Such images were more or less intelligible to an ignorant populace, that was yet fond of poetry and familiar with poetic imagery.

The esoteric teachings of one age become the exoteric science of succeeding times, as man evolves, or, rising from a long relapse into mere barbarism, asserts once more his right to his inheritance of knowledge.

Increase of knowledge brings with it higher obligations; and emancipation from a lower law implies acceptance of a higher. There is no freedom from Law: Law being but the expression of the inherent nature of things universal or particular. But the fulfilment of the lower law brings man to the border of a region in which a higher order reigns, and if he cross the border he naturally becomes subject to the Higher Law; but if he tries to free himself from all Law he naturally becomes an outcast doomed to the desolation of the 'No-man's-land' that lies between two states of evolution, a non-existent territory in fact. So that the unfortunates who try to stand upon the imaginary space will find themselves the victims of their own delusion torn by contending forces in their own nature.

Hate and revenge are obviously lower ideals than Love and Justice, but it may at first seem hard to look upon gratitude as anything less than a high virtue. Yet gratitude is something less than Love. Where there is no sense of benefits received there is no call for gratitude: but Love is not born of benefits received or hoped for. In speaking thus of Love it stands to reason that the term is used in its highest sense.

Justice and Love are the reflexions in the heart of Man of the pure light of Truth, eternal, universal, transcendental, and yet imminent, although incomprehensible in its purity to the brain-mind of man. But gratitude is like revenge, it springs from memory of deeds done, of benefits received, just as revenge arises from remembered wrongs.

Memory is what binds man to the past: memory is the instrument of Karma which brings round the regular recurrence of historical events. The universal memory is Karma, the symbolic wheel on which the heavenly exile is allegorically bound.

Significantly enough the ancient drama of Prometheus has come down to us in mutilated form, and we in our age are still in the position of the Titan bound. But Theosophy proclaims his liberation, and calls on man to free himself, to open his eyes, and to see that he is free.

The tragedy of tragedies in human life is man's submission to the tyranny of memory, and the long crucifixion of the Soul upon the cross of physical existence, to which the heavenly exile 'Man divine' is nailed by the powers that dominate the material world in which the eternal tragedy is performed.

The proclamation of Universal Brotherhood, which is the mission of Theosophy, is a call to man to rise from his long dream of degradation, to claim his heritage of Truth, and Light, and Liberation; to throw off the yoke of the old tyrant memory, and to realize his oneness with the Supreme, from which he emanates as a ray from the Central Sun. It calls upon him to achieve his freedom from the lower, and to assume the joyful burden of the higher Law, the Law of Brotherhood: and it urges him immediately to bring his own life on earth into some semblance of harmony with the divine ideal. It bids man turn his back on memories of past faults and failures, and to say to them: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

That is where memory belongs.

The austerity of the old code of honor, which made revenge a duty so sacred as to be regarded more in the light of a religious rite than as a social obligation, was tempered in the middle-ages by the attempt to graft a gentler code of courtesy upon the harsh stem of the old classic system, which had been hardly modified by the Judaic law accepted by the so-called 'Christian' churches. The institution known as Chivalry, which was a form of Mariolatry adapted to the needs of fighting men, was an attempt to soften the harshness of the old code, and to exalt the worship of womanhood. It failed, and degenerated into mere romanticism. The austerity of the old code was weakened, but the new ideal found no firm foundation either in philosophy or in the practical requirements of those unsettled times. There was an esoteric side to the new movement, but it was soon swamped in the general corruption of the age, and faded out of sight beneath a veil of mysticism and romance. Something of its sentiment perhaps remained and a more or less florid symbolism adorned its tomb.

There is no possibility of compromise between the higher and the lower law. It is a question of evolution, and in evolution there are mystic gateways through which the candidate must pass: just as in Nature there are changes of condition which allow of no compromise. The unborn child comes under a new dispensation the moment he sees the light and draws his first breath: there is no going back or halting half way: and evolution is continual birth, with death as but another kind of birth. The new state once entered calls for a new standard of morality: and Nature mercifully blots out memory at some of these changes of

condition. In others Man must adapt himself to the new state by voluntary effort.

There is a Wisdom-Religion from which all codes and creeds and customs are derived originally, and into which they must eventually be resolved, but from which they none the less depart in various directions temporarily deceptive, yet not altogether false. This Wisdom-Religion is what we call Theosophy, and is the source from which our Teachers draw their doctrines. Studying these teachings we discover clues to the mystery of human discord and Man's aspirations, his hopes and high ideals, and his fanatical attempts to fit his own fetters on to the souls that come to earth to solve the mystery of life. Thus he bequeathes his limitations to succeeding generations in obedience to the dictates of Memory, which causes the human race to carry upon its shoulders a load that is entirely unnecessary. Death tries to set men free, but education (?) binds the old fetters on the new-born souls, and sets the children's feet upon the tread-mill of destiny, that they may keep the great wheel moving eternally. The wheel is Karma. Karma is memory in action. The emblem of the man bound upon the wheel may be an exoteric allegory, but it is also a true image of man bound by memory to the past which shall be for him the future. The wheel is a favorite symbol and has many possible interpretations; one of these is the revolution of recurring ages around a changeless center, which is the Supreme self. When the wheel is displayed with an eye in the center, it would seem to symbolize the awakened Soul conscious of its spiritual identity with the central sun or Soul of the Universe, which looks on unmoved while the worlds ceaselessly revolve around that place of peace, which is eternally unmoved although it bears the strain of all the forces that produce the visible universe. In that symbol is expressed the spiritual supremacy of Man. It is the declaration of his power to awaken in himself his higher consciousness, his Soul, which is the Seer, the all-seeing eye, and to attain freedom from the bondage of the lower law — the wheel of memory.

THE soul, if immortal, existed before our birth. What is incorruptible must be ungenerable. Metempsychosis [reincarnation] is the only system of immortality that Philosophy can hearken to. — *Hume*

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCES OF THE RADIOACTIVE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE

by W. A. Dunn

A VINDICATION OF THE TEACHINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

PART TWO



T the Chicago meeting of the American Chemical Society, reported in *Journal, Chemical Society*, March, 1909, Prof. H. N. M'Coy of the University of Chicago said:

During the past eleven years enormous advances have been made along entirely new lines in the knowledge of the interrelations of the elements, and the nature of matter. This new knowledge had its origin in the discovery by Becquerel in 1896 of the radiations emitted by uranium. It was found by Becquerel that all uranium compounds send out rays capable of affecting a photographic plate through light-proof paper, and also of enormously increasing the electrical conductivity of air, by ionizing it. Schmidt, and independently Mme. Curie, found that all compounds of thorium produce similar rays. Scientists will never forget the intense interest taken in the discovery by the Curies of *Radium*, a substance which possessed the properties of uranium and thorium augmented more than a millionfold. There were also new properties: powerful physiological effects, evolution of light and even of heat, it having been found by Curie and Laborde that the temperature of a tube of radium is always perceptibly above that of its surroundings. Here then was a most marvelous result — the continuous and seemingly undiminished production of a portion of matter, which appeared to suffer no chemical change. It even seemed as if a source of perpetual motion had been found.

It was soon clearly established that the activity of radioactive substances was not due to the excitation of any *known* radiation. Some scientists, however, including Lord Kelvin, Becquerel, and the Curies, imagined as the source of the observed energy, an *unknown cosmic radiation* [italics ours] which was intercepted and transformed by the radioactive body. . . .

The radiations were found to be of *three* sorts, called the Alpha, Beta, and Gamma rays. The nature of the Beta rays was first established. The photo-activity is chiefly due to these rays; they readily penetrate light-proof paper, are easily deflected by a magnetic or an electric field, and in such a direction as to show that they are negatively charged. . . .

The Alpha rays are quite different; they are unable to penetrate a single sheet of writing paper; but they are the chief cause of the ionization of the air, and the elevation of temperature.

The Gamma rays are apparently very penetrating X rays. . . .

There is now no shadow of doubt that the rate of radioactive change is *entirely independent of the form of chemical combination* of radioactive substance; temperature is also without influence, a given transformation occurs at precisely the same rate at the temperature of liquid hydrogen or at a white heat.

It thus appears that *radioactive change is a natural process which is entirely beyond man's control*. [Italics ours.]

Radium emanation acting on water, produces neon; while with a solution of copper nitrate it produces argon. . . .

The formation of lithium from copper has been observed four times by Ramsay. . . .

Radioactive matter is easily extracted from the air by means of a negatively-charged wire. . . .

In conclusion it may be said that while the work of the nineteenth century produced abundant and varied evidence that between the elements there exists the most intimate interrelations, the researches of the past few years of this new century have shown the fundamental significance of these relationships and lead us to the conclusion that the elements may no longer

be considered immutable; that matter is probably of but a single sort, of which our common elements represent the more stable forms which have resulted from a process of natural evolution.

The following quotations are from a paper read before the British Association of Science by Professor Joly of Dublin University:

It is to uranium that we look for the continuance of the supply of radium. In it we find an all but eternal source. The fraction of this substance which decays each year, or, rather, is transformed to a lower atomic weight, is measured in tens of thousands of millionths: so that the uranium of the earth one hundred million years ago was hardly more than one per cent. greater in mass than it is today. As radioactive investigations became more refined and extended, it was discovered that radium was widely diffused over the earth. The emanation of it was obtained from the atmosphere, from the soil, from caves. It was extracted from well waters. Radium was found in brick-earths, and everywhere in rocks containing the least trace of demonstrable uranium, and Rutherford calculated that a quantity of radium so minute as 4.6×10^{-14} grammes per gramme of the earth's mass would compensate for all the heat now passing out through its surface. . . .

In an article by Mme. Curie, written in 1906, she says:

Here are now a new series of facts which are interpreted by the theory of radioactive transformation. Radium disengages continuously a substance which behaves like a gaseous radioactive material and which has received the name of *the emanation*. Air which has been in contact with a solution of radium salts is charged with the emanation, and may be drawn away and studied. . . .

When the emanation is drawn into a flask containing zinc sulphide, the latter becomes luminous. The emanation is an unstable gas and spontaneously disappears, even from a sealed glass tube, at a rate in accord with a strict law. . . .

The emanation possesses the property of imparting radioactivity to all the bodies in contact with it, and such bodies are said to possess induced radioactivity. . . .

It has been shown that there is nothing absurd in supposing that the energy *we receive from the sun may be in part, or even in total, due to the presence of radioactive bodies which it may contain.* [Italics ours.]

In the French Journal of Science *La Nature*, Professor de Launay wrote as follows:

We have supposed hitherto for simplicity an independence between matter and ether which does not really exist. . . . As soon as we regard any . . . phenomena closely we see that most of the properties commonly attributed to matter are really *those of the ether in matter*. . . .

We must mention a curious hypothesis recently enunciated by Sir Oliver Lodge with the boldness characteristic of English men of science. The human brain, our organ of thought, is composed of matter. Lodge suggests that *ether* may constitute the instrument of another form of thought which may to a certain degree, affect our thoughts, just as ether intervenes in our ordinary sensations. This implies the existence of a mysterious connexion between mind and matter.

As bearing upon the quotations given above, the following utterance by Professor H. E. Crampton before Columbia University on the New Biology is given:

The most striking feature of animals and plants is their adjustment to their *vital conditions*. An organism that seems so sufficient unto itself, so capable and independent, is nevertheless

inextricably locked with its surroundings, for its very substance is composed of materials wrested from the environment. . . .

The generalized biological formula, then, for the turmoil of nature is *adaptation* — *Life*. Here then is the heart of the mystery. How has this universal condition been brought about? What have animals *within* them that might determine their greater or less efficiency?

These few quotations, taken from a large number of similar utterances, give a fair idea of the *direction* in which scientific thought is moving with unprecedented rapidity. It will be seen that the spirit of speculation is almost absent. Conviction is stamped upon every utterance, as is warranted by the unquestionable proof that has been gathered in a few short years by the most exact men of science.

It will now be our privilege to present, from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, the ancient teachings of Sages and Mystics — and the mind must indeed be a prejudiced one that does not recognise in them a direct reference to these recently discovered forces of radioactivity, as it affected, and was intimately known to, the ancient Teachers of Humanity. And it is small wonder that many scientists are according the alchemists some knowledge of fact. It is almost certain that the direction in which scientific thought is proceeding will carry it direct to a body of knowledge that has been accumulating from the earliest time, and has dealt with these very forces of radioactivity as known *from the Moral and Spiritual point of view*, by men who *possessed* developed internal faculties to cognise interiorly what science has only approached exteriorly.

In 1877 Madame H. P. Blavatsky wrote her first great work entitled *Isis Unveiled*. From it the following extracts are made. (Italicized lines show correspondence to scientific descriptions of radioactivity.) *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 155:

We may once more return to the symbology of the olden times, and their physico-religious myths. Before we close this work, we hope to demonstrate more or less successfully how closely the conceptions of the latter were allied with many of the achievements of modern science in physics and natural philosophy. Under the emblematical devices and peculiar phraseology of the priesthood of old lie latent hints of sciences as yet undiscovered during the present cycle. . . .

There are myths which speak for themselves. In this class we may include the double-sexed first creators, of every cosmogony. The Greek Zeus-Zên (aether) and Chthonia (the chaotic earth) and Metis (the water), his wives; Osiris and Isis-Latona — the former god representing also ether — the first *emanation* of the Supreme Deity, Amun, *the primeval source of light*; the goddess earth and water again; Mithras (Mithras was regarded among the Persians as the *Theos ek petras* — *god of the rock*. —Footnote) the *rock-born* god, the symbol of the male mundane-fire, or the personified primordial light, and Mithra, the fire-goddess at once his mother and his wife. . . . Mithras is the Son of Bordj, the Persian *mundane mountain from which he flashes* out as a radiant *ray of light*. Brahmâ, the fire-god and his prolific consort; and the Hindû Agni, *the resplendent deity*, from whose body issue a thousand streams of glory and *seven* tongues of flame, and in whose honor the Sâgnika Brâhmans preserve to this day a *perpetual* fire; Siva, personated by the mundane mountain of the Hindûs — the

Meru (Himalaya). This terrific fire-god who is said in the legend to have descended from heaven . . . in a pillar of fire, and a dozen of other archaic, double-sexed deities, all loudly proclaim their hidden meaning. And what can these dual myths mean but the physico-chemical principle of primordial creation? The first revelation of the Supreme Cause in its triple manifestation of spirit, force, and matter; the divine correlation, at its starting point of evolution, allegorized as the marriage of fire and water, products of electrifying spirit, union of the male active principle with the female passive element, which become the parents of their tellurian child, cosmic matter, the *prima materia*, whose spirit is ether, the ASTRAL LIGHT! Vol. I, 155 - 156.

The marriage of fire and water, from which cosmic matter proceeds, is precisely what science is demonstrating by dissolving radium in water.

Thus all the world-mountains and mundane eggs, the mundane trees, and the mundane snakes and pillars, may be shown to embody scientifically demonstrated truths of natural philosophy. All of these mountains contain, with very trifling variations, the allegorically-expressed description of primal cosmogony; the mundane trees, that of subsequent evolution of spirit and matter; the mundane snakes and pillars, symbolical memoria's of the various attributes of this double evolution in its endless correlation of cosmic forces. Within the mysterious recesses of the mountain — the matrix of the universe — the gods (powers) prepare the atomic germs of organic life. . .

This read in conjunction with statements of science on radioactivity, is almost literally identical, especially as referring to the radioactivity of mountains and rocks.

Isis Unveiled. Vol. I, p. 163:

To bridge over the narrow gulf which now separates the *new* chemistry from *old* alchemy, is little, if any harder than what they have done in going from dualism to the law of Avogadro.

As Ampère served to introduce Avogadro to our contemporary chemists, so Reichenbach will perhaps one day be found to have paved the way with his OD for the just appreciation of Paracelsus. . . . Vol. I, 163.

(Paracelsus wrote) page 164,

I considered with myself that if there were no teachers of medicine in this world, how would I set to learn the art? No otherwise than in the great open book of nature, written with the finger of God. . . . I am accused and denounced for not having entered in by the right door. But which is the right one? Galen, Avicenna, Mesne, Rhasis, or honest nature? I believe, the last! Through this door I entered, and the *light* of nature, and no apothecary's lamp directed me on my way! 164.

He [Paracelsus] demonstrates that in man lies hidden a 'Sidereal force,' which is that *emanation* [radium emanation!] from the stars and celestial bodies of which the spiritual form of man — the astral spirit — is composed. This identity of essence, which we may term the spirit of cometary matter, always stands in direct relation with the stars from which it was drawn, and thus there exists a mutual attraction between the two, both being magnets. 168.

This is precisely the relation between radium and its emanation.

The identical composition of the earth and all other planetary bodies and man's terrestrial body was a fundamental idea in his philosophy. "The body comes from the elements, the [astral] spirit from the stars. . . . Man eats and drinks of the elements for the sustenance of his blood and flesh; from the stars are the intellect and thoughts sustained in his spirit." The spectroscope has made good his theory as to the identical composition of man and stars; the

physicists now lecture to their classes upon the magnetic attractions of the sun and planets.

Of the substances known to compose the body of man, there have been discovered in the stars already, hydrogen, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and iron. In all the stars observed, numbering many hundreds, hydrogen was found, except in two. . . .

And now, a very natural question is suggested. How did Paracelsus come to learn anything of the composition of the stars, when, till a very recent period — till the discovery of the spectroscope in fact — the constituents of the heavenly bodies were utterly unknown to our learned academies? . . . Could Paracelsus have been so sure of the nature of the starry host, unless he had means of which science knows nothing? . . .

We must bear in mind, moreover, that *Paracelsus was the discoverer of hydrogen, and knew well all its properties* . . . and that, if he did assert that man is in a direct affinity with the stars, he knew well what he asserted. . . .

"The sun and the stars attract from us to themselves, and we again from them to us." What objection can science offer to this? *What it is that we give off, is shown in Baron Reichenbach's discovery of the odic emanations of man, which are identical with flames from magnets, crystals, and in fact from all vegetable organisms.* [In short, radioactivity.] 168-169

It is indeed strange that no great man of science has had the courage to acknowledge that Madame Blavatsky wrote about radioactivity a full generation previous to its discovery by the Curies. The following quotation requires no comment. In *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 200, Madame Blavatsky wrote:

Aristotle maintains that this gas, or astral emanation, escaping from inside the earth, is the sole sufficient cause, acting from within outwardly for the vivification of every living being and plant upon the external crust. In answer to the skeptical negators of his century, Cicero, moved by a just wrath, exclaims: "And what can be more divine than the exhalations of the earth which affect the human soul so as to enable her to predict the future? And could the hand of time evaporate such a virtue?" . . .

All the prophets of old — inspired sensitives — were said to be uttering their prophecies under the same conditions either by the direct outward efflux of the *astral emanation*, or a sort of damp fluxion, rising from the earth. It is this astral matter which serves as a temporary clothing of the souls who form themselves in this light. 200

The four elements of our fathers, earth, air, water, and fire, contain for the student of alchemy and ancient psychology — or as it is now termed, *magic* — many things of which our philosophy has never dreamed. . . .

Henry More, of Cambridge University — a man universally esteemed, may be named as a shrewd logician, scientist, and metaphysician. . . . His faith. . . . The infinite and uncreated spirit that we usually call GOD, *a substance of the highest virtue and excellency, produced everything else by emanative causality.* God thus is the primary substance; the rest, the secondary; if the former created matter with a power of moving itself, he, the primary substance, *is still the cause of that motion as well as of the matter*, and yet we rightly say that it is matter which moves itself. "We may define this kind of spirit we speak of to be a substance indiscernible, that can move itself, that can penetrate, contract, and dilate itself, and can also penetrate, move, and alter matter," which is the *third emanation.* (*Antidote*, lib. I, cap. 4) 205-206.

Battista Porta, the learned Italian philosopher . . . left a work on *Natural Magic* [*Magia Naturalis*, Lugdini, 1599] in which he bases all of the occult phenomena possible to man upon the world-soul which binds all with all. He shows that the astral light acts in harmony and sympathy with all nature; that it is the essence out of which our spirits are formed; and that by acting in unison with their parent-source, our sidereal bodies are rendered capable

of producing magic wonders. *The whole secret depends on our knowledge of kindred elements.*
page 208

Is the inner organism of man less sensitive to climatic influences than a bit of steel? 211

That this 'astral emanation' is in fact the emanation of radioactivity now discovered by science is shown by the following quotation from *Radioactivity and Geology*, by Professor Joly, 1909, Dublin University:

The gaseous nature of the emanation derived from radium was instrumental in first indicating the very widespread existence of radioactive substances in the surface-materials of the earth. . . .

Air drawn through the soil contained a radioactive emanation. . . .

Air in caverns was exceptionally radioactive. . . .

The radioactive emanation was also found to be generally diffused through the atmosphere, depositing an active substance on negatively charged surfaces. These and a host of observations by various investigators all over the world pointed to the conclusion that radioactive matter was a widely diffused constituent of the surface-materials of the earth. (pp.35,36.)

This extraordinary 'emanation' of radioactivity, proceeding from the whole surface of the earth, filling the atmosphere, caves, soil, rocks, ocean, (and of course all vegetable and animal life) should be clearly held in thought. We should remember that we are not reading from the old mystic books, but from the pages of a book on Geology by an eminent professor of Dublin University, when he says:

The emanation of radium is a remarkably stable body. It has been subjected to the most extreme chemical and physical conditions by Rutherford, Ramsay, and others. Sparkling for hours with oxygen over alkali, *heating to a red heat in contact with various substances, etc., had no measurable effect on its radioactive properties.* Passed through tightly compressed cotton-wool it issued unchanged in amount. It is, in fact, purely gaseous in its properties, and diffuses like any other gas. The first products of change — as well as the subsequent ones — are solids. These are deposited from the emanation upon any surface exposed to the gas. . . . Once deposited, a certain number of the rays emitted in the course of further changes must penetrate the solids on which the particles rest. (pp. 23, 24.)

This radioactive surface-layer must extend to a depth of some miles. (p. 39.)

The condition of the deep-sea deposits fully supports the observations on the radioactivity of the ocean. (p. 49.)

We know that the sediments in the ocean once in solution are all ultimately derived from igneous rocks. (p. 56.)

There appears to be little doubt that the occurrence of helium in springs, in natural gases, and in the atmosphere, must be ascribed to the general diffusion of unstable elements in the surface-crust of the earth. *For there is no longer any question of the identity of helium with the alpha ray.* (p. 63.)

These 'alpha rays' are but one of the *three* rays emitted from radioactive substances. These triple rays are explained by Professor Joly on page 13:

Gases become conductors of electricity under *the ionizing influence* of the rays attending the transformations of radioactive matter. These transformations are accompanied by the emission of: — (a) relatively heavy material particles — helium atoms — *electricified positively* and projected with great velocity. These are the alpha rays. They represent a definite ma-

terial part of the atom from which they are derived, and probably indicate that helium enters into the constitution of very many of the elements; (b) electrons or beta particles, of very much less mass, but moving at yet higher speeds and electrified negatively; the gamma radiations, the nature of which is still under discussion, which may be material or *ethereal*, and which also produce ionization. Of these three forms of radiation the alpha rays are far the most important. . . .

Spectrum analysis was the most delicate method possessed for detecting the constituent elements in the sun and stars. In reference to radioactivity, Professor Joly says:

In the application of radioactive methods, we work for the first time with a means of detection many thousands of times more delicate than the spectroscope [preface] The presence of helium everywhere in the rocks, notwithstanding its continual escape into the atmosphere, is, therefore, independent proof, not only of the widespread distribution of the radioactive elements, but of their ceaseless evolution of energy [preface]. The transformations of radioactive matter are accompanied by the emission of the alpha, beta, and gamma rays.

Some scientists . . . including Lord Kelvin, Becquerel, and the Curies, imagined as the source of the observed energy an *unknown cosmic radiation* which was intercepted and transformed by the radioactive body. (Prof. M'Coy's address to the American Chemical Society.)

There is no doubt that the radiations emitted from active bodies serve as very powerful agents for the ionization and disassociation of matter. . . .

The atoms of nitrogen appear to be more easily stimulated to give out their characteristic vibrations than any other gas so far examined. Rutherford. *Radioactive Transformations*, p. 274.

In view of the place occupied by *nitrogen* as the *inert* vehicle of ordinary compounds — its reference to radioactivity is worthy of attention. The astral body carries the life principle which both kills and builds up the body. Therefore radioactivity of the *Soul* in acting upon the astral vehicle suggests the link between soul and body.

Let us again refer to *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, pp. 212—213. In the light of radioactivity the following quotation vibrates with truth:

Man is a little world — a microcosm inside the great universe. Like a foetus, he is suspended, by all his *three* spirits, in the matrix of the macrocosmos; and while his terrestrial body is in constant sympathy with its parent earth, his astral soul lives in unison with the sidereal *anima mundi*. He is in it, as it is in him, for the world-pervading element fills all space, and *is* space itself, only shoreless and infinite. As to his third spirit, the divine, what is it but an infinitesimal ray, one of the countless radiations proceeding directly from the Highest Cause — the Spiritual Light of the World? This is the *trinity* of organic and inorganic nature — the spiritual and the physical, which are three in one, and of which Proclus says that "The first monad is the Eternal God; the second, eternity; the third, the paradigm or pattern of the universe"; the three constituting the Intelligible Triad. Everything in this visible universe is the outflow of *this Triad*, and a microcosmic triad itself. And thus they move in majestic procession in the fields of eternity, around the spiritual sun, as in the helio-centric system the celestial bodies move round the visible suns. The Pythagorean *Monad*, which lives "in solitude and darkness," may remain on this earth forever invisible, impalpable, and undemonstrated by experimental science. Still the whole universe will be gravitating around it, as it did from the "beginning of time" and with every second, *man and atom* approach nearer to that solemn moment in the eternity, when the Invisible Presence will become clear to their spiritual sight. When every particle of matter, even the most sublimated, has

been cast off from the last shape that forms the ultimate link of that chain of double evolution which, throughout millions of ages and *successive transformations*, has pushed the entity onward; and when it shall find itself re clothed in that primordial essence, identical with that of its Creator, then this once *impalpable organic atom* will have run its race, and the sons of God will once more "shout for joy" at the return of the pilgrim.

"Man," says Van Helmont, "is the mirror of the universe, and his *triple* nature stands in relationship to all things." The will of the Creator, through which all things were made and received their *first impulse*, is the *property of every living being*. Man, endowed with an additional spirituality, has the largest share of it on this planet. It depends on the proportion of matter in him whether he will exercise its magical faculty with more or less success. Sharing this divine potency in common with *every inorganic atom*, he exercises it through the course of his whole life, whether consciously or otherwise. In the former case, when in the full possession of his powers, he will be the master, and the *magnale magnum* (the universal soul) will be controlled and guided by him. In the cases of animals, plants, minerals, and even the average of humanity, this ethereal fluid which pervades all things, *finding no resistance*, and being left to itself, moves them as its impulse directs. Every created being in this sub-lunary sphere, is formed out of the *magnale magnum*, and is related to it. Man possesses a double celestial power, and is allied to heaven. This power is "not only in the outer man, but to a degree also in the animals, and perhaps in all other things, as all things in the universe stand in a relation to each other; . . . It is necessary that the magic strength should be awakened *in the outer as well as in the inner man*."

Maxwell, in his *Medicina Magnetica*, expounds the following propositions, all of which are the very doctrines of the alchemists and kabalists.

"That which men call the world-soul, is a life, as fiery, spiritual, fleet, light, and ethereal as light itself. It is a life-spirit everywhere, and everywhere the same. . . . All matter is destitute of action, except as it is ensouled by this spirit. This spirit maintains all things in their peculiar condition. It is found in nature *free from all fetters*; and he who understands how to unite it with a *harmonizing body* possesses a treasure which exceeds all riches." (p. 215.)

Radium emanations are absolutely 'free from all fetters' known to science.

"This spirit is the common bond of all quarters of the earth, and lives through and in all. . . ."

"He who knows this universal life-spirit and its applications can prevent all injuries."

"If thou canst avail thyself of this spirit and fix it on some particular body, thou wilt perform the mystery of magic."

"He who knows how to operate on men by this universal spirit, can heal, and this at any distance that he pleases."

"He who can invigorate the particular spirit through the universal one *might continue his life to eternity*."

"There is a blending together of spirits, or of emanations, even when they are far separated from each other. And what is this blending together? *It is an eternal and incessant outpouring of the rays of one body into another*." (p. 216.)

The above words speak for themselves. And it is indeed a consolation to know that no human being can exercise such powers *except through such a process of personal purification as Theosophy teaches*. The selfish and ignorant man, only commands *his own self-elements*, and he can only rise to radioactive powers by transmutation — of *himself*. A few more facts from science will emphasize the truth given by Theosophy.

In effecting measurements of the radioactivity of terrestrial materials, we do not usually deal with radium itself, but with the *first product of change* — the *emanation* which is a gas at ordinary temperatures. (Prof. Joly, 18.)

[Italics ours] The radioactive property is *ATOMIC*, and consequently must result from a process occurring in the atom *and not in the molecule* . . . the process occurring not only in thorium but in all radioactive bodies. . . . Matter loses in atomic energy at each stage of the transformation, and the *energy radiated* is derived from the internal energy resident in the atoms themselves. The atom is supposed to consist of a number of charged parts in rapid oscillatory or orbital motion and consequently contains a great store of energy. . . .

This latent energy does not ordinarily manifest itself, since the *chemical and physical forces at our disposal do not allow us to break up the atom*. Part of this energy is, however, released in radioactive changes when the atom itself suffers disruption with the *expulsion* of one of its charged parts with great velocity. This theory has proved of the greatest service in correlating the various phenomena. (Rutherford; *Radioactive Transformations*, pp. 14, 15)

The presence of helium everywhere in the rocks, notwithstanding its continual escape into the atmosphere, is . . . independent proof, not only of the widespread distribution of the radioactive elements, but of *their ceaseless evolution of energy*

. . . That the helium in the rocks came into existence as the alpha particles evolved by transforming atoms, hardly admits of doubt. . . . To these laboriously detailed observations upon the rocks, the more *generalized* ones upon the radioactivity of the ocean have to be added. (Prof. Joly, *Radioactivity and Geology*)

It will be seen that the processes taking place in a mass of radioactive matter are very complicated. In a compound of radium, for example, there occurs a rapid expulsion of alpha and beta particles, accompanied with the generation of gamma rays, a rapid emission of heat, the *continuous* production of an *emanation* or gas, and the formation of an active deposit which gives rise to "excited" activity. (Rutherford, in his work, *Radioactive Transformations*)

From *The Electrical Experimenter* of September 1915, the following facts are taken: (In substance.)

Prof. Curie constructed an apparatus which consisted of two large glass bulbs connected by means of a glass tube that had a stop-cock attached. In one bulb a solution of radium salts was placed, in the other some phosphorescent zinc sulphide. When the stop gap was opened the radium *emanation* passed through the connecting tube into the opposite bulb containing the zinc sulphide, and this salt immediately became so luminous that one could by its means read a newspaper six feet away. As nothing is consumed, *such a lamp would give out cold light almost indefinitely*.

In connexion with this modern 'discovery,' it is instructive to *read again* what Mme. Blavatsky has written about the *perpetual lamps* of the ancients. In *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 226, we read:

Among the ridiculed claims of alchemy is that of the *perpetual lamps* . . . as we know [the ingredients employed, and the manner of their construction, and the natural law applicable to the case, we are confident that our statement can be corroborated upon investigation in the proper quarter. What that quarter is, and from whom that knowledge can be learned, our critics must discover, by taking the pains we did. Meanwhile, however, we will quote a few of the 173 authorities who have written upon the subject. . . . It will not be denied that, if there is a natural law by which a lamp can be made without replenishment to burn ten years, there is no reason why the same law could not cause the combustion to continue one hundred or one thousand years. . . .

The discovery is claimed by the ancient Egyptians, those sons of the Land of Chemistry. . . . The *astral soul* of the mummy was believed to be lingering about the body for the whole

space of the three thousand years of the circle of necessity. Attached to it by a magnetic thread, which could be broken but by its own exertion, the Egyptians hoped that the ever-burning lamp, symbol of their incorruptible and immortal spirit, would at last decide the more material soul to part with its earthly dwelling, and unite forever with its divine SELF.


Mme. Blavatsky supports her statements by extracts from many ancient writers, to whom our readers may refer for themselves. But the above quotation is sufficient to show that she was *not* creating fiction, but speaking from knowledge in accord with the latest discoveries. Moreover, the above throws light upon what has long been a mystery, *viz.* why did the Egyptians take so much trouble in the building of their tombs and mummifying their dead? Thoughtful minds might discern some answer in the reference made to the 'magnetic thread' between the astral soul and its *mummified* body — and the *resultant* ever-burning light. And still more, to a similar connexion *between* soul and body *in daily life*, when the higher emanations of spiritually controlled thought make luminous the lower emanations of the natural self elements.

As we have been so misled on these questions by modern theology, it is but just and logical that the phenomena of ancient and modern radioactivity should be compared, and their application to the *inner* life of man be recognised. No other thesis gives certitude to the paths to power pointed out by the ancient Teachers.

(To be continued)

I WOULD TESTIFY: by H. T. Patterson

LIFE, DEATH, AND THE HIGHER LAW

NE who spent in study the years which were necessary to procure him his collegiate degree; who for thirty-one years was in the heaviest stress of New York business life; who has been for the last thirty years working for Theosophy, and for the last sixteen of the thirty in the activities at the International Theosophical Headquarters, at Point Loma, would bear witness; would testify to the world; would express before it his gratitude for what has been done, for what is being done, and, most of all, for what is about to be done, for humanity by the Theosophical Movement, under the leadership, first of H. P. Blavatsky, then of W. Q. Judge, and now of Katherine Tingley. This is an unselfish gratitude. He would also express his gratitude for benefits he has received himself — a selfish, or more correctly speaking, a personal gratitude for those benefits.

What is the first reward for those who serve — not merely the conspicuous servers, such as the three Leaders of the Theosophical Movement, but for those less conspicuous ones who assist? It is the privilege of further service. What reward comes next? It is the privilege of greater service. And what is the greatest, the final reward? It is the privilege of uninterrupted service — for incarnation after incarnation.

“In the midst of life we are in death.” But, *per contra*, in the midst of death we are in life. Evolution, which is life-process, is dependent upon incessant change. Death is merely a cessation of one form of activity to give place to another form of it. Extinction of activity is as inconceivable as extinction of matter, and no such thing is possible during this period of universal manifestation. Annihilation, the production of nothing from something, is no more conceivable than the production of something from nothing. Continual change is the order in all manifested realms, no matter how immaterial they may be. The greater number of these changes are so slight as to be imperceptible in themselves. The lesser number, those which come within our cognisance, are the mass cumulations of the innumerable slight ones. Life and death are merely two sides of one thing; two of its phases, as the convex and the concave sides of a saucer are two phases of it. They are not contradictory; they are complementary.

There is not a single point in the universe that is not overflowing with life, and, therefore, with death. If death ceases then life ceases; then growth ceases; evolution ceases. Then, even the atoms of metals become dissociated, and matter resolves itself into its unknown base. Then non-existence follows, and non-existence as to manifestation may be a fact; but this nirvânic condition has its proper time, and that proper time is not now, neither for the races, the entire race, nor the individuals in the races, nor anything that comes within their ken.

An old race is dying out. A new one is being born. Disintegration and reintegration are going on concomitantly — as they always do — but now in an accentuated form. We are on the earth — the special place of creation — the world of works, ‘the world most blessed of all’; and we are, also, at this particular epoch, in the place of disintegration, Purgatory — Hades, according to the Greeks; the Amenti, according to the Egyptians. What shall the outcome be? In such momentous periods each deed, each word, each thought, each mood, is potential for good or for ill. The incoming conditions will depend upon the racial Karma, modified by the increment from the moments now passing, but modified far, far beyond the seeming importance of that which modifies;

be it deed, word, thought, or mood — collective or individual, intentional or unintentional — for this is THE HOUR OF CONCENTRATION.

Life and death always work under the guidance of The Higher Law. They are, in reality, its embodiment. The more we assimilate life and death the more do we garner, from the double phase of existence, life and death. Savages have almost unrestricted liberty of choice as to action. Their morals, their customs, their scruples, are almost as limited as is their clothing — which is godlessly scanty. But they cannot take advantage of this liberty on account of lack of facilities for the exercise of it. Civilized men are more restricted, by laws, customs, conscience — such as it is — and by ideals. Nevertheless, they are freer, on account of greater facilities. They work more under The Higher Law. It is not always the seemingly free who are most truly free. Those who carry out The Higher Law so strictly as to become almost embodiments of it are the freest.

The Theosophical Movement is the present incarnation of world-redemptive work. It is world-embracing. Taoistic, Confucianistic, Buddhistic, Christianistic, all these phases of the world-redemptive work, were limited to certain parts of the earth at the time of their inception. Theosophy, in its very conception, has not been so limited. From the very first it has been world-wide.

At the center of the Theosophical activities, the International Theosophical Headquarters, at Point Loma, the home of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, conditions are approximating to the ideal. Here men and women and children are honestly and sincerely studying The Higher Law, and striving to follow it. Here they are trying to understand themselves, their fellow-men and women, and humanity itself as an incarnated host — of which host they are integral parts. The minds are here induced to dwell upon that which is the most exalted, the most perfect of its kind, whatever the kind may be; and, thus, that which is exalted, that which is perfect, is, gradually, being assimilated. From this, too, that which is undesirable, that which is evil, is, at the same time, being eliminated, is sloughing off. Genius, which pertains to the higher consciousness, is here not fettered within a hard shell, but is picking its way out, like a chick from the shell of the egg.

The world is in woeful need of regeneration. Example goes further than precept. But both in example and precept the Theosophical Movement has been lavish for years and years. Its members have been devoted, and its Leaders have given their lives to the movement without any reservation whatsoever. Both Leaders and members expect nothing in

return for their efforts beyond the privilege of rendering ever greater and greater service to humanity, knowing well that The Higher Law will allot this reward to them.

"... the awakening of man's immortal Spirit to inner and eternal life. This is the science of the Râja-Yogins. . . ." Point Loma is the home of Râja-Yoga.

The upward path has been chosen for humanity — chosen by the few, not by the many. The many are still following the downward way — the path leading to Purgatory, to Hades, to the Amenti. To them the few are calling, calling, calling, "Come ye up, O ye children laden with your woes! The way is 'easy and the burden is light'."



THOUGHTS FROM GIORDANO BRUNO, THE NOLAN

WITH what understanding the ant gnaws her grain of wheat, lest it should sprout in her underground habitations! The fool says this is instinct, but we say it is a species of understanding. (*Summa Ter.*, 509)

No body is today the same as yesterday. (*De Trip. Min.*)

All things, even the smallest, have their share in the universal intelligence. We do not doubt that there is a soul within all things, and with the soul the intelligence or universal thinking power. (*Summa Ter.*, 499)

For without a certain degree of sense or cognition the drop of water could not assume the spherical shape which is essential to the preservation of its forces. All things participate in the universal intelligence, and hence come attraction and repulsion, love and hate. (*ib.*, 496)

Intellect and the powers of thought are not in place, but as the form is in the subject. The intellect, which is the universal substance and the cause of all knowledge in all things and in each thing, is the one substance or essence of the whole, as the soul is in the body. (*Summa Ter.*, 513)

There is a difference, not in quality but in quantity, between the soul of man, the animal, and the plant.

TYDAIN TAD AWEN: by Kenneth Morris

OUT of the woods and the wilds where the fairies are,
And the ancient, hundred-branched, murmuring
trees;

Out of the fern-deep glades and rushy places
Where, beautiful and bright and full of song,
The shining Gods pass on their ways in the evening,
There came an old man in the olden time,
And in his deep eyes there were stars aglow.

Sing, Children of the Island of the Mighty, sing!
Tydain Tad Awen came; the Father of Awen
came!

The starry Gwyddon fires had all grown cold;
The starry Gwyddon Wisdom had grown old
Before the greatest of the Gwyddons came,
An old man in whose eyes there were stars aglow.

Sing, Children of the Island of the Mighty, sing!
Tydain Tad Awen came; Tad Awen came!

II

Through the gray towns and in the courts of kings,
An old man went his ways for many a year;
So long that no man now can tell how long.
Old he was when he came from the quiet wilds,
Old he was when he died — none knows how old!
Old he was through the long, long years between;
But always in his eyes there were stars aflame.

Mourn, Children of the Island of the
Mighty, mourn!
Tydain Tad Awen hath gone; the
Father of Awen hath gone;
Dim in his eyes are the star-fires that shone;
The mist-wet wind blows from the cold, lone wilds,
The yellow leaves are falling, and ye are left alone;
Mourn, Children of the Island of the Mighty, mourn!
Tydain hath gone; the Father of Awen hath gone. . . .

What of the Gwyddon fires he set aglow?
They must burn low, as though he never had been.
And all the green and gold of the oak-trees die,
And the blue of the summer sky is turned to gray,
And he hath gone away — ah, mourn and mourn!
He that was born to make an end of grief
Is as a leaf from the oak-tree of the world,
Caught by a wind, and whirled away and away;
And none can say whither it goes wind-borne.

Mourn, Children of the Island of the Mighty, mourn:
Tydain hath gone; the Father of Awen hath gone!

III

Nay, for the gray old towns would have passed away
But that that old man gray, whose merciful eyes
Shone like the wide, deep skies with bright star-fire,
Toiled without tire to make an end of woe.
And the bright Gwyddon fires he set aglow
Shall not burn low, as though they never had been;
The oaks shall be green again, and wet with the dew,
And the skies blue, and the world full of song. . . .

Children of the Island of Hu, glad be your song!
Tydain Tad Awen came, the Father of Awen came!
Sing, for the Father of Awen hath conquered wrong,
And in our own hearts there are stars aflame!

See where the hills are waving flaming plumes,
Aind the sky blooms with purple and beryl and gold!
Dm were those fires and cold on the hills when he came,
But now they sprinkle with flame the starry night,
And now they sprinkle with light our hearts and minds;
And out of the winds and the wilds and the quiet skies

Look his deep merciful eyes; and in the trees,
And in the wild old seas hear we his song;
And he hath conquered wrong, and set aglow
The fires that heal all woe and ease all pain.
Tydain Tad Awen lived, and the Lords of Sin are slain!

Sing, Children of the Island of the Mighty, sing!
Tydain Tad Awen came, the Father of Awen came!
The Golden Dragon of the world is on the wing,
And the sky is aflame, and the land and the sea are aflame!

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

CURIOUS ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS AT PEKIN:

by F. J. D.

THE observatory at Peking was built by Kublai Khan in 1296. The sundial, shown in the first illustration, may or may not belong to that period. In any case, it is a good example of the principles upon which a public sundial located in moderate latitudes should be made, although in this case the correct apparent time is directly indicated for on each side of the dial. This is found on the south side during the winter half of the year and on the north side during the summer half. All the other divisions are non-radial and their use can be guessed from a photograph.



SUNDIAL, ROYAL OBSERVATORY, PEKIN

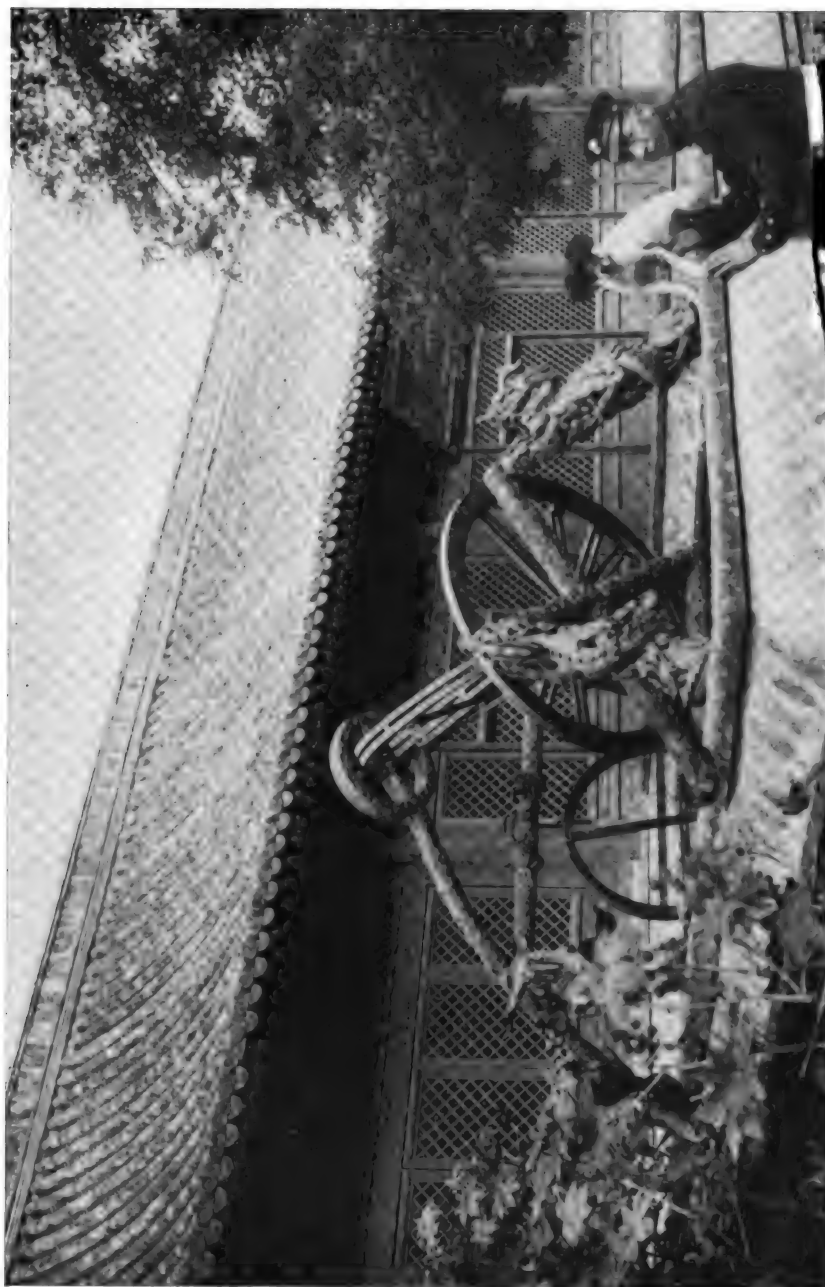
A dial constructed upon this principle, with the XII-o'clock and the other five-minute divisions displaced with the distance from a meridian, these on either face of the dial, crossing centric circles, southerly face of this Chinese sundial—which

is directly indicated for on each side of the dial. This is found on the south side during the winter half of the year and on the north side during the summer half. All the other divisions are non-radial and their use can be guessed from a photograph.

constructed upon this principle, with the XII-o'clock and the other five-minute divisions displaced with the distance from a meridian, these on either face of the dial, crossing centric circles, southerly face of this Chinese sundial—which

spond to the four forty-five-day periods between the autumnal and vernal equinoxes—would show correct standard time without manipulation. Some years ago the English Royal Society was much exercised about a new sundial which would show railroad time, but in fact that dial always needed a double and very careful manipulation before anything could be learned about the time of day.

The large quadrant shown in the third illustration was the gift of Louis XIV to the Emperor Kang Hi; and the remaining instruments, which underwent some vicissitudes during the Boxer rebellion, were made in China about the same period, under the instruction of some missionaries. In adjacent buildings are modern telescopic equipments.



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY
PEKIN, CHINA

The Observatory is situated on an eminence which towers above the wall of the Tartar City. Many of the instruments are more than three hundred years old, yet the mathematical figures are not even dimmed on the unyielding bronze surfaces. The mountings are wonderful in design and execution, and are typically Chinese; many are in the form of dragons.




Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

QUADRANT PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR KANG HI BY LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE
ROYAL OBSERVATORY, PEKIN

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

CONCLUSIONS

LL things visible are symbols: the husks of unseen things within. We are denizens of two worlds: Science busies itself with the outer and less important of these; Literature listens for indications from the inner. Science can never discover the Soul of man; but Poetry made that discovery aeons ago. Say perhaps eighteen million years ago. And has gone on rediscovering it ever since.

Written literature is like the waters of the well Pirene; we may watch it as Bellerophon did to discover the movements of Pegasus in the sky. All the familiar ranges of consciousness will pass, broadly reflected; we shall see the clouds driven by, and the shining of the blue: the passions will appear, intellect, reason, and so forth; — and then, behold a flash, a sudden white radiance will lighten, and there goes that wonder thing the human Soul, divine. Its passagings thus mirrored make that which is immortal in poetry. "Poetry," said illuminated Shelley, "redeems from decay the visitations of the Divine in Man." It is the photosphere — is that the right word? — on which celestial happenings are recorded. Every true poem is a Patmos of its own Apocalypse, wherefrom we may see the heavens opened.

Dealing with the material and the husk of things, Science may come on the husks of universal laws; but in a study of literature, the record of the movements of the human mind — and Soul, — we may find indications of those laws themselves, and glimpse them in operation a thousand times nearer the Center of Things. The science of sciences, which was called of old the Great Science or Magic, is simply the science of the Soul. Why should it not be discoverable? And in what outward thing should it be discovered, unless in literature, the record that the Soul has left?

The purpose of these essays has been, largely, to suggest the unity of English poetry: — that it has been, so to say, a vertebrate entity, a growth inevitable; that the poets have been the voices of a single consciousness — not arising haphazard, but each in his place according to a pattern in the unseen, and each foreseeable from the first; — that the whole history of English poetry might be recorded in a single glyph or symbol. — A glance back, to make this clearer: —

Since England began to be a nation, there have been definite and regularly alternating cycles in her literature. A day began in the twelve-seventies, lasted about a hundred and thirty years, and ended when

Chaucer died in 1400. It was followed by thirteen decades of night and sterility.* A second day dawned when Wyatt returned from Italy in 1529 or '30, bringing with him the seeds of a new poetic inspiration; it endured, again, during thirteen decades, ending with the Restoration of the Stuarts in 1660. Thence on until the coming of Wordsworth, in 1790, was night; with Wordsworth the third day dawned, and has lasted since. During the days, poets have seen Nature; during the nights they have not.

In the first day, their vision was primitive: not deep or penetrating: they saw personalities and the outside of things, looking out through the eyes of schoolboys bent on a good time in the open. It was a time of inceptions, and need not detain us. One thinks of that passage in *Light on the Path*, which speaks of the tremendous effort, instinctual, made by every infant to master its eyes, and see. That was what England did in the thirteenth century. In the way of resultant literature there is little to show for it, except Chaucer; and even with Chaucer counted in there is not much to make a stir over; since in his pages you may hardly see reflected the motions of the Soul. Plain outward vision was the gift he and his co-evals gave to the race. Yet we may guess a mighty effort of the Race Soul, to attain as much as that.

With the second day things become more interesting: here we begin to see the greater forces at work. The keynotes are *form* and *style*: two aspects of one principle, I think: these were the gifts won for the Race Soul by its poets. Wyatt, and then Surrey, brought in forms from Italy; and for fifty years or so a quiet preparation was going forward. Then, in the 'eighties, Spenser made his grand attempt to produce a Soul-symbol in the *Faery Queen*; and Lyly, Peele, Greene, and Marlowe, were making straight the road for the Race Soul's triumph in Shakespeare. We can trace no *curvature* of the cycle in the first Day: can only say that it reached its highest point in the *Canterbury Tales* within fifteen years of its close. But in this second day a gradual rise is clearly marked from Wyatt in the fifteen-thirties to *Hamlet* in the first years of the sixteen hundreds; then a gradual decline until the Restoration. — This, note, is the midmost period of English literature; with Chaucer's age on that side, and Wordsworth's on this. Right at its very midmost stands Shakespeare in the blaze of noon. Six hundred and fifty years separate 1270 from 1920; half of that time had passed in 1595. Greene had died in '92; Marlowe in '94; Peele was

*Which were, however, by no means night in Scotland, but a time rather fruitful in fine poetry. King James, Robert Henryson, Gawain Douglas, and especially William Dunbar, were a good deal more than imitators of Chaucer. They had a very characteristic, and Scottish, vision and music of their own.

to live on until '97, and Lyly a little longer; but when Marlowe died, Shakespeare had no serious rival. In '95 it was that he began to come into his marvelous own. *The Merchant of Venice* (1596) was probably the first play in which he saw clearly to the great forms in the Soul's realm, and consciously embodied one of them. He saw it, you may say, as a thing apart from himself, and wrote down, as a seer still mortal might, the thing he saw. About seven years later came *Hamlet*; in which he *was* the form, and wrote down in fire and life and his own essence the thing he was. I have no doubt it is the record of his initiation, the most tremendous event in the history of any individual soul. It came in the very noon and midmost of his greatness; since about seven years after it came *The Tempest*; and then, probably, the laying down of his pen.

Of *Hamlet* we may say this much: it is the central drama of the Human Soul: greatest of forms, greatest of symbols; has the Soul ever, in this Christian era, set forth so nobly, fully, seriously, its own history in a piece of literature? Each of the tragedies that followed it contains some titanic symbol. The repulsive *Measure for Measure* shouts, even in its title, Karma-Nemesis to the world; *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon of Athens*, all deal with the workings of that Karma in one or another of its aspects. But *Hamlet* opens a wider door into the sacred secrets than any of them; because the Macbeths, Lears and Othellos in life are exceptional; but every human being is, or has been, or is to be a Hamlet. The rest are bypaths; this is on the main road of evolution. It treats of the human personality at a certain moment in its growth: an inevitable moment: that in which it first stands in the presence of its Divine Self, and is called on to become that Greater Thing. *Light on the Path* is its best commentary; *Hamlet* is *Light on the Path* dramatized. To each of the other tragedies one might append one of the rules in that handbook of devotion: as to *Macbeth*, 'Kill out ambition,' and so on. *Macbeth* contains more pure poetry; *Othello*, perhaps, more finished dramatic art; *Lear* is darker tragedy; but none of them has the same centrality and universal appeal. It is the grand affirmation of the Superpersonal. It is the midmost peak, the Mont Blanc of literature; from which you may look out on the sister summits, the Jungfraus and Matterhorns — and cannot tell, at a glance, that you stand higher than any of them.

All these tragedies followed *Hamlet* within five years; then in the fourth period the Master had passed through all tumult of purification and entered into graciousness and peace. There is not the same molding vehemence of the fire of fires, to create a perfect and visible form. — As if his work had been done, his tremendous message delivered;

then of the mere sweetness of his soul he gave us *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale* to still the throbbing of the scars he had made: a last word of benediction from his gentle self, to say that at eventide there should be peace.

So from that supreme moment of *Hamlet* there was a decline — very gradual at first — until the end of the age. Ben Jonson, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, were the chief of those that followed him; reaching their noon while he was passing from his. I think he must have seen clearly enough through Ben's brain-mind (though in some ways admirable) art; but it would seem he half thought Fletcher might wear his singing-robes, when he should himself have cast them off. Did he not deign to add a scene or two to Fletcher's *Henry VIII*? — But it was not to be; Fletcher had none of the great stuff in him; or no more than enough to write Wolsey's speeches under the eye and aegis of Shakespeare; and to see some glimmerings of a divine form with his own eyes once — in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which afterwards helped Milton to the far greater *Comus*: a kindred symbol. Fletcher's was a too fertile, accomplished, facile and fluent mind; all the world was full of flowers for his butterfly sippings and cleverness; for the most part he never guessed at things deeper, or at any deepness at all. As for his yoke-fellow, Beaumont — 'twas a mad wag, and died almost in the vaward of his youth. We should miss his *Knight of the Burning Pestle**, I think, more than any of the plays on which they worked together; but — 'tis nothing after all. — Ben is more interesting. Despite his fierceness and coarseness, and that he wrote with a jemmy or bludgeon for pen, he was a conscientious artist, a wholehearted scholar: a lover of the right and true: a most truculent bravado on the side of the angels. He had killed his man, had Ben, Homerically out there between the watching armies in Flanders; and the trick of it never left him; — yet a score of poets testify to his lovable nature. He sensed that the great thing was form; but he went to Latin Seneca and Co. for his models; it did not occur to him to go to the Human Soul. So with all his conscious artistry and finished excellence as playwright, he got nothing from the Eternal, and therefore nothing much that matters. Sweet bully Ben! He did good work in and for his own day — cleared London of several kinds of rogues, it is said. His forms are to wonder at; but being of the brain-mind, have ceased to live. We may write his own epitaph on their tomb; — not without something of love for the old ruffian. King most absolute of letters in his day; sun of a galaxy of poets and adopted father of them all: except Samuel of his own ilk, there was

*His, but for two or three love-scenes supplied by fluent Fletcher. All the fun is Beaumont's; as you could almost tell by a glance at his picture.

never so adored an autocrat in English literature: — and of all the things he has left us, nothing lives but a song or two, and his tribute to the man he worshiped “on this side idolatry as much as any,” “my gentle Shakespeare,” the “Sweet Swan of Avon” whose flights upon the banks of Thames

Did so delight Eliza, and our James —

above all, that one line in it which hits off the difference between Shakespeare and himself:—

He was not for an age, but for all time.

— And then there were the sudden lightnings out of the midnight gloom of Webster; the sudden flare and extinction of Cyril Tourneur; the mob of Fords, Dekkers, Heywoods and the rest — and the age dwindles into its last Massingers and Shirleys, whom the Soul knew not, and who knew not the Soul.

That was the natural course of things, the natural ebb of the cycle. There were still sparks flying till the death of the age: a Lovelace, with his once or twice regal utterance; a Herrick, not without some eye for daffodils; a Herbert; a dear Treharne with prose lovelier than poetry, and that third Welshman, who

Saw Eternity the other night;

a quiet Puritan Andrew Marvell, who walked, like Adam, with God in a garden (only the God he walked with was Pan — a Puritan Pan),

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade;

— these were what serenity there was in the old age of the cycle; not great voices, though some of them, and sometimes, voices divine. On the whole, they might have been expected.—

But there was that which no man might have expected; the age was not to slide quietly down into night. Milton arose, and while the Massingers and Shirleys were chatting pleasantly, thundered: while they were slipping down into the dark, made a road for himself upward into the topmost snows, and beyond, into mid-ether. He is a greater marvel than Shakespeare himself. Shakespeare was England at full bloom; had he never been born, the Soul of the race *must have* flowered into supreme triumph *just then*: it was the mid-most cycle, and the midmost moment of it, and *Hamlet had to be written*. Spenser had invoked the Divine Thing; Lyly had done what he could towards providing it a

vehicle. Greene, in one scene* of his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, had caught a glimpse into occult history, and given one of the strangest symbols in literature. Marlowe had taught English poetry to roll the thunders; Peele once had hurled the lightnings† with Aeschylean audacity. These are the Lunar Pitris of English Poetry; they had brought matters to such a point that the incoming of the Manasaputra was inevitable. As above, so below; the cosmogony of *The Secret Doctrine* applies universally. It was just such an incarnation of the Lords of Mind, the Soul, that did happen when Shakespeare entered into his kingship. *Hamlet* was the next step upward from

Sporting Kyd, and Marlowe's mighty line;

and it was a step bound to be taken. Perhaps onlookers might have noticed no such tremendous difference. But sporting Kyd is forgotten, and Marlowe treasured mainly by the elect, the tasters of the fine wines, of Poetry; whereas *Hamlet* —. It was simply that the Soul had incarnated — *et voilà!* — So too, the peak having been reached, the next steps were inevitably downward: to Webster's horror-lit gloom; to Middleton and Ford, with horror waxing and genius waning; to mild Massinger and pleasant Shirley. The Soul of the Race had gone on; had spoken its word, and was content; was bethinking itself of an age of sleep, when Milton came. Marvell and Treharne and those others were the sweet thought that should precede sleep. But there were no signs of sleep in Milton. He was great in spite of his age; mighty, not with, but against, all the tides of time. From the setting of the sun of Shakespeare, to the kindling of Dryden's farthing dip, all other voices

*The two friars had made a Head of Brass, which by magic was to be endowed with speech: it was to raise a brazen wall about England, to keep her forever from the peril of invasion, and to utter maxims of sublime and secret wisdom. But all their work should be lost unless they, or one of them, were present when it first spoke, to question it. After watching for sixty days or so, Roger Bacon, worn out with the need of sleep, confided the watching to his disciple Miles, and slept. Miles was quite equal to the task, and resisted sleep manfully. Presently the Head cried out: "Time past!" — "Time past!" said Miles — "what is that? When you begin to talk sense I will wake my master." After awhile the Head spoke again: "Time present!" — "Am I to wake my master to hear what any fool could tell him?" said Miles, and fell to his watching again. A third time the Head spoke: "Time to come!" "Speak sense; let us hear your maxims of wisdom," said Miles, "and I will awake my master to listen to you!" and then an arm stretched out of the invisible smote the Head with a hammer, shattering it to pieces — and Friar Bacon awoke.

†At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones.

From *David and Bethsabe*.

were drawing towards the stillness of evening, or towards the ignominy of black night. But Milton rode sun-splendid in a heaven of his own. How came such a wonder to be possible?

There is that old teaching that the Gates of Heaven, so to say, are opened to the world in the last quarter of each century: that the Gods and great Initiators of mankind are then enabled to pour out a measure of their supernal light and an impulse from the Soul of Things among the children of men. Such impulses sometimes make their deep mark on history; sometimes it is difficult enough, for lack of recorded data, to trace them. Cyclic law sets apart these times for these outbreathings; just as Nature appoints the Spring for seed-sowing. A door is opened in the 'seventy-fives; the Gods do what they can; then the door closes as though mechanically in the even hundreds; — unless, I suppose, men on their side have done something to hold it open. Poetry being, in the last analysis, a message from the Spirit, these last-quarter-century cycles should have some importance in the history of poetry; they should have left their furrows. And indeed, they have. We will call them, for convenience, the *Theosophic Cycles*.

Two of them were included in the first English literary cycle. It took the whole force of one — that of the thirteenth century — to open the eyes of the baby nation, as we have seen. One knows of no Teachers, either then or in the fourteenth century — no organized effort; very likely there was none, in England; but the quickening influences were abroad, and there was an awakening of senses inner and outer. — In the thirteen-eighties Chaucer made his pilgrimage to Canterbury: the spiritual impulse of that Theosophic cycle, filtered down, so to say, through many films of thought in an age as spiritual as an average school-boy, gave us the *Canterbury Tales*. If the harvest (spiritually considered) was poor, it was because the field was new to agriculture; it needed much tilling, much richness imported, before it could yield real wealth of grain. But as Chaucer had set English Poetry going, and as English poetry was to be — what it has been; we cannot count the Gods' two efforts wasted. — Neither Wyatt's nor Wordsworth's cycle was blessed, as Chaucer's was, with the impulses of two full Theosophic cycles. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*: there you have the explanation. . . .

Of the outbreathing in the fourteen-seventies we see no sign in poetry, because it fell in a poetic night-time. The new day was not to begin until 1530, when Wyatt brought the seeds from Italy; which slumbered in the soil, as it were, until the Theosophic Cycle came to quicken them. Then there was quick sprouting, ripening, harvest. Spenser's *Shepherds' Calendar* marked the incipience of Elizabethanism: it was written between 1575 and 1579. Then came *The Faery Queen*,

with clear evidence of sensitiveness to the spiritual breath, — and Peele and Greene and Marlowe and Shakespeare: — the Golden Age undimmed to overlap the century by about ten years. We have not understood how marvelously Theosophy kindled in the glory of the Elizabethan Age. One can point to no Teacher or open propaganda; yet who can doubt the Masters of the World were embattled and at large? It was all a time of grand action; action, not thought, was the characteristic of the age. The champions of the Light were kings, admirals, and princes: Henry of Navarre and France, William of Orange; Elizabeth the Tudor Lioness: all fighting the great fight, and winning at least a measure of victory. The truths of the Soul had to be symbolized, not descanted upon, to find hearing in so vigorous an epoch; and then, it was to be a hearing not with the conscious mind. Thought flowed out as action; and there was one inevitable form that the teaching of Theosophy might take: Drama; in which thought and action meet, the first expressing itself in terms of the second. A mighty age, a mighty impulse from the Spirit; shall we say, a mighty response thereto on the part of men? Such, at least, that *Hamlet* itself came after the century had closed; all the greatest works came after the century had closed. Which is to say, I think, that the champions of Light in England had, for all that there were failures, forced a wedge into the opened doors of the spiritual, and prevented their snapping shut in 1600.

Or was it a partial salvation, for the sake of ten righteous — for the sake of one righteous man? *Light on the Path* has that about the grand opportunities that come to the nations* — which they do not take. There was one man at least for whom the doors did not shut; or if they shut, 'twas when he was on the yonder side of them. We know so little of his outer life; but the whole inner is writ large in his plays; it is that of one who had entered the Path, fought the dragons and demons, and won through to the goal. If that serene brow was crowned with bay-leaves and with laurel, it was crowned also with the wounding thorns. "Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race." Was it his — Shakespeare's — victory that redeemed his age from a unanimity of decline, and made it possible that another of the Race of Heroes should be born, some seven years before he died, to sing its

*"Man, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left to the individual to make this great effort; to refuse to be terrified by his greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self. Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race."

grand swan-song in tones of the thunders of Sinai? Milton, in the heyday of the wan Massingers and Shirleys, could create the symbol of *Comus*, fair with all the purest colors of the best Elizabethan days, but chastened to a higher art, as to a higher purpose, than anything in them not Shakespearean; when the flower of England had bloomed and withered, and its seed fallen (in America as the Pilgrim Fathers), he could write *Paradise Lost*; and then, when night and winter had set in, and all was howling desolation, he wrought the lonely sublimities of *Samson Agonistes*; and all these he left to the permanent literature of humanity; — for having the Soul in them: being supreme symbols: they are not to die. It represents an extraordinary victory for the Hosts of Light.

All the three poet-initiators: Chaucer, Wyatt, and Wordsworth: brought in their impetus from abroad. Chaucer went for his to France and Italy; Wyatt for his to Italy; Wordsworth, in the very year the third literary cycle should begin in England, went on a tour in France, and became infected there with the Light of the Ages, which made him a poet. Thus the Great Wind blew each time; and all three went out upon its road to meet it. Is there an occult, a spiritual and esoteric geography? are there currents in the seas of the Soul, prevailing winds in spiritual skies? — A few years later, Wordsworth and Coleridge went out together, again questing the Great Wind: this time to Germany. Wordsworth, the initiator, found there nothing; Coleridge found metaphysics galore, and soaked his soul in them. Coleridge's was the greater intellect: one of the most marvelous on record. His poetic harvest, wonderful in the extreme, was small, and barren; but Wordsworth's, quickened by the Great Wind, is undying; with seed from it ripening in every generation since.

In 1790 he made that first French tour; France was then "standing at the head of golden hours," "thrilled with joy"; "human nature seeming born again." The Revolution had not yet failed and gone down into a debauch of bloodshed. France had caught a glimpse of the potential divinity of man; her delight of that vision was the flame that lit Wordsworth, and, through him, English poetry. The spiritual outbreathing — the Theosophic cycle — of the eighteenth century is well recorded. Saint Germain and Cagliostro were sent to Europe, chiefly to France, to teach that Secret Wisdom which renovates Man; the result of their work was the golden promise of the first years of the Revolution. Mankind was visited with a marvelous hope: the doors of the God-world were flung wide open; and bewildered France looked in, and went mad with joy of what she saw. The finding of a new world, in Tudor times, had set England, and Spain, agog after discoveries, heart-hungry to accomplish "things unattempted erst"; a keener, more sanguine effer-

vescence of the spirit rose now in France, upon the discovery of worlds upon worlds within. Men, that had thought themselves mere brutes, stood revealed to their inner eyesight potentially Gods. That dreadful failure followed, argues no falsity in that first vision; but only a lack of patience and fortitude to attain. The balanced life was wanting; so Theosophy was lost sight of. Extremists rose to power; the Terror ensued, and the Napoleonic Wars. — Rouse the God in man, and the danger is, the demon will be roused also; else it were an easy labor to save the world. — But meanwhile Wordsworth had caught the higher infection, "the consecration and the poet's dream." He carried the effluences of Theosophy into English poetry, and English poetry was redeemed, born again. The dead stuff of the eighteenth century was to have vogue no more; smart formalism had seen its day.

The quickening of that Theosophic cycle had indeed struck English poetry before Wordsworth's time; in Blake, whose first volume was published in 1783, when the outbreathing was eight years old. But Blake came too early for the literary cycle; this explains the loneliness of his position: a light shining in the darkness, which the darkness comprehended not. The Theosophic cycle began in 1775; the poetic in 1790; Wordsworth took contagion of the former at the exact moment the latter was due. Hence his significance and power.

And yet — the Movement from which he drew his fires had failed; and presently he failed also. He lived eighty years, and was a poet during ten of them — that is, a poet in the supreme sense, a wizard, an illuminator of

The dusk within the Holy of holies.

His genius, slow to ripen, came to its own in 1798; after 1808 he wrote nothing, perhaps, for which the world is the better. He conceived a horror of the Revolution on account of its excesses; exchanged his citizenship of the world — he had been on the point once, in Paris, of throwing in his lot with the Gironde — first for a fine, then for a rather narrow, Englishism; and gradually forwent the faith and divine joy that had made him wonderful. Once he had

Heard old Triton wind his wreathéd horn;
once he had seen

The light that never was on sea or land;

— (the strangest line of pure poetry that was ever written, I think! In denying the thing he affirms it most potently: gives us absolute realization of it, while declaring that it *never was!*) — now he was to drift into sheer treason against all he had heard and seen: against Poetry, and the Human Soul, that fountain in Paradise from which Poetry

flows. Fourteen sonnets in a sequence, in his latter years, in favor of — a thousand guesses would never hit it! — *Capital punishment* — no less! — with all the old tommyrotical arguments Flubdubbery loves to drub our hearing withal. Was ever a falling away more disgusting? Better Shelley's drowning in the Mediterranean, or even poor little Keats's in the sea of passion, than such ignominious exquatulation beneath the dull Waters of Plug! Church and State enveloped him with deadly tentacles; in 1808 he ceased to be, if not till 1850 he died and was buried. Opium killed the poet in Coleridge; but Wordsworth had no vices. He was cut off from the fount of his inspiration; the spiritual outbreathing had ceased in him. That which had made his ten great years beautiful had run dry at its source — so far as he was concerned.

And yet, strangely, those waters had still some years to flow in English poetry. Entering into darkness, he still passed on the light. I do not understand why he should have been silenced before the early 'twenties. There was a kind of short apostolic succession: the mantle of Wordsworth fell to Shelley and to Keats. In some measure also to Byron, who was of the true lyric clan; — though of him we must say that he rather ought to have been, might have been, nearly was, than definitely *was*. But the soul of Wordsworth was hardly quenched, when the soul of Shelley was on fire: kindled also by sparks thrown forward from the first pure altar-flame of the Revolution. It was an unbounded faith in the Brotherhood of Man, a vision of the heights, a fanatic's ardor for the Spiritual, that made this beaconish Shelley all the best he was. — There was much else in him too: much of the *young fool*, as we say; with his interminable brain-mindizings, and his imperfect discrimination between the higher and the lower fires. Let the foolish that he thought and did be cremated with his bones; the soul of him stands forever symbol of the divine ichor: Poetry: the poetic or Theosophic love for and faith in man. The devil indulged in capital thaumaturgy, when he made Wordsworth write for Church and State and capital punishment, who had erst seen the vision of Sinai, and heard God speak among the mountains; — Omnipotence itself, one suspects, would have fallen short of it, to work such a bad wonder with Shelley. Time, we must think, would have relieved him of that which was silly in him; it could not have turned him traitor to his snow-bright flame-bright Soul-faith. — But Time then was on a cycle downward, away from Soul-faith altogether: smug comfortable materialism was looming ahead; the industrial revolution; mid-Victorianism; later Wordsworthianism; imperial wealth and appalling night. What should it do with this young Apostle of the Soul; who, in the middle nineteenth century, would be a very pterodactyl in Piccadilly — or in South Kensington

(where they keep them stuffed)? Time solved the problem simply, and I think kindly: it drowned him off the Tuscan coast in 1822.

As it had killed Keats a year before, in Rome; who also could hardly have lived in the times that were coming. — But Keats at least, you object, had nothing spiritual in him? O indeed he had! Who was it said, speaking as the Supreme Self, "I am Beauty itself among beautiful things"? The *Ode to a Nightingale* is simply a hymn to Eternal Beauty, a longing for that which shines out through the visibility of things. You need but compare (and contrast) him with Tennyson, to know that he was born, like Shelley and Wordsworth, within a charmed circle, which the great Victorian was hardly privileged to enter. He did not merely paint, or reproduce, but *interpreted* the forms of Nature: they became symbols for him: he saw through them — if with no conscious or brain-mind's eye, as Wordsworth did — to the Light of lights beyond.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep delv'd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim —

Almost it calls for an apology, when one sets out to deny a material or sensuous nature to that true and blushful Hippocrene: to say that it is a wizard's spell spoken in the fields of consciousness: an *Open Sesame* into the further realms of beauty and wonder and mystery, which are within, and yet again within. — He used the language of the senses, but the light he hungered after was of the Spirit. The world was for him a Chinese lantern; its exterior glowing with rich, soft and exquisite colors, but visible these by a light shining from within. In ancient India they called that Hippocrene the 'divine Soma juice'; in Persia the 'Wine of Oneness.' It is not their sensuousness that makes Keats's poems supreme, but the radiance of supernatural beauty that shines through them.

One does not forget the duality of human nature; assuredly it was never more manifest than here. But I cannot think he would have been fool enough to incarnate, had he known how things would be. If only that Movement had not failed; if there had been true Theosophic help in the world for him: a philosophy of life taught publicly (as, glory be to God, it is now!) — if there had been, somewhere or other, a Râja-

Yoga School to educate him, wherein he might have learned, as so many are learning now, the difference between the higher and the lower selves: how to discriminate, and how to conquer; — his life would never have ended in tragedy. He had the root of the matter in him. "I find," said he, "there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world." All might have been well with him, if Cagliostro's and Saint Germain's Movement had fought its way through as H. P. Blavatsky's has done. I think he might have lived on, and baffled the oncoming of materialism: flaunted the Beauty of God in the face of the ugliness of Mammon, and driven that 'least erected spirit that fell' back to its grubbings and grovelings in the pit. Consider what he was, this pugnacious little Cockney: — a young angel fresh from worshipping before the central throne of Beauty Eternal, cast down, at a time when all Europe was blanched with horror, quivering with passion, and when you could not be born but with peril of deadly extremism, into a body with passionate heredities of its own; — a fledgling out of the seventh heaven of the Muses, hurled unarmed into hell; bringing with him the vision and the faculty divine, but no atom of knowledge how to meet the sulphurous conditions he was hurled into; finding none to help and warn him: — only Theosophy could have hoped to avert the disaster; and Theosophy ought to have been there, but was not. Thank God at least for Reincarnation, which gives assurance that Keats is not wasted in everlasting inanity! —

I take much joy in this Theosophy
 Whereby I know you not thrust out afar
 From life, and moaning in some frozen star
 O'er dreams that were, and dreams that may not be;
 And that that dark and fevered phantasy
 Which your last saddened days on earth did mar,
 Is but an old, long-healed, unthrobbing scar
 Got on the long, stern road to victory.
 Belovéd, O, 'tis good to know that still
 This sweet mysterious sunlight waits for you.
 And that these seas still sparkle bright and blue
 Your heart with kindred loveliness to fill;
 And that o'er forest-haunt and faery hill,
 Minding you, Night still drops her dreams and dew!

Wordsworth contacted his inspiration while the spiritual doors were open; while Theosophy was still being taught in some sort; before the Movement had definitely failed. So he wrote with some philosophy — a measure of conscious understanding of the light. It may well be that he came on these teachings at Orleans, where Cagliostro's disciples must have been many in the early 'nineties, when he spent that year there. What else, and opposite, he also came on, has lately been re-

vealed: it is symbolic of the mingling of the lower with the higher fire, in that early nineteenth century illumination. Even Shelley was not without a conscious understanding — reinforced, in his case, by study of Plato. While still at Eton, and while the light of Wordsworth was still in being, he betook himself to thinking; indeed, pledged himself to a life for humanity. But Keats blossomed a little too late: Theosophy had fairly passed into the unconscious by the year after Waterloo, when his own proper inspiration struck him. His is the swan-song of a defeated illumination; unutterably beautiful; a glimpse into heavens that might have been. Yet we should not forget — it is too commonly forgotten — that he set out to make *Endymion* a symbol of the Theosophic Path; and that he quite consciously made it embody such a teaching as this from *Light on the Path*:

He cannot send his voice up to the heights where sit the gods till he has penetrated to the deep places where their light shines not at all. . . . If he demands to become a neophyte, he at once becomes a servant.

— As things were, there were but two fates that could have befallen him: a choice of Shelley's, or Wordsworth's; to live on lightless into the dark age, or to hurry back to his native heaven-world. Both he and Shelley were born before the door shut, and when there was still a chance that such as they would find that which should enable them to do their best work.

And then, when the light was out, and the door shut, the great Victorians began to pour into the world. Tennyson especially. Whatever final verdict criticism may pass on Tennyson, no doubt he was one of the great bards. He knew the bard's mission; took for his own that motto of the Welsh bards which is indeed *the* motto of all true bards always: *Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd* — 'The Truth against the World.' A noble soul, richly endowed with the beauty sense: a warrior on the angelic side: there can be no doubt about this. Also, considering the cycle as merely literary, occupying its midmost (and highest) point; — it was in the fifties he became Laureate, and paramount in poetry, by all estimation, throughout the English speaking world.* And until the end of his life he fought the good fight, suffering no falling off. But in the character of his poetry, in its informing essence, how different from Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley! Out of light they shone into darkness, even if the darkness killed them; and the same ought to have been true of Coleridge, and even of Byron; — but it was up from the

*In America, Poe hailed him as the greatest of all poets; Walt Whitman used to speak of him, with affectionate reverence, as "the boss."

darkness that Tennyson fought, and kept fighting, his way towards the light. For him, too, the world was beautiful: as beautiful as the pigments of Nature could make it; and no one knew better how Nature, so to say, lays on those pigments. But pigments it was with him, not light; a beauty of opacity; — the Chinese lantern was no longer lit. He came armed with a faith, not a revelation. "Trailing clouds of glory," said Wordsworth, "we come From God;" but Tennyson:

Men can make them stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Again:

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,

said Tennyson,

Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove —

— but young untamed Shelley had but to lift his eyes by night or day, and the Spirit was gazing friendlike at him out of the blue or the myriad eyes of the stars: he did not *believe*, valiantly and by act of volition; but (when his prophetic singing-robcs were on) could imagine nothing else: he *knew*. And Keats — did himself come visibly trailing the clouds of glory.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron: take the best that they gave, and all they might have been; and one gets a hint as to the meaning of the Theosophical Movement; as to the loss the world suffered when it failed at the end of the eighteenth century. One might add Burns; he too saw the vision splendid of Man Redeemed. They reflected the hope, the potential beauty and splendor; also, most of them, the failure and its causes. We look on the failure as inevitable, and laugh at the transcendent hope; but we are wrong. Man *is* potentially divine; and they knew better than we. — The Victorians reflect for us the results of that failure: with their faith instead of vision; their courage instead of joy; their despair (sometimes heroic) instead of glowing hope. There were many great souls that came in to redeem the defeat of the Spirit: to patch up the torn robe as well as they might. The ruin of the Revolution brought on the Napoleonic Wars; which brought on, in victorious England, the industrial revolution: an ever-increasing material prosperity; a stunting and denaturalization of the laboring masses; an ever-increasing spiritual darkness. If we began to understand what war really means! The ruined homes; the fair regions laid waste; the young lives sacrificed by the thousand: — all this is obvious, but insignificant. It strikes inwards at the vitals of

the race; sows degenerate heredities, and evils that run on through generation after generation: the stuff and substance of humanity is deteriorated by every infliction of it we suffer. — The light and the great hope were not for the children of the victors of Waterloo. Again, its poetry is the pulse of the age. Tennyson seized what poor tools science could give him, to manufacture the not too inspiring semblance of a hope. Browning turned his face from the age — and perhaps, too, from beauty. Swinburne, born at the right time, might have been altogether a Shelley — perhaps a greater Shelley; in sheer disgust and defiance of smugery he ran riot at first in illicit domains. Morris, with all his wonderful color, his outward lightness and brightness, is ensouled for the most part, in his verse, with a heavy hopelessness of physicality — one might use an uglier word. Matthew Arnold, a true seer among them, sensed the *inlook* of the times, and gave it expression thus:

The Sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar
 Retreating to the breath
 Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

For the world, which seems
 To lie about us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor any help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms and struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

— Withal it was a true literary, a poetic cycle; its voices were major voices, richly and highly vocal; there is a difference in kind, radical, between the mid-Victorian Age, with all its materialism, and the so-called Augustan. Its poets did not mistake the smartness of the brain-mind for the splendor of the Soul. The *Idylls of the King* may be (for the most part) uninspiring; they still grope after the great light; by no chance or straining can they be put in the same category with *The Rape of the Lock*. That is the smart dealing of an Anti-poet; these the partial obscuration of a Poet. The representative men of the eighteenth century saw Nature not at all; or only, like well-meaning Thomson of *The Seasons*, through a glass darkly: a smoked glass; a miserable distorting lens; — those of the nineteenth saw her with what eyes they had: directly always; very finely sometimes. Only, the Movement

that should have made their cycle the greatest of all, had failed. The men were there: really large souls: but they had painfully to create what light they might for themselves; it was not there ready for them, as it had been for the young Wordsworth. — It was a kind of Brummagem-Golden Age. Science made great strides; invention made great strides. Industrialism undermined the merrieness of England, changing the face of the land. Education, and partial education, and wrong education, became universal. Carlyle rose with great weapons of the Spirit, and fought a despairing battle for the Gods; Tennyson did the like in verse, the chief among many. Never had there been such an output of literature; never such imperial pomp and prosperity. The glory of England resounded over the world; and they that had ears to hear, and to listen to the Sea of Faith, heard only 'Its melancholy long withdrawing roar Retreating to the breath Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear And naked shingles of the world.'

It was to such a state of things that H. P. Blavatsky came when the doors of the Spiritual opened again in 1875.

And now mark: in 1871 Swinburne, whom the inward darkness of the age had driven into Saturnalian singing, suddenly turned; sensed a dawn ahead that should make truth and beauty and goodness worth worshipping, and not mere smugly unpleasing, or fantastically useless things; and sang his *Songs Before Sunrise*. "A voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Soul!'". — It was as if Shelley had come to life again, with a bigger, sterner, more real hope. The book is epochal; it dared proclaim the flaming glory of the Soul of Man. Something was coming greater than the liberation of Italy; read the *Prelude*, *The Hail before Rome*, *Hertha*. Out of the Eternal the great winds once more were blowing: from Italy and France — as ever — from Mazzini and Victor Hugo, he took the nexus of his inspiration; but it was the Soul, the doctrine of the Soul, absolute spiritual stuff, that began to be blown in. There had, indeed, been *Omar Khayyam* before; but all through the 'sixties* Quaritch was selling a poor two hundred of him at a penny or twopence apiece; he had to wait till the 'nineties for popularity. — And then, when H. P. Blavatsky had come to England, a great change set in. *By a strange coincidence*, poetry took on once more something of the light, the color and the wonder that had been unknown to it since Keats's death. 'By a strange coincidence' is, as Artemus Ward would say, "writ sarcastic." At least one thing may be said: the outstanding feature of the poetic revival of the last decades of the nineteenth century was the Celtic Renaissance in Ire-

*To be exact, from '59 to '68.

land. The criticism of the future will know that it lit its fires directly from the teachings of the Great Theosophist.

What is to come? The literary cycle ought to end in the nineteen-twenties, if we may judge the future by the past. And indeed, present indications make that seem not improbable. But H. P. Blavatsky's Movement *has not failed, and will not.*

The End

SECRESY: by R. M.

THERE is an inherent charm in a secret that is irresistibly attractive to the inquiring mind: and this charm is entirely independent of the real value of the thing concealed.

We shall perhaps agree that curiosity is a vulgar weakness; and we shall all certainly agree that we ourselves are incapable of indulging such a pitiful tendency; whereas I think few of us can have failed to remark the very general spread of this peculiarity in other people.

In some form or another curiosity is probably a normal characteristic of the human mind. The desire to know is one of the most powerful factors in human evolution, and as we can easily recognise its presence in the animal kingdom we may infer that the evolution of humanity is not entirely distinct from that of the animals.

The desire to know is certainly active in every normal human being, though its mode of manifestation may vary indefinitely in individuals. It seems as if it were an inherent impulse in the mind that may be cultivated, or neglected, intensified or deadened, but which can hardly be destroyed altogether in a normal man.

From this it would be reasonable to infer that there is in man some sort of consciousness which knows of the existence of things that are not yet known to the mind of the individual. These things are to him secrets and they excite his curiosity.

It is hardly possible to conceive of curiosity without presupposing the existence of things to be known, secrets that may be found out.

The belief in the existence of secrets is necessary for the existence of curiosity or the desire for knowledge. Therefore we may reasonably assume that secrecy is a fact in nature. But what is secrecy?

Is it natural or artificial or both? Is it inherent in the things concealed, or is it merely the result of the limitations of the inquiring mind?

Are there such things as natural secrets, or has secrecy been invented by man as a means of guarding his mental possessions?

Has man the right to know? This question lies at the root of the

revolt of intellect against the tyranny of dogmatism: for the right to know carries with it the right to think, the right to investigate, and the right to question all authority.

It is usual to compromise on this question and to allow man the right to know just so much as is good for him. This of course implies the right of some authority to decide what is good for him to know, and this authority is assumed or claimed by the heads of most religious bodies.

But common-sense would seem to say that a man is inherently entitled to know all that he is capable of understanding, and further it must be assumed that a desire to know more than this is evidence of a morbid curiosity which seeks the gratification of desire for the sake of gratification alone.

From such a point of view one would be likely to look upon all secrets as things ultimately knowable, though temporarily concealed.

But reason tells us that the thinking brain-mind is always more or less limited in its power of understanding, and consequently it must recognise the fact that there are things knowable to other and more advanced minds that must remain hidden from it.

But more than this, it must be admitted that man's intelligence includes such powers as intuition and imagination, which are of a different character and quality to his reasoning faculty. And he must know that at times he can perceive that which his brain-mind cannot fully understand and is entirely unable to explain or express. Such unthinkable perceptions are natural secrets.

The ancient philosophy recognised the secret sciences as the study of these unthinkable perceptions. The higher mind was looked upon as the real knower, and it was forbidden to speak of such knowledge at all, for the simple reason that these perceptions were not capable of expression in terms of brain-mind thought, or speech.

It is easy to see how this philosophical secrecy could be parodied by priesthoods who had long lost the use of the spiritual perceptive faculties and who yet retained the authority inherited from predecessors, who had in their own day been able to guide mankind along the safe path of evolution in the pursuit of knowledge proper to his degree of development. Such degraded hierophants made artificial secrets to conceal their own lack of knowledge, and multiplied mysterious rites by means of which they hoped to evoke in their congregations emotional states that would pass for spiritual illumination.

So the ancient mysteries became degraded till today we have reached a complete burlesque of secrecy in many of the innumerable 'orders' whose rites of initiation are now a mockery of what was once reality.

But even so man cannot kill the truth, nor can he utterly destroy the

pathway to his own inner self. And so he makes artificial mysteries in unconscious imitation of truth, and compounds a hash of relics of philosophy to excite the curiosity that instinctively urges on men to seek the light of knowledge. Thus curiosity defeats the knower in his search for true knowledge: for in every man there is such a knower: but the knowledge that he seeks is esoteric.

There is a wide difference between true esotericism and that which is generally called secrecy.

The commonest kind of secret is perhaps some scandalous story that is circulated freely under seal of secrecy, for it is true, as said by Sir Benjamin Backbite when asked why he did not publish his scandalous skits, that they attain much wider circulation when told privately under seal of secrecy.

Then there are secrets that are meant to be kept within a certain order or body, but which, being spoken or written, are exoteric and cannot be kept secret.

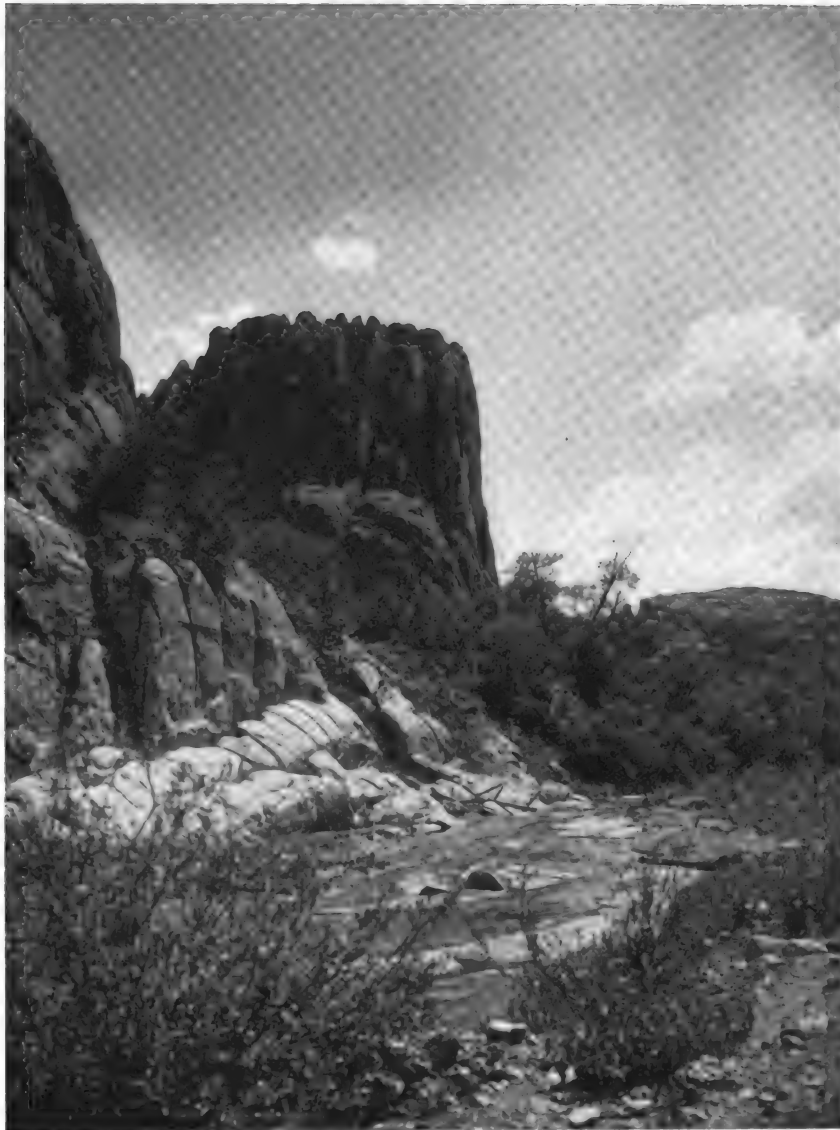
A nearer approach to true secrecy is in the thought that is never spoken or put into writing: but it is not esoteric truly, for thought is objective to the mind, and thought-reading is far more common than most people imagine. Thought is exoteric on its own plane.

But in all spoken words and formulated thoughts there may be hidden secrets that are esoteric. Things only perceptible to the intuitive faculty, things unutterable either as words or thoughts, things secret which the lower mind may feel but cannot understand. It is such secrets that are involved in art, and which endow the work of art with the mysterious power to charm and fascinate men, who vainly endeavor with their brain-minds to analyse the source of beauty and to enunciate rules for the expression of the unutterable.

Such esotericism there must be in all true religion, and without it the exoteric form is meaningless.

So I conclude that secrecy is natural and is inherent in all deeper truth. That which is esoteric is secret because it cannot be told. To be known it must be perceived, and that must be accomplished by the knower himself. No secret can be told, for in the utterance it ceases to be esoteric; it takes form, and the form is not the thing, any more than the image in the mirror is the original before it.

So the one who would know the secret science must himself become the knower: that is to say he must become one with the knowledge. No one can do this for him. He must identify himself with his esoteric self which is the knower; and his brain-mind must learn to know its own limitations and be content with such knowledge as it can deal with, realizing that the most exoteric fact may be an image of esoteric truth.



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THE WISDOM FROM ABOVE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

No "wisdom from above" descends on anyone, save on the *sine quâ non* condition of leaving on the threshold of the Occult every atom of selfishness or desire for personal ends and benefit. —H. P. BLAVATSKY



HIS may seem a hard saying, from the standpoint of the personal ego; yet must it not necessarily be true? A wisdom which was personal, even in the slightest degree, would sometimes find itself at variance with other personal wisdoms. Instead of one wisdom, there would be many. It is characteristic of the wisdom from above that it is not personal; personal wisdom is wisdom tinged with personal opinion, and carries the seeds of variance. As H. P. Blavatsky says, in the article quoted above,* the word 'wisdom' has been used indifferently for things which are dissimilar: divine inspiration and terrestrial cunning. But St. James teaches two kinds of wisdom: the divine wisdom from above, and the wisdom which is terrestrial, psychic, and daemonic. (ἐπίγειος, ψυχική, δαιμονιώδης) *James*, iii, 15)

The word ψυχική translated in the Authorized Version as 'sensual,' is the adjective derived from ψυχή (*psyche*), which means the 'animal soul,' whether in man or animals, as distinguished from νοῦς (*nous*), the intelligent, understanding soul in man. The latter is "the Wisdom that cometh down from above" (ἡ σοφία ἄνωθεν κατερχομένη)

As said in *The Dual Aspect of Wisdom*:*

Divine Wisdom being diffused throughout the infinite Universe, and our impersonal HIGHER SELF being an integral part of it, the *âtmic* light of the latter can be centered only in that which though eternal is still individualized — *i. e.* the *noëtic* Principle, the manifested God within each rational being, or our Higher *Manas* at one with *Buddhi*. It is this collective light which is the "Wisdom that is from above," and which, whenever it descends on the personal Ego, is found "pure, peaceable, gentle." Hence Job's assertion that "Wisdom is with the Ancient," or *Buddhi-Manas*. For the Divine Spiritual "I" is alone eternal and the same throughout all births; whereas the "personalities" it informs in succession are evanescent, changing like the shadows of a kaleidoscopic series of forms in a magic lantern. It is the "Ancient," because, whether it be called Sophia Krishna, Buddhi-Manas, or Christos, it is ever the "first-born" of *Alaya-Mahat*, the Universal Soul and the Intelligence of the Universe.

It is of this individualized ray of the Universal Soul that the following, from an ancient catechism, is said:

"Lift thy head, O Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?"

"I sense one Flame, O Gurudeva, I see countless undetached sparks shining in it."

"Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?"

"It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, 'Thy Soul and my Soul.'"

*'Dual Aspect of Wisdom,' *Lucifer*, Sept., 1890; reprinted in *Studies in Occultism*, Vol. iv.

The reader may remember the vision of Dr. Fenwick in Bulwer-Lytton's *A Strange Story*, where a strong distinction is drawn between the red and blue lights that play in the human body and are found in the animals as well, and the silver spark, that dwells apart, yet is mysteriously omnipresent, and that is not found in the animals. When this silver spark finally quits its tenement, the man is left a soulless but cunning monster, a black magician.

But if we were to leave matters thus, it would be making man into two separate beings — a god and an animal. There is, however, the connecting link, called *Manas* or Mind, between the divine and animal parts of man, and affected by both. This principle has the quality of selfhood and possesses the power of forming an Ego. In union with the divine Monad (*Âtmâ-Buddhi*), it forms the Higher Ego, which is the real Man, immortal throughout rebirths; and in union with the seat of animal desires and passion (*Kâma*) it forms a spurious and temporary ego, which lasts but for one incarnation. Such is the teaching — crudely expressed, as is inevitable, when the attempt is made to formulate such a subject at all — and its outlines must be filled in from the results of study, reflexion, and experience.

In an article entitled 'Kosmic Mind,' (*Lucifer*, April, 1890, republished in No. iv of *Studies in Occultism*) H. P. Blavatsky treats of the ancient teaching that there is life and consciousness in every atom in the universe, and that there is a Universal Mind which manifests itself everywhere through many different grades of organisms. Thus even the so-called inorganic kingdom of nature is ensouled by the Universal Mind. The plant and animal kingdoms have their own special and more highly evolved vehicles of the Universal Mind; and man is raised above them all by the possession of the *Manas*, which is the vehicle of the higher potencies of the Universal Mind. Thus man can reflect both the lower and the higher forces of the Kosmic Mind, and his nature is dual.

Every atom, like the monad of Leibnitz, is a little universe in itself; and . . . every organ and cell in the human body is endowed with a brain of its own, with memory, therefore experience and discriminative powers. The idea of Universal Life composed of individual atomic lives is one of the oldest teachings of esoteric philosophy. — *Kosmic Mind*

The animal, though its body is composed of so many lives, is nevertheless a unit, because the one life dominates and includes all the lesser ones, setting for them the law within which they act. In man a higher stage is reached; for he can set aside even the animal life. And this higher status of man is represented even in the structure of his body, which has been compared by H. P. Blavatsky to an Aeolian harp with two sets of strings, one of fine silver, the other of coarse gut. The finer strings

are responsive only to influences from the divine center of man's being; the coarse strings respond to the breath of the passions. It is also said that, while the cells and organs of man's body vibrate to the passional impulses from the lower nature, it is the higher Mind alone which can influence the atoms within those cells.

Thus the well-known ancient division of the human mind into the *noetic* and the *psychic* (from the Greek *νοῦς nous*, and *ψυχή psyche*) has its correspondence in the anatomy and physiology of the body. H. P. Blavatsky, in *Psychic and Noetic Action*, speaks of this subject in a way that is convincing and informing. It is easy to understand why she could not say even more about it; for the dangers incident to uninstructed meddling with the body and its forces are great. Enough is said to bring strongly before us the fact that we have a higher nature, and to make it as real as possible; and then, with this in mind, we are urged to follow the path of duty and purity. And it is well at this point to call attention to the following remark of H. P. Blavatsky's, namely that, if we wish to understand the workings of our inner self, for the purpose of self-mastery, we must do so by comparison; for we must strive to fathom the mysteries of the human heart in general before we can learn the whole truth about the mysteries of our own soul; and the power of introspection does not go very far if limited to oneself. Hence solitary self-contemplation must yield the place to the study of human nature in the course of our duties among our fellow-students and those whom we are striving to help.

It is characteristic of true Wisdom that it 'vaunteth not itself'; whereby we perceive that a great deal of what is trumpeted about as Wisdom is in fact something else. The very words and teachings of H. P. Blavatsky are being used as instruments of a propaganda of sensationalism and personal vanity, as can be seen from the pages of magazines devoted thereto. But such people have no originaive power and are no more than parrots, repeating what they have heard, but unable to advance an inch beyond. When the seeds of Wisdom fall into the receptive soil of a genuine nature, they fructify in the silence.

The teaching of the Mysteries must be based on a foundation of purity; otherwise the attempt will result in disaster and we shall have nothing but weird and fanatical cults. Hence all those who are sincere candidates for self-knowledge attend first to the securing of this condition. It is not by sensational assertions concerning one's private 'teacher' or 'inner light,' not by strange doctrines about astral and psychic powers, but by carrying out the behests of conscience and following the voice of duty, while living a clean and wholesome life, that our nature can be made ready to receive the Wisdom that descendeth from above,

THE CAULDRON OF CERIDWEN: by C. ap Arthur

(With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Machell)



SIR DAVID PROSSER was in his study at Parcyrun. The lamp, green-shaded, stood on his desk to the left of the fire-place; its light fell on a litter of manuscripts there, some in his own or his secretary's handwriting, some ancient. It left the room, with its book-lined walls, for the most part, to the half obscurity and tremulous shadows of the fire-light.

Sir David had turned from his work, and sat in a low, deep-seated chair before the fire: his outward vision occupied with the flame-flicker, but giving no news of it, nor of any externals, to his mind. Which, indeed, had a matter more insistent to brood over: surprise, acquiescence, protest, indifference, rebellion against fate — mostly, perhaps, a very ungracious acquiescence. — So it might come at any time . . . it might come at any

time! Dr. Lloyd had been uneasy about these attacks, and had prevailed on him to summon the great man from London, whose verdict had been passed that day: it might come at any time, and there was nothing to be done. Hours, days or weeks, there was no telling; though weeks were hardly to be hoped for, he judged. Hoped for? — yes, for he had a master passion; could he count only on a fortnight, he might at least round off his life's work by settling the hash of Taliesin, and showing up that myth for the late forgery it was. Only yesterday he had seen some scribbler's screed on it in the *Geninen*; which he had *not* read, but it had the sickening look of a kind of mystical interpretation. Well, his book would be published, with or without that last chapter; and no one, he guessed, would write or talk much about Taliesin after that. But he must give this one evening to meditation; with this news fresh on him, even though it made writing the more imperative, he could give his mind to nothing. He had dismissed his secretary for the night: an irritating fellow, but better than the run of them. Secretaries were always a problem. To get a man with a sound educa-

tion, learned in the Welsh, without pressing ambitions towards the ministry, and with a smooth equable temper, was no easy task. Temper they would be showing, sooner or later, every one of them; and he could not work with an irritable, whimsy man. This one, indeed, had shown none of his tantrums so far; but he was stupid and timid, and it was a pleasure to be quit of him for the evening. But *pleasure* — now!

What might lie beyond that which was coming to him, he did not trouble to think. It was the past with its stings and successes that held him; the future was merely a thing out of which he was to be cheated by death; of the inner life (which is immortal) his sense was atrophied. Not that it had always been so: some men are born dead; Sir David was of those who achieve deadness. Thirty years since, at the time of his return, laden with honors, from Oxford, his life had been tinged with ethereal hues. A fine scholar, he was then also a fine poet; and could use the tortuous meters of Welsh classical poetry to some purpose. Not upon the well-worn themes of the competitions, either; not for him *Creadigaeth* or *Elusengarwch*, after the manner of the scribes. He had possessed, you may say, two of the three essentials of bardhood, as the Triad gives them: an eye to see, and a heart to understand, Nature; time was to show whether he had the third, courage to follow her. — Those were the days when Iolo Morganwg was still wandering Wales from library to library of the great houses, hunting in faded manuscripts for a light he believed was hidden in the ancient times; a wisdom, look you, deeper than any in science or dogma; remnants of Druid knowledge concerning the Soul of Man, its origin, wanderings and destiny. This theosophy Iolo deemed he had found; and David Prosser, coming under his influence, meant to illumine the Principality and the world with it. Like many in Wales in those days, he saw visions and dreamed dreams. He would avenge his country for her insignificance in the world, proclaiming broadcast the riches she had saved from her ruin, and hoarded unused in her secret heart through the centuries of her penury.

But life is a thing of currents and undercurrents, and we know not what we may become. We sail upon a blue and glassy sea, and manage helm and canvas with a song: this is the voyage, we think, 'from Lima to Manillia'; we shall drift from island to island of delight, and disembark at last in the flamey havens of the sunset. But a little gust arises here; and there, some uncharted current sweeps us from our gentle courses. Our song passes into a strained silence; the isles we touch are deserted, or abodes of sordid trade; the blue brightness turns leaden dulness, and the sun goes down at last over a howling waste of winds and stinging spray. So and so sows his wild oats, we say; when often 'twas his rigid parents sowed them for him; or at least ensured that

he should sow them, by souring the ground with their narrowness against growths of beauty, equability and peace. So in the life of David Prosser. "There's pious his father was before him," said Marged Owen in her prayers; the truth is, the child's poet soul had been ever in potential rebellion against a rule of life that yoked the Good with a substitute for the True and the antithesis of the Beautiful. In such cases unbalance results; if the nobler side of us has been given to regard righteousness coldly, what specious arguments will it not lend to the worse! The young David had had generous sentiments, noble leadings, but an intolerable thirst for freedom at all costs: he would express in perfect liberty the whole of his nature; too long had too much of it been fettered and starved. There was a passionate marriage, out of which all the poetry had passed in a year. At the end of two: "My life is spoiled," said David; "I married a Fool." The Fool had had her own complaints to make; and made them naggingly day and night. There were many incidents, of the kind that poetry will not survive; we need not go into them. The poet in him died presently; but not his ambition and fighting vein. He would not surrender and pass into negligibility; the fame of the scholar grew.

All light had waned from the ancient poems and stories, as from the ancient hills and moors. He sought the key to their interpretation no longer in life, which had become a poor wounded thing with him, but in learning: he searched for the Soul with a microscope; and, finding it not, knew that it did not exist. The Great Wonder is a property of the Divine; blind your eyes to the deity within you, and what radiance shall you see without? Where you caught a glimpse of the beauty and mystery of things, you shall perceive only delusions, that cannot stand the test of your crucible or dissecting knife. The dreams that had pleased and haunted him, he came to view with growing impatience; since he had no longer aught wherewith to handle them, except the sterilizing tools of philological research. He had parted with all sense of their poetic values, and scorned for childish foolery the pretensions of those who had not. His sole delight now — a savage one — was in exploding superstitions, pricking bubbles, smoking out mares' nests, blowing up castles in Spain. *Mysticism? Gammon! — Let's have Philology!* quoth Sir David. — A famous and snappy scholar, of opinions much respected, and personality wholly unbeloved.

Except, of course, by Marged Owen, his housekeeper, who had been his mother's maid and his own nurse, and was still three parts mother to him in her heart. A placid, not unstately woman, with great shining gray eyes behind her spectacles, and "indeed, driving on her ten and threescore," as she reflected; she knew naught of his opinions,

though she gloried in the thought of his renown; but loved him because he had been, and was still, her 'boy bach,' and because motherly love was her general attitude towards anything human she contacted. It was she who managed the house, shielded its master from the non-intellectual world; gave law to the gardener, that his realm might be maintained as it was youth; and pre-reason of the secret-her calm inexhaust-Welsh Bible and changing skies and sweet flowers of the an inner life: these, ty to Sir David which modified, by a know-peculiarities. Which, cret, so far as she was herself and her God; gued nightly on his Lord, 'tis true Zion these days" — he a chapel since his fagood to remind the "but there's pious his him, and there's reli-up! 'Tis them books s'pose: they do hold bardism he is making



his heart, indeed, indeed, there is nothing out of its place; consider Thou what he has suffered!" — And so, in truth, he had; but there were few beside her gentle self that would have said that about his heart. Morgan Llewelyn Zion had more than once made pointed reference from the pulpit, especially in his prayers, to the "heathen in our midst"; and no one but Marged had failed to understand at whom the shafts were pointed. Had she so much as guessed, I imagine she would have seceded to Zoar, even though the three miles extra would have entailed the wagonette. — From her book, indeed, I would borrow a page or two of charity. She had never doubted that his fame was based on his bardhood; if she knew nothing of his poems, that would be, she s'posed, because they were in English, and therefore beyond her. (*Pity you are not cleaving to the Welsh, whatever, machgen i!*) In her eyes, then, the poet had never died; and I am content to believe that her eyes, so

in Mister Davie's served intact the tary *pro tem.* with ible kindness. Her hymnbook, and the old-fashioned June-garden, kept her in and a fighting loyal-was tempered, not ledge of some of his be it said, were a se-concerned, between with whom she ar-behalf. — "Indeed, do see little of him had not been inside ther's death, but no Lord too precisely — father was before gious he was brought he is writing, I his mind; grand to glorify Thee! In

love-lit, so short-sighted in things of the intellect, were gifted in compensation with glimmerings of spiritual vision. I would say, then, that the poet had not died, but was only numbed with the torture of a long crucifixion; banished, if you like; reviled and tormented; nearly dead; but still secretly feared by the scholar and critic its persecutor.

Sir David, sitting in his chair, fell to calling up pictures of the past: of his not too happy childhood and his school days; of Jesus College at Oxford; of his return thence, and of his father's death that followed so quickly; and of his own marriage. Then — ah well, he had long since freed himself of those follies! He chuckled sardonically, remembering how he had set aside the Tale of Taliesin, even then, to be a great part of his life's work. It was to be a poem in the *cywydd* metre: a vindication of the ancient light of his people, making real and definite the legendary figure of that great Bard-Initiate, who had stood the symbol of their aspirations and dreams. He remembered the days when conviction first flagged; when the lines would not ring true; when the supposed light that he had followed died — no, revealed itself for a worthless fantasy.

He thought of that passionate marriage; the first rapture that blurred the inward images, after heightening them to sunblazing vividity. He thought of the Fool, with a half sneer as of one whose heat of anger had long vanished: of the Fool, dead now these twenty years: her nagging, tongue, he told himself, had at least done much to relieve him of his illusions. Well, well, thanks to her for that; with all the triumphs he had won, he could afford to be magnanimous. And after all, when Gwen the Mill had gone mad, and killed her baby, the Fool had done much better than she might; considering that suspicion — or was it knowledge? — that he had seen in her eyes and heard, not in her words, but in the sharpened bitterness with which they were uttered. She kept off that subject; some might have blabbed their injuries abroad. But it was all past and done with a long time ago. Poor little Gwen! But there, for all that happened, she had but herself to thank, — herself, and the Fool his wife. He was not going to blame himself, at this time of day.

How could you call it a barren or wasted life, wherein he had won so much? A knighthood, and a string of letters after his name; honors from a dozen universities, at home and abroad, of such as be interested in Celtic research: surely all this betokened a life well-spent? — Evil on that *well-spent!* when now at any moment the account was to be closed, and there remained so much in him yet to spend. So many idiots to chasten with the lashings of his cold logic — as witness this man in the *Geninen*, with his rigmarole of mysticism about Taliesin. — Have

at that fellow now, whatever! These memories grew none too amusing; he had better find relief from them in action; he had better keep his brain busy with cold work till the last. He drew the lamp to the edge of the desk, picked up the magazine, and began reading.

It brought back his youthful dreams to him like an ache. He, too, had fancied an universal symbolism in the old story. — The witch Ceridwen, it will be remembered, had a son who was the ugliest man in the world; and she, fearing he would obtain no honor at the court of Arthur, determined to brew for him the Three Drops of Science in her magical cauldron. — How he, Sir David, had brooded in those old days, upon that cauldron; extracting worlds of wonder out of its name, *Pair Dadeni*, the Cauldron of Rebirth! It was all so familiar to him; he might have written the article himself. — She set the cauldron to boil among the hills, bidding Gwion Bach watch the fire while she gathered the herbs of the mountain in their season. The water boiled over, and scalded Gwion; who, putting the hurt finger for relief to his mouth, tasted the Three Drops, was illuminated by them, and “instantly became aware that he must fear above all things Ceridwen.” In all this a vast human significance was guessed: it referred to the initiation of the Bard, and the severe trials attendant thereto. “Then,” said the writer, “woe unto him that is not —”

Ah God, that pain again! The cold sweat broke from his forehead; he lay back, clutching the arms of the chair, and waited. It had never been like this before. In thunder-crashes of agony it shook and rent him; breaking his courage; shattering his conceptions of time, of space, of selfhood; dislocating all the molds of his mind. The pictures he had been calling up went whirling past him; that wherewith he commented on them had grown impartial and impersonal with pain. His honors brought him no comfort now; he blamed none but himself for his errors. He perceived the beauty of his early dreams, and had it not in him to mock at them. He appeared to himself as two men: an individuality torn asunder by the raging storm of his torment: the poet he had been once, thirsty after golden non-material Truth; the acrid scholar he had become, avid only after truths barren and desolating — *truths!*

— *Prepared!* — *Woe unto him that is not prepared!* In waves and receding waves the great pain ebbed, leaving him strangely clear of brain and light of body; he finished the sentence he had been reading; or it was as if he had heard the words spoken aloud. *Woe unto him that is not prepared*, he repeated; what did it mean? It was something that interested him no longer; it had to do with — He stood up, undecided, strange, with a feeling of having experienced some momentous but indefinable change. A curious half restless sense came over him; as of

one playing chess with Fate or Providence, who waits, yet with detachment, for his opponent to play. It was not his move; he must bide the time, and see what would happen. Meantime he went to the window, and looked out; as though expecting the move to come beneath the open sky. The full moon was shining above the sycamores, and he could see the glisten of drops on the grass-blades, and the movement of the April leaves on the trees. — What was that? . . . He listened, and a second time heard his name called, from outside, from the direction of the drive. "Gwen the Mill!" he whispered; forgetting she had died so many years ago: "Gwen the Mill, indeed now!" He went out into the hall, put on his overcoat, and took hat and stick. "I am going out for a stroll in the moonlight, Marged fach," said he, as Mrs. Owen appeared in the door of the housekeeper's room. "Take you care against your catching cold now, Mister Davie dear," she answered; and turned back, I suppose, for something she had forgotten. A moment later she was in the hall again, and he was gone. "Dear now," said she, looking anxiously at the hat-rack, "what hat did he take, whatever? And sure I am I did see him putting on his overcoat. My old eyes are failing me, I think."

Out into the drive went Sir David, and on towards the gate. At the curve a woman's figure, shadowy in the uncertain light, flickered before his vision and was lost. "Gwen!" he called softly; "Gwenno fach, is it thou?" A wave of clear thinking came on him, and he remembered, and chid himself for falling a victim to illusions. 'Twas the shock of that attack, he supposed, had left his mind unclear. But he would investigate, and satisfy himself, lest recurring moments of weakness — He went on through the gate, and up the road on to the mountain. Hush! there was a call again — and there, on the right, standing on the bank above the road, in full moonlight, a beckoning figure.

While he looked it was gone. He was not sure that it was Gwen the Mill's; I do not think he thought of that; but he was in no doubt that it must be followed. He made up the slope and on to the wild moorland; the night was very bright; there was no difficulty about the going. Down and up; over heather and through fern; there was no difficulty; he knew which way to go.

On and on he went. The moon set; a great wind arose; he heard the keen shrill of it, but it caused him no inconvenience. There was a whisper out in the night; there was a mystery, a thrill; the wind and the moor and the sky were filled with haughty elemental importance; all were part of some vast ceremony in which he, too, played a part, though an uncomprehended one. Presently he saw leaping lights and

shadows far off, and the glow of flame on smoke. He made his way towards it, and came soon to the rim of a hollow, in whose bottom a fire burned; round it figures were moving in silence. Gypsies, he supposed; he would go down and question them. He greeted them pleasantly enough; and they, it seemed, were not disinclined to be companionable. Gypsies? — Well, no, they were not *shipshwms*; watching the



fire they were, and the pot cooking on it. They had no Saxon — *dim gair*.* — It struck him vaguely that there was something very strange about them: nine of them there were: as he could see when the firelight shone on their faces, the strangeliest handsome men he remembered seeing. — Had they news of a woman wandering on the mountain — was she perhaps of their company? — Well, there was the Mistress; he might have seen her, indeed. — What would she be doing, roaming the wilds in the night? — Whence did they come — from Llan-this or Cwm that? — the usual Welsh

questions. — Oh, they answered, the Mistress would be gathering herbs in their season for the brew in the pot; and as for themselves, they came from — but here he could make nothing of their answer. “But come you, sir,” said one of them; “cold you will be; warm you yourself by the fire.” He drew near, and in that shelter from the wind’s keening, heard above all sounds in the world the hissing and boiling of the water in their kettle, and listened to it, and listened to it, and listened to it.

He held his hands to the fire, listening, and forgot the nine watchers. Once again his life moved in minute procession before him. Now bright hopes, splendid aspirations, poetry; now the angry hissing and buzzing of acrid scholarship, and bitter criticism of the kind that eats into and

*Not a word (of English).

destroys all beauty and mystery and truth. All his life, all his life. . . .

A sudden hubbub within the kettle; a cry from one of the nine: "Mind you your finger, sir!" He drew back his hand hastily; but not before a jet of the boiling fluid, hissing out, had scalded him. At the pain, the finger flew to his mouth. . . .

Ah, heaven, how glorious a thing was life! Why, the universe was all blazing poetry; the stars had voices, and called to him out of the far skies: god-voices, that cried aloud to him, *Brother!* As a note in the singing of Seraphim: as a gleam in the flame that is God: appeared to him the rejoicing world and his own being, tremendous with joy. Ah, heaven, the immensity of time! the vista of ages behind him! the lives on lives he had lived! the starry serenity of his liberated self! the majesty of his thought! the flaming beauty of existence! All the littleness of his past life vanished from his consciousness; it was a dark incident closed, a bitterness from which he had extracted all the meaning. He was no more Sir David Prosser; he was a "marvel whose origin"—

"And instantly he was aware of the peril he stood in, and that above all things he must fear Ceridwen." . . .

He started up in terror; the cauldron had fallen; the fire was quenched; a black flood, seething and writhing, was rising about him in the hollow. He fled forward through the dark air; immitigable terror driving him on. The darkness of night threatened; out of the thick core of the midnight doom hurried in pursuit of him: loss whose magnitude was not to be fathomed by imagination: death vibrating inward to absoluteness. Below he was aware of the black flood rising and covering the moorland: he heard its hiss and roar as it flowed down over the hills, into the valleys, bearing poison and death. In an agony of fear he heard the rush of far wings: he knew of a terrible Pursuer behind, sweeping over the night-hid vales and mountains. On and on blindly through the darkness; from everywhere the night and the storm and the starless gloom cried out to him *Too late!* — *Woe unto him that is not prepared!* cried the midnight. . . . A rush of wings behind him in the air; a storm of great wings beating and nearing; the wind of swooping wings impelling him helpless to the earth; then — silence, and the darkness died, giving place to no light. . . .

At half past ten Marged Owen went into her master's study, to see that he had returned from his stroll without harm taken, and to bring him his hot milk and biscuits. She found him dead in his chair.



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PICTURESQUE SCENERY OF THE SAN DIEGO RIVER VALLEY



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RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE BOYS OFF FOR A SUMMER-HOLIDAY OUTING UP THE
SAN DIEGO RIVER VALLEY TO EL CAJON MOUNTAIN



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

SAME PARTY ENJOYING THEIR MID-DAY LUNCH



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

GROVE OF LIVE-OAKS IN THE SAN DIEGO RIVER VALLEY

Along the upper stretches of the San Diego River are occasional groves of magnificent live-oaks, which make ideal camping grounds.

THE SILVER STAR: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

PART II

IN course of time another change came to the family; for the peasant died, leaving them still more forlorn and helpless. With his help they had fared hardly enough; and they now faced the future with many fears and heavy forebodings.

The following winter was unusually long and severe. The two elder boys had gone out to seek work, and they sent to their mother the little they could from their scanty earnings. Yet the winter was, as it had been of late years, a season of great suffering and privation. Still they went through it in some fashion. The poor can endure so much misery; and because they do endure it those who have plenty are apt to forget all about them, or conclude that it is not so very hard after all.

But a day came in the early spring, before anything in the garden had grown, when the last handful of oatmeal was gone. To be sure they had the milk of two goats, and some of the rye which made their bread was still left. But they all missed the warm porridge. Then one day the grandam said:

"Why should we go hungry when there is silver in the house?"

"But there is none," replied her daughter.

"Nay, but there is a broad piece in the till of the chest."

"Ah yes; but that we may not spend."

"May not;" cried the old woman shrilly, "And why, pray, when we are all hungry and have no meal?"

"Why mother, you know that was given to Trywith by the holy man, the pilgrim. We ought to keep it for him."

"Given to Trywith!" angrily retorted the grandam. "Given to him indeed; and what of that? was a silver piece given to any of the other children? What is this brat that he should have silver laid by for him? I warrant he scarcely remembers having it. Take it; and he will never know it's gone."

"But I would not like to do it," still objected his mother.

"Well, well!" said the old woman, beginning to weep. "Keep the silver laid by for that dark, ugly thing who bears the mark of the Evil One. You know yourself, as you have often said, that he brought a curse with him, and ever since we have had only trouble and misfortune. I am near four-score years and able to work no longer, so what does it matter if I perish? Better I were lying in my grave since even my own child no longer cares in any way for my comfort."

The daughter, too, wept; but she had always been weak and easily led, so opening the chest she took out the silver piece and giving it to the eldest boy then at home she bade him go to the miller's and buy meal.

While this was taking place Trywith was out near the edge of the forest watching the flock where he remained all day, taking a piece of rye bread with him for his dinner. Thus his brother went and returned and he knew nothing of it. He observed indeed that they had porridge for supper; but he asked no questions as he seldom received a kind answer.

A few days after when all the family were out the boy stole softly in to secure his cherished treasure. He lifted the lid quickly and confidently, his hand already outstretched to grasp it. But alas! it was not there. The beautiful silver piece had disappeared. Astonishment kept him silent, as he stood in the same attitude, staring wildly into the empty till. He did not even hear the approaching footsteps until the voice of the old woman fell harshly on his ear.

"Look at that Evil One's brat! Look! how dare he lift the lid of the chest?"

Turning then he saw that both of the women had entered the cabin and stood regarding him. Stunned by the greatness of the calamity which had overtaken him — rendered fearless by the very magnitude of his loss — he ran straight to his mother and seizing her gown cried in a hoarse, broken voice:

"Where is it, mother? where is my silver piece? O mother, mother! give it back to me: it is my own — my very own. Give it to me!"

But she made him no answer. When she saw the grief-stricken look on his pale face and in his great dark eyes she was sorry for what she had done. So she looked at the old woman and was silent.

Trywith turned, too, and gazed reproachfully at her. Then her anger was aroused against both.

"How dare you look at me like that?" she cried out fiercely. "You wicked black one! You changeling! You ungrateful little wretch! You ought to have been thrust out into the snow to perish when you were born. What right have you to keep a broad piece of silver when the rest of us are starving? It has gone to the miller to buy meal. Now you know you will never see it again; so take your wizened face, with its staring black eyes and ugly red mark out of our sight. Go! Begone, I say!" But for once he did not obey.

"O, mother! mother! is it true?" he gasped piteously, looking wildly into her averted face and unconsciously wrenching at her gown.

"Yes, yes," she answered hurriedly; "your silver is gone; so let us hear no more about it. See, you are tearing my gown. Let go of it."

The boy's hands fell helplessly at his sides. He stood for a moment like one stricken unto death. Then with a low, bitter cry he stumbled from the hut and went blindly into the forest. He never could recall afterward where, nor how far, he went. The others had been long in bed that night when he crept silently into the cabin, worn out with his unavailing grief and trembling with cold.

His mother was waiting for him more anxious and troubled than she was willing to own. If she could have done so she would have got back the piece of silver for him. But alas! how impossible it is to recall an act, a word, or even a thought when once it has gone from us. She had kept a bowl of porridge for him and spoke with more kindness than he had ever received from her before; she even offered an awkward caress or two.

At any other time his poor little bruised and burdened heart would have leaped for joy at such unwonted tokens of affection; for he was by nature a loving little fellow, and no one ever dreamed how he hungered and thirsted for human love and would have poured out his own without stint or measure. But no one had ever given him any love and his own had been rudely repelled. But now he could make no response. He was too utterly overwhelmed by the grief and despair occasioned by his irreparable loss. So his mother desisted, thinking him sullen and unfeeling and that any kindness would be thrown away if offered to him. There was nothing in the poor woman through which she might fathom or comprehend the sorrow of the child.

For some time the lad went about his wonted tasks silent and despairing, his mind filled with bitter and revengeful thoughts and his heart more deeply stirred by anger than it had ever been before, toward every one, and more especially his grandmother. But gradually these feelings began to subside and the more kindly and gentle moods returned. Then to his boundless delight the faces and pictures which he had seen in the silver star began to appear in his dreams. Then when he sat alone in the forest the voices began again to come to him. To his infinite joy he now found that all he had so deeply prized was not lost to him forever.

The other children had at first been somewhat sorry for his loss.

But as the old woman kept continually repeating: "Why should he — the ugly dark one — have silver any more than the others?" they speedily adopted her views and began to taunt and torment him in the usual manner. But Trywith, being comforted and sustained by his dreams, and thinking constantly of the Voice and the many new and strange things which it suggested to him, was enabled to endure with more patience than he had shown in former times. So again the grandam boasted of her wisdom in having the silver piece taken from him.

And now another strange thing happened to him; for the dark, red

spot upon his forehead began to grow lighter; and at times when his heart was filled with gratitude and love, it assumed, in dim wavering outline, the form of the star and shone with a faint, soft radiance. But he himself was unconscious of this change. It was brightest when he listened to the Voice or was wrapt in his beautiful dreams. But as the former came only when he was alone and the latter when he slept, it was long before it was discovered by his companions.

One night an elder brother chanced to awake in the loft where they all slept on pallets of straw. His attention was arrested by what he at first thought a moonbeam; but soon recollecting that there was at this time no moon he sat up in bed to examine more closely. To his astonishment he now perceived that the light proceeded from the corner where Trywith lay apart and that it seemed to hover directly over his head. For some time he gazed at it in doubt and wonder. He would have gone nearer but awe held him back. The speeches of the grandam had made the entire family believe firmly that there could be nothing good connected with the lad; so now he dreaded some strange and unheard of danger or evil. Nevertheless he resolved to watch Trywith narrowly and try to discover the meaning of this strange thing.

Now it happened that some days after that the boy was watching the sheep as usual. As he sat alone, under a great tree on the edge of the pasture, suddenly the three younger children came upon him. Catching a glimpse of the light on his forehead one cried: "O, see! see! Trywith has another piece of silver." Then they instantly surrounded him, demanding that he should show them the silver and tell where he had found it.

The lad was bewildered by their words and knew not to what they referred. But they continued their clamor until one of the elder boys came upon the scene, when they called him to come to their aid, explaining that the ugly "black one" had a beautiful piece of silver and would not allow them even to look at it.

"What are you hiding, you ugly changeling," cried Olaf, seizing him by the arm and shaking him roughly. "Show it to me at once, I say."

"But I have nothing to show," replied the boy, "I do not know what they mean, I have nothing at all."

"O, he has, he has!" cried the children. "He must have hidden it in his cap, for he was holding it up to his forehead when we first saw it. It is a silver piece just like the other. Make him give it up, Olaf! take it from him!"

Olaf believed them. It was he who saw the light in the loft and now concluded that it must have been a piece of silver, wondering he had not thought of it before. He was now determined to have it and was

bitterly angry with the poor helpless lad for not instantly obeying him.

"Give me the silver!" he shouted furiously, advancing with clenched fists upon the boy who stood pale and silent before him, making no effort to escape. Rushing upon him Olaf tore the ragged cap violently from his head, but no silver was there. Then, dealing blow after blow, he threw him to the ground, searching his pockets and clothing for the hidden treasure. But of course his search was unavailing.

Trywith arose and stood in silence before them, turning his dark eyes from face to face. There was something in that look that made them shrink back, abashed and ashamed, they knew not why. His clothing was soiled and torn, his body wounded and bruised; and the blood was trickling from his temple where it had come in contact with a sharp stone. Young children often see more clearly than their elders. Suddenly little Hilda, the youngest, cried out:

"Why only look, Olaf! See, it is only his forehead that shines!" But the others, staring sullenly at him, saw only the dull red mark.

Trywith then turned and walked slowly into the forest. His heart was swelling with the bitter sense of injustice and wrong. He went to the rock by the brook and lying upon his face he wept long and hopelessly. But at length his tears were spent and he sat up, faint and dizzy; then he bethought him of Hilda's words. But it could not be possible that any light could be on his brow — much less one like that which had once shone on his lost silver star. Nevertheless he went with a beating heart to the edge of the stream and leaning over looked timidly at his reflexion in the water below. But he could discern nothing unusual in his appearance. After bathing his face in the cool, refreshing stream, he still sat there musing on the glorious things of which he had dreamed, and the lessons of truth and love breathed into his soul.

Then he reflected that those who had wronged and injured him knew nothing of these glorious things; and his anger gave place to pity for them and an intense longing to share with them the goodness and power which had surrounded and sustained him. So filled was his mind with these thoughts that all else was forgotten and time passed unheeded until the sun was at its setting. Then he chanced to look once more into the stream murmuring at his side. There he again beheld his own mirrored face, but could it indeed be his own? He had always regarded himself as dark and unlovely, with a blemish on his brow that would have spoiled the beauty of a fairer face.

Yet he knew this was his own countenance, now made beautiful and glorious by the light from within, the light of love and truth. The great dark eyes were clear and luminous — the forehead expanded into proportions grand and beautiful; while in the very center, the spot where

the birthmark should have been, trembled the silver star from which emanated a pure effulgence, surrounding the head as with a halo and transfiguring the face into a thing of beauty and of glory.

While he thus gazed, in awe and wonder, upon himself thus transfigured, again came the inner Voice to whose teaching he had listened.

"This is the soul you now see illumined by the light of Divine Truth and Love," it said.

Then the soul of the boy, that which he knew to be the true inner self, was freed from all trammels and filled with a sacred joy which lifted him above all earthly things. Where now were the sorrows, the tears, and the anguish, that had ever been his portion? They were all swept from his mind. No sense of the wrongs and injuries which had been heaped upon him now remained. There was no longer any want or longing unsatisfied. He was no more alone — nor could he ever be again, for he was indissolubly united with the universe and all it contained — for all were one family — all Sons of God.

The great All-Father's heart was ever open to all, and his own had gone forth, trustingly, joyously, to meet it, to mingle with all beings, all things, and to be baptized in the eternal fount of Divine Love. Time went by unheeded; the sun went down and darkness covered the earth and Trywith awoke once more to outward things.

Then he arose and took his way toward the cabin. So deeply impressed was his mind by his late experience, that the preceding events of the day were scarcely remembered. He found the entire family awaiting his return. The supper hour had long past; but this time nothing had been put aside for him.

The door had scarcely closed behind him when he found himself surrounded by them all.

"Now where is the silver?" cried the grandam fiercely. "You hid it slyly enough from the children; but you will find me a match for your cunning. You will give it to me, I warrant you, you evil one."

"Nay, grandmother," answered Trywith mildly. "I have no silver for you. But if you will listen I can tell you of things more precious than silver or gold."

As he spoke these words, standing up before them with calm and quiet dignity, they all stared at him in amazement. He seemed suddenly to have become older and like a stranger to them. There was something in his bearing and aspect which they had never seen before. So they all fell back a little and left him standing alone.

"I will tell you first about the silver piece," he said, "and why I was so deeply grieved at its loss."

And then he told them of the star and the wonderful pictures he had

seen: of the dreams that came later, and of the silent, inner voice, which had taught him lessons of love and patience; and he told them how this wisdom, priceless and above all earthly things, might be attained by all who truly desired it.

At first they listened in wonder. Then they grew troubled and afraid; and at length, his words seeming like an accusation against them, they grew angry.

"What talk is this!" shrilled the old woman, trembling with passion. How dare you say such things to me, telling us of your stars and voices, and dreams and lights. Liar! liar! do you think to impose upon me? Am not I above fourscore? and never yet have I seen — no, nor heard tell of such things. Who are you, ugly black one, to try to teach me?"

"Yes, yes! grandam is right," cried the others. "She can find out his deceit and lies. He thinks to set himself above us all. Let him be careful or we will again take hold of him. Then he will see if his stars and lights will help him."

"But there *is* a light now on his forehead," whispered little Hilda trembling.

"And what if there was?" cried the old woman in a voice of rage. "The changeling brat! Cannot the Evil One light his own lamp whenever he pleases? It is his ugly red mark that burns."

At this the clamor increased; and though Trywith would have spoken again his voice was drowned by their threats and imprecations. At length Olaf and the other boys, urged on by the old woman, rushed at him and beating, pushing, and buffeting, finally thrust him from the room and bolted the door behind him.

Breathless and bruised Trywith sat for a few minutes on the doorstep trying to realize what had befallen him. Then he understood that he had been cast out forever. He rose slowly, wondering what he could do — where find shelter for the night.

Even as he thought came the answer. A footstep sounded on the narrow path and in the clear starlight he saw beside him the tall, upright figure of an old man. He was clad in the loose gray garment and carried the long staff of the pilgrim.

"Whither goest thou, Trywith?" he inquired.

"That I know not, father," was the reply.

"Await me here," he said. Then he approached the door and knocked loudly with his staff. After some hesitation the door was opened and he stepped over the threshold.

They all looked at the old man in awed and guilty silence. Turning to the mother he asked: "Where is the child that I named?"

The woman turned pale and trembled. But his keen blue eyes were

fixed upon her with a look not to be disobeyed. Looking appealingly toward her mother she faltered:

"He is gone; he was a wicked and unnatural child and fled from us."

"And had he no cause?" asked the holy man sternly.

"Nay," said the grandam. "My daughter speaks but truth."

"Truth!" said the old man. "Woman, what knowest thou of truth? You have had it with you these many years; but you knew it not because you hardened your hearts against it. I gave to this child the name which signifies truth. He saw it in the silver star of which you robbed him. He listened to its voice in his heart and grew pure and wise through its teachings. Its lessons sank deep into his soul.

"But when, forgetting past unkindness and cruelty, he would have brought it to you, you met him with scorn and contumely. Both him and it have ye reviled, rejected, and cast out. Even for bearing its mark have ye hated and tormented him.

"But Truth in him has striven and conquered. He shall go forth bearing the standard of the most High. He shall open the prison doors of ignorance, error, and prejudice to myriads of earth's blind and sin-sick children. He shall throw down the gateways of Darkness that Light may enter in. He shall battle with falsehood and dethrone it.

"He shall visit the huts of the lowly and walk in the palaces of Kings. The mightiest of earthly monarchs shall bow before the symbol in his right hand. For Truth is mighty and shall prevail. It shall be inscribed forever upon the sacred banners of true Progress and Wisdom; for those twain are one."

With this the Messenger turned and left them. Taking the youth with him he departed as he had come and they saw his face no more.

But the word of the Pilgrim was fulfilled; for Trywith became a mighty worker in the harvest fields of the world, speaking ever the words of Divine Wisdom and Compassion that awakened the hearts of men. Patiently and humbly he toiled, seeking not wealth, honor, or renown. He endured without murmuring, labor, hardships, and suffering. He entered the abodes of the lowly and stood in the palaces of kings.

When he spake to the multitudes who gathered about him, many heard him with gladness of heart. To those who accepted Truth with willing minds it appeared as though a halo of Light encircled his brow, and his face and form were of an aspect lofty and sublime.

But to those who loved falsehood rather than Truth; who sought Darkness rather than Light, he appeared only as a plain, dark man with an ugly, red mark upon his forehead. For having eyes, they saw not.

The End



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WITHIN THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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RÂJA-YOGA JUNIORS ACTING AS HOSTS AND HOSTESSES FOR THE 'SINGER MIDGETS'

On the 24th of August the 'Singer Midgets' were entertained at the International Theosophical Headquarters on which occasion some of the younger Râja-Yoga girls and boys acted as hosts and hostesses. Note the diminutiveness of the Midgets as compared with the twelve-year-old children beside them.



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THE 'SINGER MIDGETS' AND THEIR ESCORTS LEAVING THE TEMPLE OF PEACE



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THE 'SINGER MIDGETS' AT LOMALAND

These little people constituted a distinctively international group containing representatives of different European nations. They were not only highly educated, the majority of them being graduates of European universities, but they were socially most charming and cultured. They were greatly impressed with the widely international life and the practical brotherhood which they found at the Theosophical Headquarters.

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

International Brotherhood League Work During the past months the activities of members of this humanitarian and unsectarian body, located at Point Loma and in San Diego city, have been further augmented. With the co-operation of the military authorities, weekly entertainments, as well as regular instruction in French, have been inaugurated at Fort Rosecrans, Point Loma. Classes in French have also been under way for some months at the cantonment situated in Balboa Park, San Diego, where occasional entertainments are also contributed, mainly by younger members of the League. The classes are conducted by graduates of the Râja-Yoga College. The reading and writing rooms at Balboa Park and in the Isis Lecture-Hall continue to receive a good share of patronage from the ever-increasing military and naval contingents locating in and around San Diego, men from which are to be seen at the Sunday evening meetings in the Isis Theater, and often in the grounds of the International Headquarters of the League at Point Loma. In fact the members are engaged in many ways, under the guidance of the President-Founder of the League, Mme Tingley, in helping usefully as well as brightening the lives of the young recruits.

Sunday Evening Meetings in the Isis Theater Madame Katherine Tingley's address on October 7, on 'Crime, and the Scientific Remedy, from a Theosophical Standpoint,' was preceded by an excellent rendition of the air, 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek me,' from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, by the gifted young tenor, Mr. George Willey, who has just returned to San Diego after a successful season in New York. In this lecture, the third of the series being given by the Theosophical leader on this subject, the discussion of man's divinity as the key to a scientific understanding of the problems of correction and reform was continued by Mme Tingley, who said in part:

"The most advanced criminologists, in applying the law, declare that they must study man's essential nature, the social nature, and that they must not omit the great psychological factor of a sense of justice. And yet, there is an absence of what the Theosophist considers one of the greatest factors in the study of crime: a consideration of the soul, the divinity in man. If you will study the methods of those who, with the best of intentions, are endeavoring to reform so-called criminals, you will find that the law is given an abstract construction, and the so-called criminal is often the last to be considered. I feel that for years men have been deprived of the knowledge which should be in their lives, knowledge that should induce them to work for the purification of the law and the establishment of

that sense of justice which is based on spiritual discrimination. What are we doing to lift this veil of horror, the weight of woe that is upon the city and the nation, in this respect? What corrective measures are we introducing? You may mention many, but they do not satisfy, because the results do not do justice to the efforts made. There is something lost sight of; the real man is not considered.

"The difficulty is that we have been satisfied with half-truths, leaving out a knowledge of the spiritual nature of man and the part it plays in human life. If we had in our colleges today a chair for the study of man in his essential divinity, before long we should have makers of laws who would understand themselves, and thus their fellowmen; and we should have reformers who would be able to apply these laws justly and humanely. Let us not talk of punishment, but of justice and brotherly love.

"If we are ever to save humanity we must recognise the divinity of man, we must recognise the powers that control the human mind, we must encourage the study of Theosophy, which is the science of life, and which gives to every man a key to open the door to his own nature, and to his own being, and the means to find there the possibilities that lie within the reach of each, and the strength of the higher nature enabling him to overcome all obstacles."

Soul-courage "We must stem the tears of humanity, we must soften
will be needed, human hearts; that is our duty and it is the heart-
'After the War' cry of the hour," said Mme Katherine Tingley in an
address at Isis Theater on October 14 on the sub-
ject 'After the War.'

"For we realize," she continued, "that this is not an age of true inquiry, but an age of martyrdom, and that even though we may do our best to lift the burdens of the people of the world, we can do but little in comparison with what the coming generation may demand of us. It is a subject that requires serious reflection, self-analysis, and that quality of study which will lead us to find what our real duties are, and how we may fashion our actions, every hour and every moment in the days to come, that we may best serve our own and other countries."

Declaring that after the war when, with conditions of inconceivable horror to face, with prisons and asylums increasing, and even the educational systems tottering, with a new race born under pre-natal conditions of hatred and martyrdom, thrown into life's arena with evil qualities intensified, there would be made upon us a supreme demand which nothing but soul-courage could meet — Mme Tingley continued:

"It requires no stretch of imagination to see that our courage must be of a new quality, that so-called moral courage is not sufficient, that we must seek for something more, in a word, for the spiritual knowledge that lifts the veil for the understanding of these laws that govern human life. We

cannot deny that we are a divided people; we are divided politically, religiously, socially and morally. Our duty is to find the key to reconciliation: that binding knowledge which alone can bring the heterogeneous elements of society together and insure to man his full rights as a soul. I am certain that if we could understand this duty, the differences between the rich and the poor would be eliminated, the present confusion of ideas would be done away with, and we should stand upon such a basis of knowledge and of right action as would compel us, by the very force of conscience, to act justly toward all humanity."

In the course of her address Mme Tingley also said that "men will never rise to their true position until women have found theirs. It is the women of the present era who — if they have one-half as much faith in themselves as I have in them, one-half as much faith in their seizing the opportunities lying in wait for them as I have, one-half as much compassion as their hearts dictate — would not permit one moment to pass in careless thought in regard to the present issues."

Mrs. E. W. Dunn Mrs. E. W. Dunn, principal of the Râja-Yoga College upon the True and Academy, spoke on October 21 at the Isis Theater **Power of Woman** on 'Woman's True Power.'

"From the earliest childhood," she said, "until she closes her eyes in death, woman is wielding a power which is peculiarly hers. No one can deny that woman's influence is subtle and strong, either for good or evil: and never before has the beneficent and sympathetic power of a good woman been so needed as today."

The speaker drew illustrations from the lives of Helena P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley. She spoke of the influence of Mme Blavatsky's writings on the thought of the day, especially through her great works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*; of Mme Tingley's humanitarian and educational work, of the meaning and purpose of the School of Antiquity founded by her, a great international school in which education was continued throughout life — quoting Mme Tingley's words, "the soul is ever young, ever learning."

"Do women realize," she asked, "that they are challenged by present day conditions to assume new responsibilities in the home and exert their power as sisters, wives and mothers in a more unselfish way? As women let us recall the vision of our youth, when we glimpsed life through the portal of the new day. Women must now stand united and build for the future. The present conditions in the world are a travesty on life, and only by unselfish motives, the continuity of their efforts, and a brave devotion to the principles of Truth and Justice can women retrieve what they and the race have lost."

"Katherine Tingley has said: 'When woman has found the inner light,

she will know when to endure and when to protest; when to speak and when to keep silent. And when she has reached that point she will be capable of ingrain[ing] into the atmosphere of human life something heroic, something potent and splendid.' ”

Frank Knoche on Common Sense of Theosophy “Universal Brotherhood has no creeds or dogmas — it is built on the basis of common sense. Let us cast aside creeds and dogmas, then, and unite as brothers, each working to improve the condition of the other, and all working for the common good of humanity. For the old order of things passes away, and we are brought face to face with the great and grand possibilities of the new.”

Taking the above quotation from the writings of Katherine Tingley as a text, Frank Knoche, business manager of the Point Loma Homestead and a student of Theosophy for twenty-eight years, spoke on October 28 at Isis Theater on ‘The Common Sense of Theosophy.’ He said in part:

“The great value of Theosophy to the world today, with all humanity rushing helter-skelter, pellmell, none can say whither; with no one willing to be quiet, no one who cares to be calm, and half the world strangling in a sea of agony and blood—is the fact that it gives to the inquirer a rational, commonsense answer to his questions. For who is not an inquirer today? Everyone who meets you has a question, either on his lips or in his heart, perhaps only one, but that one eluding all appeal. And the live man of today, facing as he does live issues, is not willing to let the answer go. He could not run his business on such a plan, and succeed, and he is not willing to run his life so.”

Referring to the Theosophical principles of Karma, Reincarnation, the law of cycles and the duality of man’s nature, the speaker said:

“Brotherhood as a fact in nature, which is admittedly the only commonsense basis for relations of a personal kind, becomes equally dominant in the wider relations between state and state. The great universal laws which Theosophy enunciates, and which have guided whole nations in the far past through periods of unexampled glory, are by no means figments of the imagination. They are rules of action. We live in a world of material demands and have to meet material issues; but we should consider man’s spiritual nature, none the less. Because a man must keep his feet in the dusty road to get to his journey’s end, it does not follow that he would do well to keep his head there too. The commonsense way is to keep one’s head up in the sunshine and pure air; otherwise, how shall one see to guide his feet?

“Theosophy, with its call to men to awaken to something higher and finer than material things, shows them how to stand erect, breathing always the pure air of spiritual knowledge. For Theosophy is spiritual knowledge, glowing in the alembic of a perennial confidence and hope.”

Midget Players The company of midgets, who entertained San Diego audiences last August, were themselves entertained by the junior pupils of the Râja-Yoga school at Lomaland on August 24. Lunch was served in the grove between Madame Tingley's home and the Greek Theater entrance, tiny chairs and tables for the guests, nineteen in number, being carried from the group-homes of the babies and tots for the purpose. When the little company sat down before the flower-decked board, it was difficult for the grown-ups present to persuade themselves that they had not wandered inadvertently into Gulliver's Lilliput.

After the lunch and music the guests visited Madame Tingley's home, the Greek Theater and also the Temple of Peace, where a special entertainment was given for them by the Lomaland tots. The evident culture of these little men and women, all of whom are Europeans and most of whom are graduates from European centers of learning, made the visit a charming one to all concerned, while the international spirit of Lomaland was in turn thoroughly appreciated by the guests, theirs being an international party, with an unusual spirit of refinement and co-operation. Through their spokesman they expressed cordial appreciation, particularly for the opportunity to become acquainted with an international and educational work which is as well known in Europe as in America.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND ART

The auction held not long ago at Christie's, London, of the famous Hope collection of classic sculpture was an event of great interest to lovers of archaeology and art, for they were at least reminded of the existence of, if they could not actually view, rare marbles that have been kept secluded at Deepdene for the last hundred years. Buyers from America, Italy, France and Greece were present, to bid against English buyers and each other, and among the masterpieces that changed hands was the majestic seven-foot statue of Athena which Flaxman ascribed to the chisel of Phidias, but which is now regarded as more probably post-Phidian. It was found at Ostia in 1797, buried thirty feet below the surface of the soil, and has been counted ever since as one of the archaeological treasures of the world. Among others sold were one of the finest examples extant of a dedicatory portrait-statue of a Greek woman, the Apollo and Hyacinthus group which was found in the ruins of Hadrian's villa, a magnificent six-foot marble of Antinous as Cup-bearer, also found there it is needless to say, and the Aldobrandini Dionysus. It is to be regretted that many of these treasures are to enter upon a second career of obscurity in various private galleries. Some day, perhaps, we shall realize that great art is as necessary a factor in building up the highest type of civic or national life as great

railroads, stock exchanges or banks. One recalls in this connexion the confession of a French poet: "Had I but two *sous* in the world, with one I would buy bread, with the other hyacinths — *for hyacinths would feed my soul.*" These words hold no more poetry than truth.

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A revival of interest in the paintings of Matthew Maris, the greatest of the three remarkable brothers Maris, all of whom occupy an incontestable position in the field of modern Dutch art, is in keeping with the growing mysticism of the time. Strikingly original, and in his art conceptions quite unlike his brothers, Matthew Maris belongs to no school, unless he could be said to have founded one — something that cannot be said as yet, however — and to no time. His works are not reports, but interpretations, not copies but creations. They hold a haunting sense of soul which is not aborted in its expression, as is so frequently the case, by miserable technique, and yet, while they immortalize the mysticism of Dutch life distinctively, they also interpret that larger mysticism which is of no single nation but lives in all. Maris is spoken of as 'one of the seers of the century,' whose works are 'blown on the canvas, as it were, with none of the machinery of paint visible to distract.' *The machinery of paint!* If Maris had done no more than free himself of the tyranny of that, he would occupy a special place. The best collection of his works is in Montreal, and the number of single examples in private galleries is slowly increasing.

Ancient Indian Engineering in Arizona State. The remains of irrigation systems, which date back to prehistoric times, are still to be found in Arizona; and they are of a nature which proves that the inhabitants must have been highly civilized. One of the most famous of these ancient irrigation works, says the *Scientific American Supplement*, is on the State-highway from Prescott to the Grand Canyon. Water was taken from what is known as Montezuma's Well, a curious natural well four hundred and forty feet in diameter, and ninety-three feet deep except in one spot where no bottom was reached at five hundred feet.

The water carries a great deal of lime in solution, and the sides of the ditch have been preserved by the petrification of the original earth. One rancher at the present time is using several thousand feet of the old ditches, after merely cleaning them out. The State highway division engineer was tempted by curiosity to run a line of levels along one of these old ditches. He found the grade to be almost perfectly uniform at the rate of one and a quarter inches of fall per thousand feet of length, or about six inches per mile — conclusive proof of the skill of the ancient dwellers in that region.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

January, 1918

Beginning a new volume which, taking this issue as a criterion, promises to surpass all previous volumes in interest and value of its articles and beauty of illustrations. The contents include the following:

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS: by **H. Travers, M. A.**, who declares that although there is much cynicism regarding such resolutions

Nevertheless the New Year is an important time at which to make good resolutions; partly so, because it is a special epoch, and partly because it is simply an epoch. . . . These epochal moments are the beginnings of times: the beginning of the day, the beginning of the week, the beginning of the year. Things done at those moments count for more.

As an explanation of the many failures to keep New Year resolutions, he says:

It is a law of nature that whoever invokes the powers of good arouses also the powers of evil. And herein comes both his danger and his opportunity.

ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS: by **H. T. Edge, M. A.**

Theosophy says that all religions have proceeded from a common and universal culture that once spread all over the inhabited globe; and that this was in times when mankind was more spiritual and less material than at present.

To support his position, the writer gives several quotations from Mme. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, in which she says:

"human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; . . . born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same *Tree of Knowledge*."

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC — PART VII: by **Professor Daniel de Lange**, Founder and ex-Director of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music, now one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, Point Loma. In this article Professor de Lange asks:

Is it right to consider music merely as entertainment? How many occupy themselves earnestly with art as a part of the spiritual side of life?

We do not hesitate to declare that in the future, in a certain sense, music will rule the world. Who knows if the roaring of the most powerful guns will not be silenced by one sound of that mighty instrument, which although it lives in the heart-life of all, still has to be discovered, as it seems: the mighty instrument that can have but one name — LOVE ETERNAL.

MAGDALEN: by **Grace Knoche**. An Interpretation from a Theosophical standpoint of Dumas' masterpiece *La Dame aux Camélias*. The writer's treatment of the subject is altogether free from the stereotyped and hackneyed moralizing which has so often been given to it. It is provocative of serious thought along new and more sympathetic lines. According to the writer, not the profession of the Magdalen but "that of the spiritual woman, the Eternal Woman" is "the oldest profession in the world."

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by **J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D.** The beginning of what promises to be a most interesting series, giving a fascinating account of the historical foundation of the great Roman epic, and of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Schliemann of the site of Homeric Troy.

THEOSOPHY AND THE ARTIST: by **Maurice Braun**. Followed by extracts from an appreciation of his work by Esther Mugan Bush, in the *Santa Fe Magazine*, under the title 'A Master Brush which Breathes its Inspiration from Point Loma.' Beautifully illustrated by reproductions of several of his pictures. According to this writer, Maurice Braun's canvases "carry with them California's message to the world. . . . He eminently excels as a colorist, painting always in the high key which is expressive of optimism and cheerfulness."

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCES OF THE RADIOACTIVE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE. — A Vindication of the Teachings of H. P. Blavatsky: — PART III: by **W. A. Dunn**. The researches of Professor Joly of Dublin University, Prof. H. N. McCoy of the University of Chicago, Professor de Launay in *La Nature*, and Professor H. E. Crampton of Columbia University, are compared with the ancient teachings as given in Mme. Blavatsky's great works *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. Startling conclusions are drawn by the writer with respect to the knowledge of the ancients.

WHY DO WE SUFFER? by **Lydia Ross, M. D.**

Were we as anxious to know the real cause of suffering as we are to know how to escape it, we should understand the mystery of life.

DEIO THE MOUNTAIN: by **Cefn-y-Cwm** is a fascinatingly told story which will appeal to readers young and old. **RURAL ANTIQUITIES:** by **R. Machell** is the first section of a short story to be continued next month, illustrated by the author. **THOUGHTS ON CURRENT ART:** by **Leonard Lester**, and an interesting account, under the title, **THE SCREEN OF TIME**, of recent activities at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, conclude a memorable number.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

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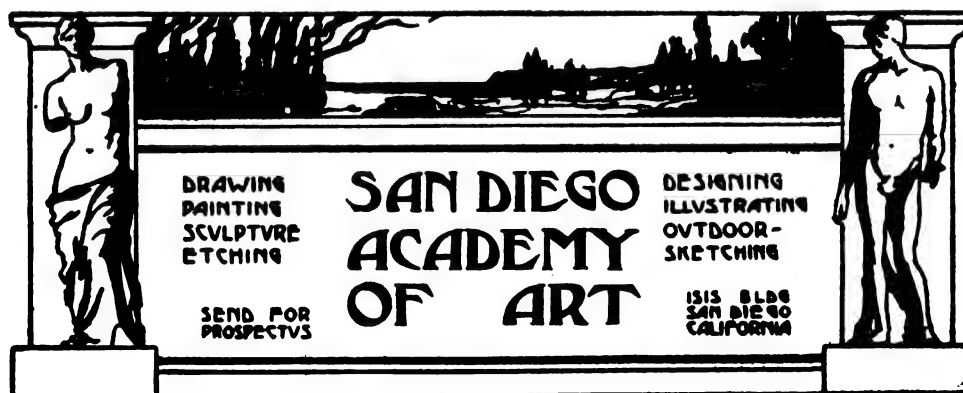
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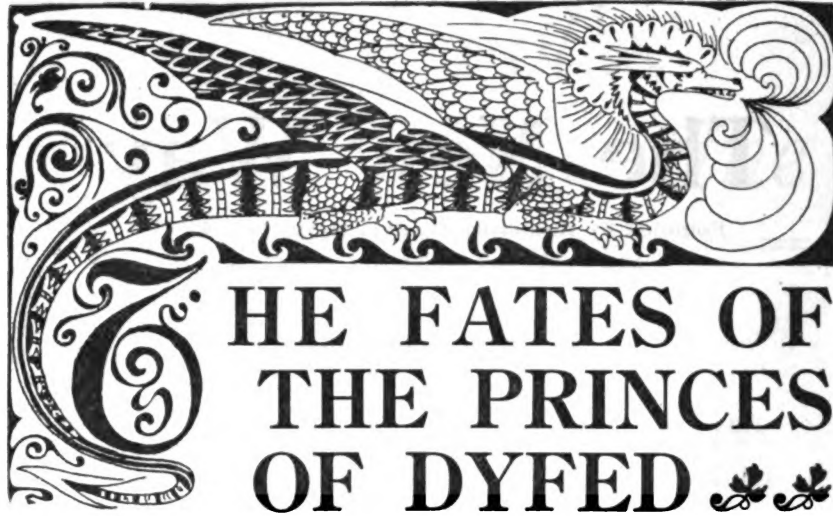
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